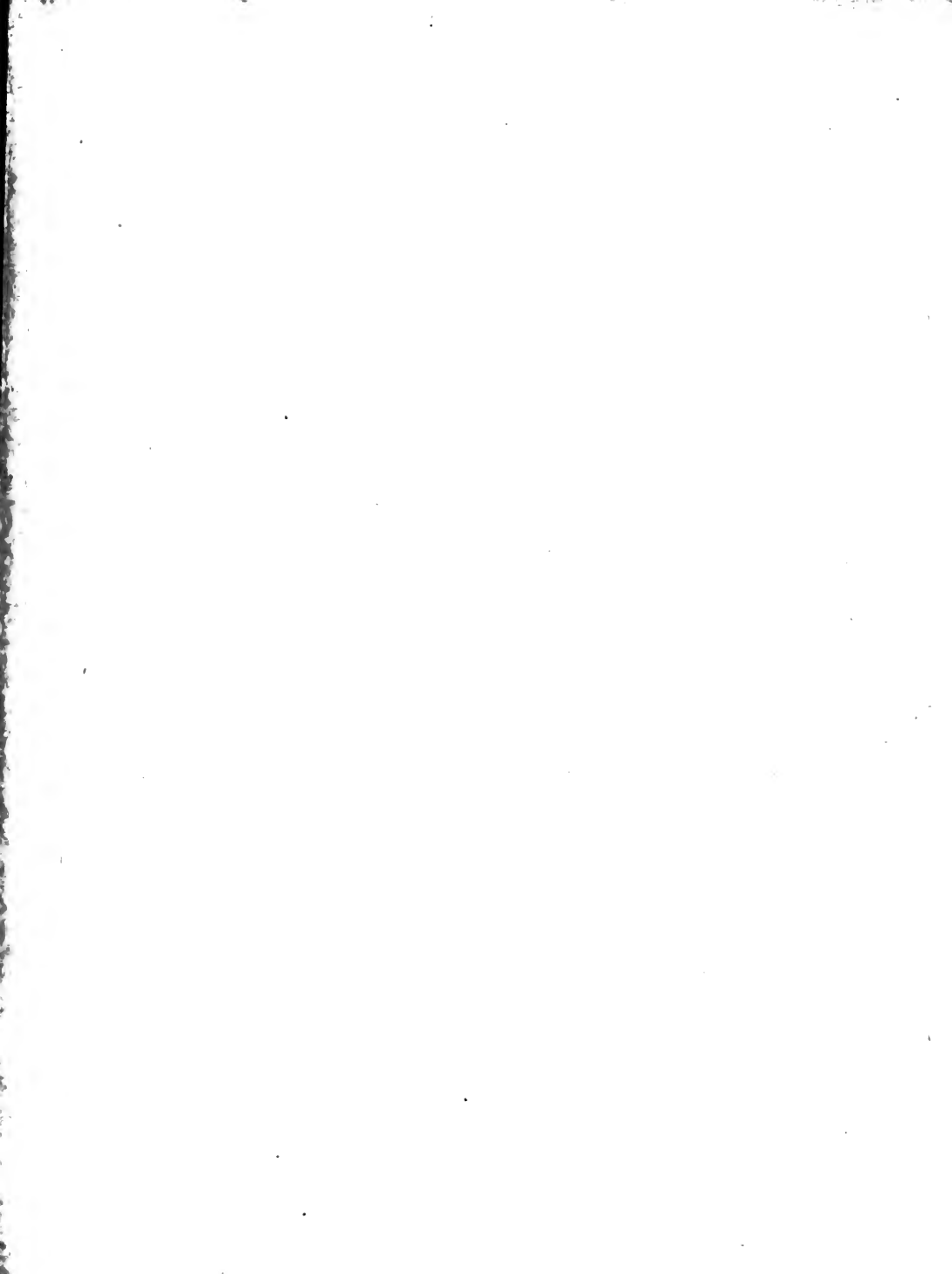


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FOR
1877.

EDITED BY HENRY SAMPSON.

WITH TWENTY-FIVE PAGES OF PICTURES
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P R E F A C E.

THE time-honoured adage which obtains with regard to comic writing, that it is not so much what you have to say as the way you say it, hardly applies to the Preface of a Comic Annual, which, if only for the sake of contrast, should be very uncomic indeed. To have nothing to say, and to say it well, is, I am told, the chief essential to the sublime art of preface-writing: the "nothing" I can guarantee, the "well" is a question for my readers. I have nothing to say, because I devoutly believe "good wine needs no bush," and because to this saw is added my own practical experience that no amount of "bush" will make bad wine drinkable. So, without beating about the "bush," I will leave further consideration of the matter to those who, having paid their money, possess a proverbial right to take their choice. If to this I add my most earnest thanks for the encouragement afforded me on the outset of my editorial career, by what I am vain enough to call a discerning public, I shall yet again have said nothing—nothing but what is due from

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"FUN" OFFICE,

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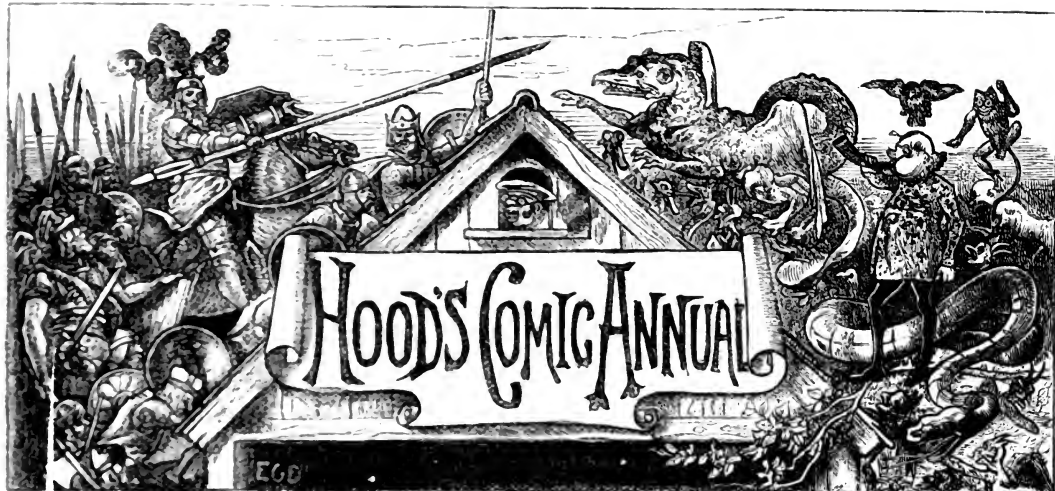
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A CONSERVATIVE PROVIDENCE.

I.

EVERYONE knows of the Dukes of Doublefoot, and how rich, and great, and good, and transcendently clever they have been from the very first day when blue blood became a sign of noble and aristocratic nature. Everyone knows how the possessor for the time being of the title has a palace in London, rated at about £30,000 a year, and half a dozen castles in the country, which, with the grounds attached, would take a skilled estate-agent to describe completely. Everyone knows how the Duke has ninety-nine fat livings in his gift, and that now and again he has even thrown in for an archbishopric, while quite half a dozen spiritual peers of the present time owe their advancement to his early discovery of their merits. Everybody, in fact, knows all about the great Dukes of Doublefoot; so there can be no harm whatever in my telling them just a little bit more.

It doesn't seem such a very great while ago, counted on the long list of illustrious names which go to make up the famous family list, that there lived a Duke of Doublefoot who was a terrible



person indeed. Times are changed since then, and, great and glorious a thing as it is to be a Duke now, it was even much greater and more glorious in the time of which I treat. Although the days of feudality were gone, and it wasn't considered quite the thing to hang a retainer or two before breakfast, just to encourage the others and give them an incentive to loyalty, the law was very considerable of great people—yes, even more than it is at present; and the then Duke of Doublefoot put the tenderness of the law of his time to a good test—except, of course, when he had to administer it himself.

This Duke used to divide his time pretty equally between London and the country. In the last century travelling was so slow that even a Duke had to take his time; and people were not so given to flitting about in the good old times as they are now. But, for a great many years, wherever the Duke went, there would a common, vulgar man go too, and always would insist on seeing his Grace. Not that he was allowed to; but that didn't seem to matter much to him. He would present himself at the thirty-thousand-a-year-rated palace in London, or at any one of the numerous castles standing in their own grounds at various parts of the country; indiscriminately. And he always had to be removed by force. Or he would crop up suddenly in the middle of the night, at one of the various halting-places by the way, or be seen hanging on behind the great six-horse travelling-carriage of the Duke, sticking pins in the legs of the footmen, and crying aloud for justice. In short, he seemed to be everywhere and at all times. How he did it was a mystery then, and I don't exactly see my way to explaining it now. All I can say is, he used to be there whenever he was not wanted, and it was certain that he was a great source of undefined terror to the wicked Duke of Doublefoot. He was a coarse, dirty man, with a week's bristly beard, and smelt horribly of gin, onions, and cobbler's wax.

At last, driven to desperation by years of persecution, the wicked Duke determined to bring matters to a climax, and gave orders that the next time the man appeared he was to be let in. This was while

the Duke was at one of his numerous castles, the one in Doublefootshire, I fancy; but, anyhow, the man called next morning, and, surely enough, was shown in to his Grace, who was breakfasting on cutlets and claret, as was his invariable custom, in the Armoury.

"And now, sirrah," said the Duke of Doublefoot, "what is the meaning of this intrusion? Speak, dog, or die!"

"My name," said the intruder, "is Josiah Jubblethorpe, an humble clouter of shoon. Ten years ago I half-soled and heeled your Grace's boots, and I insist on the right of payment. So cash up, and no more jaw. Three and six, please, and no 'batement.'"

The Duke became livid with rage. He strode to the wall of the Armoury, and took down the good blade which his grandfather had wielded at a famous defeat, and poised it ready for the death-blow. But no, he would not disgrace it with the blood of carrion. Summoning the warder, he at once consigned the intruder to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat.

"Thus," said his Grace, "perish all who would trouble a Duke with trifles."

And thus, having done with Jubblethorpe, we will leave him, as he undoubtedly was left, to himself, and to his reflections on the folly of too much perseverance.

II.

TIME passed on, and in due course the wicked Duke of Doublefoot was gathered to his fathers. He was succeeded by his eldest son, the Marquis of Bunyanboot; and the other eight of his male children were provided for by a grateful country. Lord George got into Parliament, and became Perpetual Chairman of Committees. Lord Henry was in the Navy, and after sinking two frigates and a ship of the line, was given the command of a royal yacht, with instructions to sink anything but that. Lord William was sent out as Governor of the Pork Pie Islands, the same that are now ruled by a dreadful and obnoxious common person whose sole claim is that of merit, and who would therefore be recalled but that he would be still more obnoxious at home. Lord Alfred and Lord John obtained fat positions

about the Court, and free lodgings at St. James's Palace. Lord Charles, who was in the Guards during his father's lifetime, exchanged, and with his interest soon became a Major-General. He lost three or four battles when in command, during a small war with the Pacific Islanders, was publicly thanked by the House of Commons, and retired on a well-earned and specially granted pension. Lord Thomas and Lord Frederick entered the Church, the former becoming soon a Dean, and eventually a Bishop. This promotion unfortunately interfered with the prospects of Lord Frederick, who, being the youngest son of all, had to rest content with three or four rich incumbencies, and half a dozen minor canonries and suchlike little things which fell in his way.

The wicked Duke's sons were all married, and being of a prolific and well-nurtured race, most of them had large families, who naturally interfered with each other's prospects in the distribution of the family patronage. All these children got married in turn, and took a step lower down on the social ladder, gradually becoming absorbed in the "great middle class of England," but always retaining a vivid remembrance of their grandfather the great Duke of Doublefoot, particularly when there was anything to be given away. But this voracious narrative here loses all sight of the general body of the Doublefoots, which, by-the-way, wasn't the family name, and confines itself to the youngest line, a scion of which I met not long ago. He it was who told me all this, and a very nice story I think it is, too. I hope the reader will be of the same opinion.

Lord Frederick, then, married a lady who was of the longest pedigree and the shortest purse in the land, and, according to a peculiarity of his family, had nine sons. All the other brothers had nine sons if they had any; but, in addition, the Rev. Lord Frederick Blunderpate—that was the family name—had six daughters. My informant said this was probably because he was a parson and lived in the country; but, as I said at the time, I don't see what that has to do with it. The father and mother did all they could to bring up their children fashionably and well, and always reminded them it was their duty to be staunch Con-

servatives, and to do their duty properly in that position of life in which it should please Providence to place them.

Providence was pretty good to the elder boys, who gradually went out into the world, and were placed according to their abilities and the state of the family influence at the time. But either ability was wanting or interest waned as the younger members grew up, and the chances of the outgoers grew smaller by degrees and gradually less. And if this was so with the boys, it was still worse with the girls, some of whom hung on hand, waiting for the husbands who wouldn't come, till they made a virtue of necessity, and declared that single blessedness was the only blessedness this world possesses. One of them began writing books on the subject, and eventually got employment as a leader writer on a daily paper; another took up the budding cause of woman's rights, and spoke volubly from many platforms; the others attended Dorcas meetings and Sunday schools; and all, with one exception, regarded man as a snare and a thing to be avoided. The exception was the youngest daughter, who, though she had been educated with a vivid notion of the family's greatness and what was due to its position in the country, thought a poor husband better than none. So she accepted the advances of a young London practitioner, also of the very best family through a course of youngest sons, and, much to the disgust of her sisters, got married. Her father gave the young couple all he had—his blessing—which the mother supplemented with a large quantity of good advice and a small amount of plate and linen. Thus armed, Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield—Bloomfield was the grandson of an Irish peer, or he would never have been allowed to marry Miss Blunderpate—departed to commence the campaign of life.

But somehow or other, despite the blessings of the Rev. Lord Freddy and the good advice of the old lady, things didn't prosper with Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield. They had an innumerable quantity of children—their house was once described as a regular rabbit-hutch—but patients held aloof most unmissably. Mr. Bloomfield made one or two errors in cases with which he was connected, and though

he said it was the fault of the errand boy, people took their complaints elsewhere. They said he was a perfect gentleman and his wife a perfect lady; but when they were ill they wanted to be cured. There was a good deal of doctoring doing, too, in their neighbourhood, and medical men came and made fortunes and went away, and at last even the very errand boy who had been blamed for mixing up the prescriptions set up his carriage, drew cheques on the bank, and gave large parties; while poor Bloomfield sank deeper and deeper every day under his difficulties.

They hadn't given their children much education, chiefly because they hadn't time, and there were no Board schools then; and so by the time Bloomfield and his wife succumbed to a heap of troubles, an indignant remonstrance from a rich relative, and a distemper Bloomfield tried to cure, the family was not in a very good position for keeping up its dignity. I wish I could say that the girls went out to service; but they were too proud for that, and their first step was as nursery governesses and ladies' companions. One brother went to Australia free, another enlisted, and the remaining great-grandson of the greatest Duke of Doublefoot, when last seen by his relations, was driving a hansom cab.

III.

WE will now, for a time, go back to the Jubblethorpes, the head of whose family was cast into a dungeon by the wicked Duke. Many years afterwards his bones were found, but in the meanwhile his business prospered. His eldest son had always said it was no use taking so much trouble over the ducal three and six, and had steadily devoted himself to the promotion of the ready-money and no-trust system of sale. Though often in the dim watches of the night he would rise from his tear-bestrewn couch, and swear vengeance on the destroyers of his father should they ever be discovered, he never allowed private matters to interfere with trade, and during the day drove many a brave bargain. The result was that, not long after he had taken charge of affairs, the stall adjacent to the ducal palace rated at £30,000 a year, became a fairly-sized shop, with

a good sprinkling of stock, and this had been twice enlarged and once double-fronted by the time he closed his eyes in that sleep from which no man knows the waking. Before this, however, the wicked Duke had died, and the bones of the elder Jubblethorpe had been discovered by the ducal heirs, executors, and assigns. They were known chiefly by the fragments of the leather apron, the remains of the grizzly beard, and the odour of gin and onions, as previously described. And then, when these relics were returned to him, the new-comer having no occasion for their use, the surviving Jubblethorpe swore a fearful oath to be avenged if possible but certainly never to give credit to any one, be he Duke or dust-carter. He did not succeed in getting his revenge, but the ready money system yielded a rich reward.

The next Jubblethorpe inherited his father's tastes and impulses. He believed in the power of cash, and not only expected it from others, but paid it himself. The result was that his business flourished in a manner that would almost have compensated old Josiah for the loss of his three and six, could he have revisited the site of his former stall. Improvement followed on improvement, and enlargement on enlargement, until the shop, which had been once but a stall, became an Emporium, and ultimately the retail business was dropped altogether. Larger and larger and larger grew the concern; branch establishments were opened in Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds; and nine-tenths of the mechanics of Northampton and district were actually, if not directly, the *employés* of Josiah Jubblethorpe, third of that name so far as he knew, and a representative merchant prince who had a dozen times refused to be returned for Parliament.

"Business first, and pleasure afterwards," was the third Josiah's motto, and accordingly he found little leisure for marriage until pretty late in life. Mrs. J. was of a wealthy manufacturing family, and her money was sunk in the boot and shoe trade, wholesale, retail, and for exportation. They had only one child, who was also named Josiah; and when the father, full of years and civic honours, was called away, the old gentleman died in peace, because he knew he left the honour of the family

and the prospects of the firm in the best possible hands. The young Josiah was indeed a man of business, and was as fully impressed as his father had been with the necessity of making the name of Jubblethorpe, as well as the boots and shoes of Jubblethorpe, famous throughout the whole of the bootwearing world. Josiah's mother, who had an interest in the house, had died some time before, and left all she possessed to her darling son. So, at the age of twenty-four, and just when the great-grandson of the Duke of Doublefoot, then exactly of the same age, took out a cab-driver's badge and licence, and went in search of work, the great-grandson of Josiah Jubblethorpe, botcher of boots, entered on possession of a house of the first mercantile magnitude in the first mercantile city of the first mercantile world.

IV.

JOAH JUBBLETHORPE the fourth went on in life and prospered exceedingly. He dined sumptuously every day, and was clad in as much purple and fine linen as enters into the economy of a gentleman's dress now-a-days. Within a reasonable time after entering on the paternal property and becoming the head of the firm—becoming, in fact, the firm itself—he, too, went forth and brought home a wife; and his wife, who was also a representative of a great mercantile family, and who brought her husband a considerable addition to his income, loved him much, and showed her love in the way we are told that ladies like to show it.

Josiah didn't have much to do with the business in the City personally. It was so well arranged, and had been going on so long, and all the clerks and managers were so well drilled and respectable, that there was nothing much left for him to do on the busiest day but draw his money and put it safely away in the bank. He hadn't got to push the fortunes of his house up, like his father had; the house was now so big that it wanted no pushing, but was able to go on of itself, and to turn in a great deal more money every year than its proprietor could see his way to using offhand; and yet he lived in good style enough too. Despite this embarrassment of riches, he did not complain, and

constantly and carefully put money into the business whenever it developed fresh ramifications; for, as he said, there was no knowing what tastes and inclinations his children might have as they grew up, nor how many of them might be a cut above earning their own living.

As he wasn't required except on the rarest occasions in the City, Josiah gave his mind to agricultural pursuits, bought a compact estate in the country, with park and paddock, Elizabethan mansion and rustic lodge, avenue, orchard, and pineries, all enclosed snugly in a ring-fence; and between there and his town house in Belgravia, managed to enjoy himself very much, and see a great deal of what he and his wife and the people with whom they mixed called society. And very good society it was, and rich too, but still of rather a second-hand kind, and based on the movements of neighbours who—not perhaps half as rich as Josiah—were of the real exclusive upper crust, whose manners and customs are so extensively copied by folks with heaps of money but no originality.

When Mr. and Mrs. Jubblethorpe gave society a dinner, and had a few friends in the evening as well, everything was done in exactly the style that is to be found in the mansions of the most exclusive of the aristocracy, only there seemed to be rather more of it at the great shoe mercer's. He had a magnificent cook, and a gorgeous butler, and several flunkies; the dinner was well served and the wine excellent. The ladies, who generally wore a profusion of diamonds, were always taken down to dinner by specially selected male guests, and seated in their specially appointed places, with as much ceremony as would have been shown at a royal reception. And as the halls were dazzlingly-lit and spacious, and the gentlemen gorgeous in white ties, extra shirt-fronts, diamond studs, and importance, anyone entering suddenly might well have believed it impossible to find better society than that gathered around Jubblethorpe's hospitable board. Had the inquiring guest been critical, however, the conversation would soon have deceived him. There was a little too much about the City in it to please the fastidious. The price of hides and tallow obtruded

itself with rather too much frequency; references to Brown who had burst, or Smith who had just done a good thing in Egyptians, could hardly be called occasional. The literature of the police reports and the stock and share market returns was the only literature discussed at Jubblethorpe's table, or at the tables of his congeners; and though art was occasionally mentioned, it was only in connection with the high figures some successful painter was just then getting for his pictures. As for modest ability not yet recognized, or talent struggling with obscurity, *that* never came within their ken: all these people had to do was to wait for society to decide upon a certain fashion in art, and then, by means of purses almost as long as art itself, rush in and make the completest possible difference between the man who was simply clever and him who was successful.

But for all this they were a nice comfortable confraternity, and would have felt much surprised if told they did not represent the very highest tone and the very newest fashion of the time. There was not one of them, no matter how much he was secretly pining for admittance into the seventh heaven of fashionable life, who did not profess to believe that the circle he moved in himself was the very best in the civilized world.

Josiah became gradually more and more ambitious. I fancy it was his wife who urged him on. He had money and to spare, and looked like having still more in the fulness of time; but it was his duty to secure positions in society for his children, now fast growing up, and soon to require wives and husbands and separate establishments. So by the time he was forty-five Josiah found himself writing M.P. to his name; and, a year or two after this, having successfully completed a Government contract for supplying the aborigines of the Upper Nyanza with cork soles and leather hat-boxes, he appeared in the list of Baronets which marked the gratitude of a retiring Conservative Administration. For Sir Josiah Jubblethorpe, Bart., M.P., had always been a consistent Conservative. Radicalism and Liberalism, he used to say, were all right for people who had neither pedigree nor stake in the country. As for him, he came of a good old stock, and he wasn't

likely to desert a good old cause. This and the ever-recurring remark that there had once been a great difficulty between the head of his family and that of the Blunderpates, never properly healed up, gave him much consideration in his own circle, and once or twice got him invited to the houses of the greatly great. He was gradually making his way to become a patrician of the truest blue and the most old and crusted blood in the country. He had been mentioned in a list of the Noble Families of England now taking to Mercantile Pursuits, published in an influential paper, and he had had many thousands of copies printed and circulated for his own use and benefit. So I suppose I mustn't say any longer that he wasn't a patron of or didn't understand literature. But through all this Sir Josiah never once forgot the secret transmitted to him by his father as to the wicked Duke and old Josiah, nor was his desire for revenge on the ducal family in the least bit subdued.

V.

IN the meantime Charles Bloomfield, who took to cab-driving, gradually got from bad to worse. At first he simply indulged in drink and furious driving, and only injured, overcharged, and bullied his passengers; but presently he got married, and then his own troubles began. Gradually and gradually the recollection of his illustrious origin faded from his mind, and as his wife was the daughter of a companion cab-driver, and was much of the cab-driving kind, he found forgetfulness a rather easy matter. Once, when he was had up for overcharging a City gentleman, he told the magistrate that he was of noble descent—that he was second cousin to a real Duke—a statement which brought upon him a storm of reproaches as a gross perverter of the truth and the possessor of an inventive faculty which would bring him sooner or later to no good. For the worthy magistrate, having never thought the matter out, was, like a great many other good, comfortable, easy folk, slow to believe that in our midst, among the very commonest of common people, are to be found by the score the immediate legitimate descendants of the holders of illustrious titles.

Once afterwards, when Bloomfield was brought up charged with being drunk and incapable, the worthy magistrate remembered him, called him Mr. Duke, and made a small joke about drink being an aristocratic privilege, which was reported in the next day's paper with the word "(laughter)" attached. Through this, and one or two other little peculiarities of his, he got to be called Duke by the other cabmen, and by stable helps, barmen, potboys, and policemen, the fair average extent of a cabman's list of acquaintances. At times, when he got an extra drop, and became excessively maudlin, he would inform anyone who cared to listen that he was cousin only once removed to the Duke of Doublefoot; but, as a rule, he never thought about it, and when he did, found he had ceased to care. And every day brought him more and more and nearer and nearer to the rank and talent of a common cabman. But he never forgot the only principles instilled in his mind by the deceased aristocrat his father, that it is the duty of every man who is a man to be Conservative to the backbone. And so at his commonest, Bloomfield was always a staunch Conservative. He didn't exactly know what the word meant; but what did that matter? Who will dare say he was worse than a lot of others who constantly dub themselves by the same title?

Bloomfield, too, had a family growing up, or tumbling up, or being dragged up, as the reader may prefer to believe or to express it. Mrs. Bloomfield had no particular notions of gentility: she thought them all so much bosh, and only asked for plenty to eat and drink for herself and youngsters, with an occasional change of garments. She wasn't very intellectual, and as she had managed to get along without reading, writing, or suchlike nonsense, she didn't see much good in letting her children learn. And the children were quite agreeable to go without, as they did. All except one, who early showed a most unaccountable fondness for books, and who nearly worried his poor mother to death by insisting on going to school; a proceeding which often compelled her to give up her day's beer money, and caused her much trouble in the way of clearing pinafores and respectable boots, with which

the others, who scrambled about the Mews all day long, were content to go without. Little Johnny, despite the sneers of his relatives, attended school regularly, and made much progress. When he was fourteen, his master got him a position as junior clerk in the great house of Jubblethorpe, and as he had to sleep indoors, and give himself up to the business altogether, he took a long farewell of his affectionate family. His father was very much the worse for liquor at the time, and his mother gave him blessings enough for the two. By-the-way, she was always called Mrs. Duke by the people in the Mews, and I think she had forgotten her husband's real name. She never referred to it, the boy had always been called John Duke at school, and it was as John Duke he entered upon his duties in the most junior position among the junior clerks of the house of Jubblethorpe.

VI.

ALTHOUGH Charles Bloomfield, cabman, had no notion of the existence of Sir Josiah Jubblethorpe, Bart., M.P., Sir Josiah was well aware of Bloomfield. He had been attracted by the man's statement as published in the police report, and this, and the knowledge that one of the wicked Duke's granddaughters had married a Bloomfield, grandson of the Earl of Clonmactipperarity, set him thinking. Here was a lineal descendant of his great-grandfather's murderer—as much a lineal descendant as the possessor of the title himself—whose position left him entirely at the mercy of the Baronet. The duty he had sworn to do called aloud within him, especially as it was now so comparatively easy. But how was it to be done? He could not stoop to rake up grievances with a common cabman; besides, if he did, it might come out that the family quarrel was as we know it to be, which wouldn't pay at all. No; and so a good deal of time was lost in thinking of a means of revenge which would make the Duke's descendant no less a sufferer, but which would leave the secret still untold even to Bloomfield himself.

At last he hit upon an expedient. He would hire Bloomfield's cab, and drive about from place to place. To get up a dispute with a cabman, after a long ride with many stoppages, would be no diffi-

culty; and as Sir Josiah was not only a Baronet and M.P., but was, by virtue of his country house, a J.P. also, and as he considered that in such a cause a little hard swearing was allowable, he thought sufficient vengeance might be obtained to enable him to consider he had done his duty. Not unnaturally, Sir Josiah imagined that the greatest possible revenge one can take upon a cabman is to have him convicted on the one day of his life when he happens to be innocent.

Singularly, though, he never could get hold of Bloomfield's cab. He used to see it often enough standing idle before he had made up his mind what course to pursue, but afterwards fate seemed steadily bent on frustrating him. Either Bloomfield had just got a fare, or had just had one; he was going home to change horses, or had gone; he was out on the drink, or down at the police station. When Sir Josiah did see him disengaged, Sir Josiah was not prepared to engage him; and though once or twice the Baronet was on the point of jumping out of his own well-appointed carriage and pair, and hailing the cabman, his better sense prevailed, and he determined to wait until the proper opportunity arrived. And as time still kept running on, and Sir Josiah's family kept growing up, his eldest daughter "came out" while yet the deed remained to be done.

Sir Josiah's eldest daughter was a beautiful girl, with all the attributes of high birth, and both her father and mother often used to point to her as one of the triumphs of blue blood and true Conservative principles. Lady Jubblethorpe said she renewed her own youth in her, and Sir Josiah was sure she ought never to look lower than a Duke for a husband, with her prospects. Little did he know that Belinda had already plighted her troth and sworn to be true to a nameless adventurer but little older than herself; in fact, no other than one of her father's clerks, and no other clerk than John Duke himself.

John Duke had made much use of his opportunities, and though still only a clerk, was in a much better position than when he had entered the house. He was now twenty-one, and the salary he received enabled him to set off the natural advantages of his figure with what in the City are considered fashion-

able clothes. In the course of his juniorship he had to go backwards and forwards between the office and Sir Josiah's private house. There he had seen Belinda. He worshipped her for a long while in silence, and afterwards by bribes succeeded in getting skilfully-written letters conveyed to her. Then she saw him, and, though she knew he was only a clerk, loved him in return, and after many solicitations agreed to fly with him. She was romantic, and had no fear but that when she returned with the man of her choice, and knelt imploring her father's blessing, he would say,

"Arise, my children. Here is half of all I have. John, from this day you are my partner in the business on even terms. Bless you both!"

She had seen something like this in a play which purported to represent real life, and had even gone so far as to rehearse the attitude she would assume, and the manner in which, having received her father's blessing, she would throw herself in her mother's arms, and be borne fainting from the room. She was indeed romantic.

Though Sir Josiah knew he had a clerk named John Duke, he never once suspected the lad would dare look on his daughter, except from a most respectful distance; he never in his wildest moments dreamt that John Duke was the only Duke his daughter intended to marry; he never imagined that John Duke was the son of his intended victim, Bloomfield, the cabman, and the lineal descendant of the wicked, otherwise the great and famous, Duke of Doublefoot.

VII.

AT last the love of the young couple became so strong, they could bear it no longer, and so they agreed to get married at once, more especially as Belinda's mamma began to think it was high time her daughter selected one of the numerous society suitors, who were always hanging about after her. So she wrote a most penitent letter to her father and departed early one morning, walking most demurely to where John Duke was waiting round the corner, with a four-wheel cab and the heavy luggage, which had been conveyed from the paternal roof the night before. Besides the luggage, John had got a special licence to be married, and away they

went to where the parson was expecting them, with witnesses at half a guinea each, and a respectable couple to give the bride away at double the price; and for once the course of true love seemed to run as smooth as any exception should which only exists for the purpose of proving the correctness of the rule.

But, alas! the best-laid plans go wrong at times. The maid to whom Belinda had entrusted her letter incautiously delivered it at once; and the wretched father, on reading it, rushed off to the nearest cabstand, as he couldn't wait for his own carriage, every moment being most precious.

By a singular coincidence, the only hansom on the rank was that of his enemy; and as he jumped in Sir Josiah could not help thinking how different he had expected his feelings to be when, at last, he obtained possession of the vehicle and told the man to drive on to his doom. Belinda, never thinking her letter would be delivered so early, had said where they were to be married, and where they were going afterwards for the honeymoon trip; so he felt sure of catching the fugitives, and prayed more fervently than ever he had previously prayed that it might be before the solemn knot was tied. Yet he couldn't shake off from his mind how strange it was that he should now be driven by the very man against whom he had nurtured most diabolical feelings—a man who had personally never done him the slightest injury. How strange, indeed, he would have thought it if at the moment he had known all! As it was, he would have wept tears of heartfelt contrition, had there been time, and he had thought it would have inclined Providence towards the preservation of his daughter.

As the cab dashed up to the house where the marriage was to take place, he saw the happy pair coming out. He was, in fact, just in time to be too late.

"My father!" shrieked the bride, and fainted.

"My son!" growled the cabman; and then said, "What's the row, guv'nor?"

"Your son!" cried the miserable Baronet. "My sin has indeed found me out!" And then he saw the hand of fate, and fainted too.

The insensible bodies were carried into the house, and in due course both recovered consciousness. John Duke, who knew nothing beyond that he was a cabman's son, expected to be handed over to the police at once, and that the Lord Chancellor or the Archbishop of Canterbury would annul the marriage. He was therefore much astonished when Sir Josiah, after a terrible struggle with himself, during which he had to be bled and blistered by a student who lived in the house and was glad of the opportunity for practice, called his daughter to him, and taking her hand, placed it in that of John, with the remark,

"'Tis destiny. Bless you, my children!"

At this, the great-grandson of a Duke, who had been helping himself pretty freely at the sideboard, gave three cheers, and said he "always knew what would come of sticking to Conservative principles." Then he rushed to his cab, and drove off without asking for his fare, and got three months during the day for drunkenness and furious driving, which sentence was cancelled on its being proved he really was the second cousin of a Duke. His career gave rise to many newspaper comments on the score of aristocratic eccentricity, and the tendency all noble minds have for driving horses.

Sir Josiah didn't die—at least not then. He gave his mind to concocting the following special paragraph for the morning papers, where it duly appeared in large type, and not among the ordinary marriages:

"A FAMILY FEUD HAPPILY ENDED.—On the 14th inst. there was married, by special licence, at the bridegroom's residence, Belinda, eldest daughter of Sir Josiah Jubblethorpe, Bart., M.P., J.P., &c., &c., one of Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Consideration of Contracts, to John Duke Bloomfield, Esquire, great-grandson of Lord Frederick and Lady Emily Blunderpate, great-great-grandson of the Earl of Clonmactipperarity, and cousin twice removed to the present Duke of Doublefoot. It is to be hoped that friends at a distance will please accept this intimation."

And failing the announcement as it originally appeared, I trust they will do so now.

HENRY SAMPSON.

SOME DELICATE POINTS



1. Brown had often yearned for a wild lawless career, devoid of danger, and one morning he suddenly saw his way to it.
 2. He purchased a boat of a foreigner,
 3. And hoisted his reckless flag.
 4. His first feat was to sink a big British ironclad, captains,

commanders, passengers, guns and all.
 5. And Justice came down upon him in a twinkling;
 6. But there was a Delicate Point of International Law here: they couldn't decide whether he was in British waters or not, so they had to let him go.

OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.



7 Of course on his way back he appropriated the crown jewels.
8 And Justice went at him again. But here was a Delicate Point of International Law: his vessel had a foreign name, so they had to let him alone.

9 Wary of cruising, Brown sought repose in a foreign land; Just cracked him still; but here was a Del. P. of Int. Law again; they hadn't settled the Extradition muddle.

10. At length B. began to yearn for home;
11. So he offered (from the coast of France) to restore the crown jewels for £20,000,000 down.

12. "Pay him," said the Law, winking; "then he'll come over to England, and we'll nail him!"

13. But when he'd come over, Justice thought it best to let him alone; and he's a respectable old citizen now.

THE EVILS OF OVERACTING.

FORTUNE proverbially favours the foolish, but she overdid her part with the infant heir of Timothy Twitter, whose godfathers and godmothers sought to make up for the weakness of the family appellation by linking it with the historic though scarcely Christian names of Cæsar Caractacus. Young Cæsar began the race of life at an early Baby Show, where he beat all the other babies, and, amid the general outcry, came in an easy winner by many smiles. Victory followed him as a boy at school, and while many gained prizes by a head, his bright handsome face always brought him to the front. In time the juvenile Twitter arrived at man's estate, and found it a barren possession. Nature had given him a start of several inches over the majority of men, but "Hyperion's curls" and "the front of Jove" proved to be only borrowed plumes, that led him into difficulties with which he could not cope. The lowest round of Cæsar's ladder raised him to a lofty stool in a small attorney's office, where his chief occupation was engrossing deeds, though those deeds were by no means so engrossing as to absorb his chief attention.

As in every event since Eve bit the first apple, there was a woman in the case—this being a Chancery case, which brought little Letitia Lightheart almost daily to the attorney's office. Her visits had a marked effect upon our Cæsar, who suddenly evinced a disposition to make Miss Lightheart sole heiress of all the property for which he had to prepare the deeds. When he placed a chair for the young lady, there was a softness in the tone with which he declared his master "engaged" that was highly suggestive of the clerk's desire to follow the example. Such strictly legal attentions speedily led to a more important consultation. One bright morning in June, when, with the aid of a reflector, the sun faintly struggled into the dingy office, Letitia followed, and Twitter, who was alone, had no sooner seen her seated than he, in a very unprofessional whisper, asked, "Would you like to be married?" "Oh, yes," was the reply that sent the blood dancing through his veins, while the words that followed

caused a still greater increase in his circulation; for as he bent over the fair client, his master entered, and exclaiming "You rascal, get out!" administered a kick that materially hastened that operation. Gathering himself up, amid the objurgations of his assailant, Cæsar (after this first piece of overacting) proceeded to effect a speedy retreat, a work of some difficulty, seeing that he was afraid of exposing his rear to a fresh attack of the enemy. At length he reached the street, and felt himself safe beneath the protecting eye of the police. Though wounded in the body, there was the consolation that he, as well as his master, had made an impression; and so he concealed himself and his love till Letitia appeared. He saw her home—that is to say, he enjoyed a full view of the street door; and day after day they revelled in the joy of surreptitious meetings. Time wore away, and so did Cæsar's clothes, when he resolved to sacrifice his liberty for licence, and he did it—marriage licence. If it be true that marriages *are* made in heaven, the trade mark should be registered, since it is clear there must be a great many spurious alliances manufactured in some other place. The money borrowed by Twitter from the guileless maid soon sufficed to square both Church and State. There was no "impediment" that a little gold did not overcome. In the empty church "silence gave consent" to the priest, the pew-opener acted as bridesmaid, and the clerk gave away the bride, each "for a consideration;" while the law put a money stamp upon the whole, and the happy pair went forth rejoicing.

The commencement of the honeymoon may remain veiled, for in less than a week the crafty Twitter found that he had been overacting again, and his contempt of the Lords in Chancery landed him in a prison. His curly locks fell beneath the avenging shears of the gaol barber, and when the Benedict reappeared, he was a plainer as well as a sadder man. His wife had then vanished, and he sought her in vain. Our hero next turned to the stage. If he was not brimful of art he was artful to the brim, and that often comes to much the same thing. So he carried a banner majestically, and delivered a letter

HOMELY HOMERICS.



Wife.

Ajax.

Mother-in-law.

Brother-in-law.

Sister-in-law.

Father-in-law.

AJAX DEFYING HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.



At Clytemnestra's request, Agamemnon takes the baby.

Achilles complains to his Ma that Agamemnon has been treading on his corns.

The toilette of Helen in Ilium. "She was no less than sixty years old when Troy was reduced to ashes."



Ulysses desiring Polyphemus (Sergeant A Division).

Charon taking it easy.

Paris picking his teeth.

THE DAVY J.'S LAST MAN.

IT was blowing an agreeable hurricane from the north-east-by-west as the good ship *Davy Jones*, with keelson and transoms streaming in the wind, was quietly dropping down Channel at the rate of eighteen and a half knots, bound for the pestilential coast of the Gaboon River. I have said the "good" ship, and I have no desire to withdraw the expression, but I am compelled to add that a more disreputable old craft never slipped through the fingers of the Honourable Member for Derby. Originally built at Kensal Green in the early part of the reign of King Edward III., she had been altered and patched, and re-altered and re-patched, until she had literally passed through every ship-building fashion to be found in Sir Harris Nicolas's "History of the Navy." Many a time have I marked her as she lay in the deserted dry dock of the once flourishing firm of Macknacker & Company at Limehouse Hole, and observed the seams between her blistered planks gaping wider and wider in the blazing sun, while tufts of rank grass and here and there a dandelion in full blossom had found a footing in the slime and ooze along her rotten bulwarks. There was, in fact, only one course now left: that was, to stop her gaping planks with putty; paint her gaily; get her certified by a competent Government official "A 1 copper fastened," and then send her forth on the wide, wide ocean, never to return.

It was by the merest accident in the world that, going down Little Tower Street on the very afternoon before the memorable day when the *Davy Jones* put forth upon her farewell voyage, I chanced to hear that she had lately been purchased by Locker, Jones, Davy, & Company, of Tower Hill, and insured in the old "Reckless Maritime and Life Assurance Office" for the sum of seven and a half millions sterling. It struck me at the time that the figure was large, particularly as I happened to know that her cargo, over and above her ballast, which included one hundred and forty-nine emigrant passengers, comprised nothing more precious

than a few casks of Turkish and Egyptian securities destined to be bartered for elephants' teeth and macassar oil with the ignorant natives of the West Coast of Africa. The whole thing looked suspicious; and, as I sat meditating upon it in the parlour of the Blue Capstan, the truth dawned upon me.

A good many people, perhaps, would have envied me the possession of the secret which I had arrived at by sheer force of the analytical faculty. I can fancy the late Mr. George Vining having lighted on such a discovery in the first or second act of a drama by Mr. Wilkie Collins. Can there be any doubt that he would then and there have gone down to the little court in Tower Hill, and insolently taking his seat—whether L., J., D., & Co. liked it or not—on the edge of the table in their dirty counting-house, would have told them plainly that he intended to have a fair share of that seven and a half millions, or else drop a note, by Jove! to Mr. Plimsoll by that night's post? But I am a man of simple life; and long, long had it been the cherished object of my ambition to embark in just such a craft as the *Davy Jones*, and sail about in her till the predestined hour when her caulking should give out and the whole thing go down bodily in mid-ocean. It may seem a strange, wild fancy, perhaps—at least till you know why; but she was the very ship of my boyish dreams. Cranky old craft there were, I knew, that might or might not hold out for another voyage; but here was a bonny bark which could not by any possibility arrive at her destination. Being perfectly convinced on that point, I went to Tower Hill at once, secured a berth in her best cabin, and that night got my luggage quietly aboard.

Before I go further it is meet that I disclose the circumstance that I am Webberboy, whose ingenious invention has been heard of under the name of the "Patent Sybarite Marine Floattee, or Portable Shipwreck Enjoyer." I was not ignorant of what had been already done in the matter of apparatus for

saving life at sea. But I alone had found out the secret of how to make the "Floatee," which was not only destined to abolish the horrors of shipwreck, but to render foundering in a gale a positive source of pleasurable emotion.

Of course the shipowning class pooh-poohed the whole thing, especially as I declined to divulge the full particulars. It was during fruitless endeavours to get John Dundas Macknacker and his brother Kenneth Mackenzie Macknacker to be on the board of directors of the Sybarite Company (this was before their disastrous failure) that I first saw the dear old *Founder* (subsequently better known as the *Davy Jones*) quietly sleeping what seemed to be her last sleep in the yard at Limehouse Hole. Through a friend, I had sounded old Locker and young Davy, who had both referred my friend to Jones. But the firm were shy; and when the prospectus came out with only eight distinguished land-lubbers on the board, the result was only one applicant, who became the fortunate possessor of the only paid-up share.

Admit that I was a little late in the field. Swimming and floating across the Channel had passed, like other fashions of the hour, and people were beginning to be bored with the whole subject. A grand sensation was absolutely essential to give a fillip to enterprise. And here was the opportunity ready for my purpose.

Yes, I would be the sole survivor! I would return as if I were from the dead, and strike dumb the trader in rotten ships, and confound the knavish policy of the old "Reckless," ever ready to pay sensational claims for the sake of the advertisement. I would teach the wicked shipowner to refuse to sit on the board of a lucrative and beneficent company! I would shame financial circles for their indisposition to combine humanity with a perfectly safe and eligible investment! For, quietly packed away among the modest allowance of luggage which I had taken aboard that night, was a brand-new Sybarite, neatly finished off, well stocked with every luxury and convenience, and equipped with all the latest improvements.

As I sat on deck that night gazing through the mists at the revolving light of Cape Grisnez, a

feeling of indescribable melancholy stole upon me. It was not the thought of the captain and crew, or even of my hundred and forty-nine doomed companions. I had ascertained that they were mostly persons of different religious and political convictions from those in which I had been carefully reared, and the fact had naturally prepared me to look upon their inevitable fate with less regret than I might otherwise have felt. I was thankful, I own, to think there were no children aboard; nor were there, luckily, any women, except one young lady, who seemed in a declining way, and, I thought, little likely to survive that treacherous craft. But I could not help pondering with sad feelings upon the ingratitude of the world towards inventors. It is true that nobody yet knew anything about the details of my invention except myself—not even the directors of the Sybarite; but surely, with such a promising prospectus, somebody might have taken up a few more shares.

Our skipper was a bright-eyed, cheerful man, with a round face, a thick neck, a short body, and a voice like a speaking-trumpet. He had navigated some queer craft in his time, but he told me privately that "Never, never, never in the whole course of his professional career had he sailed in such a tub as the *Davy Jones*. No," he said, "never in such a tub, bless my eyes!"

I asked him why he didn't decline the job.

"Belay there, you lubberly milk-sop!" was the reply. "Shiver my bolts and iron plates! do you think I was going to show the white feather? Not I, bless my eyes and limbs! The British seaman," he added, "who would shrink from taking the command of an old craft merely because she happened to be entirely unseaworthy, would be neither deserving of the confidence of the shipping world, nor worthy to be ranked as a scion of that race which has ever held a proud pre-eminence upon the stormy seas."

"That," I observed, "sounds like what people used to call a toast and sentiment."

"Just so," he replied, with a trace of peevishness in his tone, "just so. Bless my eyes! why not?"

We were then navigating the troubled waters of the Bay of Biscay, with a light breeze blowing, and

were, as near as I could estimate, about one hundred and seventy miles from land. I was on the point of suggesting in reply that sentiments of that kind were excellent from the point of view of Locker, Jones, Davy, & Co., when a faint shriek from the chief mate, who was just coming up the fore companion, followed by the ominous words, "Good gracious!" interrupted our conversation.

"What's the matter with you, yer whining son of a marine *chef-de-cuisine*?" growled the skipper.

"Matter?" echoed the chief mate. "Matter enough, I should say. Carpenter has just reported seven foot and a half of water in her hold."

"I fully expected it," observed the skipper, mournfully; and a pale mulberry tint gradually suffused itself over his manly, weatherbeaten countenance. His head drooped upon his breast; he was thinking of his dear ones in the furnished first floor of the old house on Stepney Green. But it was but for an instant.

"All hands to the pumps!" he exclaimed, in tones that might have burst the very catheads off her main braces. "All hands to the pumps!"

Then ascending the poop, calm as an old war-horse amidst the roar of battle, he continued to give his orders to the panic-stricken crew.

"Let go the stern-post! Trim the fore-topmast staysail! Let out the upper stern-piece, and haul away on the lee brails! Now, then! handy, lads, with that flying-jibboom! Steady it well by the guys, and square the gaff by the vang. Up with the buntlines, and then start the lee clew! I believe it would be more convenient," he added, addressing the second mate, "if you were to clew up to leeward, thus preventing the slack of the sail from getting too much over to port, or fouling the clew-line block under the yard, as it is only too apt to do when the weather clew is hauled up first."

Such was the perfect self-command of that extraordinary man, that even amidst the roar and confusion of a moment like that, he could thus not only give directions, but explain clearly to the second mate the principles on which they were based. Again his manly tones rose high above the hubbub of the bewildered crew and passengers.

"Now, then! Belay there! Put her old head to the wind! Bless my eyes and limbs!"

Recovering from the species of stupor that had fallen upon them, the crew and passengers lent their combined aid in executing these various commands. The *Davy J.* felt the check, and swinging round, gave a shudder through her old timbers which might have been her last.

"Eight foot in her hold!" reported the carpenter.

"*Qu'est ce que ça fait?*" inquired the skipper, who was a trifle vain of his knowledge of languages, and apt to make a little display of his attainments in that way at convenient opportunities. "*Qu'est ce que ça fait. Allons donc! Mettons y un peu de courage, et tout ira bien.*"

For myself, I forgot for a moment the convenient article stowed away in my portmanteau in the pleasure I felt in contemplating the inimitable coolness of that fine specimen of English seamanship.

"Eight and a quarter foot," reported the carpenter.

"Vast, there!" roared the captain, "this will never do. All hands quick to the pumps, and let the land-lubbers bale out with anything handy."

Quick as thought the order was obeyed. The lusty crew worked cheerfully at the pump-handles; the passengers, sullenly resigned to their task, baled out like mad, laboriously carrying up tubs, bowls, pots, tea-cups, and even table-spoons filled with the dreaded element, which they cast away to windward, quickly returning for more.

The evil was checked. The leak, it is true, continued to take in volumes of water, but, thanks to the zeal and perseverance of men working with the consciousness of imminent death, it could make but little way. The captain declared ("Bless his eyes," &c.) that we might well hold out for Cape Coast, but there must, he said, be no more turning in to rest for a week or two.

The passengers were cheered for awhile by this information. For myself, I knew too well the true condition of the *D. J.* to put faith in those illusory promises. Down she must go: I knew that, and ere many days, too.

It is needless to say that I lent a hand with the rest, affecting to share their fears, lest my secret

should be suspected. Fortunately, the weather was calm, but the heat became daily more oppressive, and night was a welcome relief from the blinding glare.

The moody terrors of my fellow-passengers were painful to observe. My pleasure was to steal down, when I got a moment's relief from my toil, and contemplate my precious apparatus by the light of a lantern. I spread it out upon the ground, tested it in all its parts, and gazed at it fondly as my friend and deliverer.

One night, as I was engaged in this way, little thinking that any one was near, I was startled by a hoarse nasal voice behind me.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed the voice. "You may count up your gold, stranger; but you'll soon be where money won't help you."

I huddled up the apparatus, and, turning round, observed a sinister-looking man, who was hanging over me and carefully observing my movements. He was one of the steerage passengers, who had no business in that part of the ship; and I felt sure he had been watching me before that.

"I was only taking a last look at my poor mother's portrait," I muttered; for I held a slight departure from truth to be justifiable at such a moment.

"It's all the same," replied the passenger. "Mothers' portraits won't help you either," and he laughed a coarse laugh.

I tried to laugh too, but I didn't like the manner of the man. He slunk up on deck again and vanished in the darkness; nor could I identify him afterwards among the pumpers or balers. The circumstance alarmed me. What, I thought, if he had his eye upon the Sybarite, and had a scheme for stealing it in the darkness? All my cherished plans might break down from such an untoward accident. The thought was distressing. I resolved not to wait for the final catastrophe, but to get out my apparatus, and quietly slip over the bulwarks that night.

I watched my opportunity. The sea was scarcely rippled, there was no moon, and the stars were veiled in a thin haze; no sound was abroad but the old monotonous noise of the baling and the working

of the pump-handles. Stealthily carrying my portmanteau, I crept behind the mainmast; then, under the shadow of the long-boat slung up to the davits, I unfolded the floattee, and all was ready.

"Farewell, old *Davy J!*" I murmured; "and may I be pardoned if ever I sail in a knacker ship again!"

But at that instant a heavy hand was placed upon my shoulder, and I recognized the sinister voice of the mysterious passenger.

"After me," he said, "if you please, with that there Patent Sybarite Marine Floattee, or Portable Shipwreck Enjoyer."

"You know the invention, then?" I inquired, faintly.

"I ought to. I've a peccoanary interest in it," he replied.

"Ha! then you are——" I said.

"I am," he interrupted.

"The holder of the only paid-up share?" I gasped.

"The same. I thought I knew you, and I've long suspected your little game."

As my one cherished paid-up shareholder I might at another time have embraced him fervently, but life is sweet, and now I loathed his presence. "Come what will," I thought, "I will not part with my safeguard." Instinctively I put my hand to my breast-pocket; but he had observed the movement.

"Fire," he said, calmly, "and what will be the result? A desperate crew and still more desperate passengers will be here before the blessed thing could possibly be fixed up. Think you they will suffer you to monopolize the only patent Sybarite Marine Floattee aboard the old *Davy Jones?*"

As the reasoning was sound, I offered a compromise. "Let's make it do for two," I suggested. "I am the inventor, remember, and can rig it expressly for the purpose."

"Agreed!" replied my unwelcome disturber. "But, mind, fair play. Keep our secret. Prepare for to-morrow night, and as a guarantee I'll just take charge of that there portmanteau."

I was compelled to consent; but, oh! how reluctantly! Still, I hadn't the slightest intention of carrying out the bargain: the fact is, that there

was no room for two on a Sybarite Floatee without inconvenient crowding, and that were to strike at the very essence of the invention. I knew that a partnership of that kind could only end in unpleasant differences: the shoe-brushes, to begin with, would be certain to be in hand at the very moment when I wanted them. Confident was I that if I yielded I should run short of clean linen long before arriving off the coast of the Gaboon; and as for food and cookery, how could I expect him to conform to my simple habits? The more I considered it, the more determined I was to baffle his selfish projects. The first object was to keep close watch upon his proceedings; and I soon found that this measure was by no means superfluous. Twice before daylight the next morning I caught him stealing round the mainmast in his stockings with that portmanteau in his left hand, and twice I checked his nefarious design by a simple "Ahem!" accompanied by the familiar observation that he had "better try to catch a weasel asleep."

I knew well that if I retired to rest he would be at it again. Suddenly an idea flashed through my mind. It was cruel, crafty, terrible, if you will; but I did not falter.

I waited for my chance, and stole down to the captain's cabin. Since the whole art of seamanship aboard the *Davy J.* had resolved itself into perpetually pumping and baling out, Captain O'Cross-tree had wisely devoted his days and nights to snoozing in his berth. I aroused him with some difficulty.

"Remember," I whispered, "your wife and little ones in the old house on Stepney Green. The *Davy J.* is doomed; but there is yet a hope of escape. Come with me."

He was sleeping in his clothing, but he hurriedly arose, put on a clean collar, brushed his hair neatly, replaced his elegant cotton nightcap, and, without saying a word, mounted with me to the deck. Just as I expected, there was my treacherous shareholder hastily expanding the capacious frame of the Sybarite, and securing the straps and buckles to his ample folds.

While we were observing him from behind the mainmast, I explained to the captain the whole

affair. "Now," I whispered, "quick! seize and gag him, while I secure the unrivalled apparatus."

He rushed upon him.

"Don't harm him, but hold him tight for five minutes," I exclaimed.

"Ay, ay! I'll hold him fast enough!" returned the gallant captain, as he rushed forward and suddenly clapped his cotton nightcap over the head of his crafty passenger. "Safe enough, I'll warrant you," he repeated. "Bless my eyes and limbs! I'll teach him to sneak away and leave his poor old captain in the lurch!"

So quick had been the movement that the unlucky shareholder in the Sybarite Company had not been able to utter an exclamation. Only a faint gurgling sound was heard from under the nightcap. Then there was a struggle, then a splash, and all was over.

"I'll trouble you, Mr. Webberboy, for that portmanteau and fixings," observed the captain to me, quietly.

A sickening sensation stole upon me. I knew only too well what had happened. My innocent scheme had really had no object but to amuse the captain, and, while he was conveying his prisoner to a secure place below—perhaps putting him in irons for further security—to take an opportunity of privately embarking on the Sybarite. But the rapidity of these transactions had disturbed my plans, and the murder that had been committed before my very eyes had affected me deeply. After all, I thought, he was a man and a shareholder. Peace be to his little fault, which was natural enough. But I dissembled. Shaking the captain's hand with warmth, I exclaimed, "Take it! return to your affectionate family circle, and when the winds whistle shrilly without, and the lightning flashes, and men's thoughts turn towards the dangers of the deep, give a thought sometimes to the poor unhappy inventor and sole patentee of this ingenious contrivance."

"All right, all right!" ejaculated the captain, as he hastily proceeded with the task of preparing the Sybarite for use. "Trust me! My precious eyes! Only let me get safe out of this old tub, and I'll think of you fast enough!"

"I thought his haste unseemly, and I was, therefore, not sorry to observe that his intentions were, for the present at least, likely to be frustrated. The noise of the scuffle had attracted attention; there was a sound as of twenty pump-handles suddenly falling from twenty hands; the busy hum of universal baling-out subsided. Footsteps were approaching, and in an instant eager faces were peering at us through the gloom.

"Hulloa, skipper! what's all this caper?" inquired a voice which I recognized as that of the first mate.

With my usual presence of mind, I stepped forward and explained. "The captain and I were just indulging in a few steps of a hornpipe," I artlessly replied. "It is hard to keep up one's spirits now without some little pastime."

This episode had given the captain time to fold and replace the Sybarite in the portmanteau; but the movement was observed.

"Why, captain," remarked one of our visitors, "with that portmanteau, any one would think you were just going to call a cab and drive down to Cape Coast Castle."

A hoarse, hollow laugh followed upon this sally; but it was evident that our disturbers thought our proceedings mysterious. It would clearly have been impudent to attempt to escape again that night. Distrust once abroad, Captain O'Crosstree knew too well that parties would be on the watch, and escape would be difficult; his policy, therefore, was to wait awhile, and then try again.

From that time I became painfully conscious that suspicions, all the more ominous because they were vague and undefined, had taken possession of the hearts of the entire crew and the one hundred and forty-nine passengers. As the chief mate significantly expressed it, "What's up Goodness knows; but something's up, that's sartain."

For myself, I thought it best to stand off for awhile and watch for some change in the position of affairs.

On the following night, a little after seventeen bells had struck, I was prowling furtively on deck as usual, when my attention was directed to a dusky figure seemingly engaged near the larboard bulwark in untying some package. I recognized the captain

in an instant, and knew what he was about. To my horror I quickly observed another figure glide from behind the mainmast and approach the kneeling captain. There was an uplifted hand; a knife; a sudden blow — and all was over! Again the victim fell into the sea.

I knew in a moment what had occurred. Our secret had been divined, and this was the first result. The gallant but deceitful old seaman had fallen a victim to his selfishness. Again a dusky figure knelt beside the larboard bulwark, manifestly engaged in some hasty operations; but again another figure stole upon him, this time from behind the long-boat. Once more there was a blow—a groan—a splash! The portmanteau and its ingenious contents had again changed hands.

How many hours I watched these sickening proceedings before the crescent moon grew pale I know not; but I left them to settle the little difficulty among them, and I felt confident that eventually the portmanteau would be mine again. Meanwhile, I kept careful count of the combats, till I knew that one by one the entire crew had fallen, together with one hundred and forty-six of the emigrant passengers, leaving a balance of only two besides myself yet to be accounted for. Of course I did not reckon the suffering young lady, of whom I had heard nothing for many days.

As day dawned I beheld the dreadful spectacle of two men stealthily walking around each other upon the main deck like a pair of pugilists, each watchful for a chance of putting in a blow. It had come to the last encounter. My turn was now approaching. From my long concealment behind a coil of rope near the cuddy-house, my presence had been entirely unsuspected until then. But I was prepared. Taking a hint from the deceased captain, I had selected from his stock of linen another cotton nightcap; as the last combatant but one slipped and fell, mortally wounded, I rushed forward, and clapping that almost obsolete article of attire over his head from behind, easily got a cord round the arms of the survivor, now utterly exhausted by the long conflict. In a moment I had secured him to the mizen shrouds; but the precaution was superfluous. Grievously wounded, he was sinking fast.

Thus, without striking a blow, I was again the sole possessor of the invaluable Sybarite. It was a joyful thought, even amidst those revolting traces of internecine conflict; but there was no time to be lost in reflections. Deprived of the relief afforded by the incessant pumping, the old *Davy J.* was now rapidly settling down to her final rest.

It was a glorious morning. A tropical sun was just rising, red and round, through the hazy atmosphere as I got the Sybarite quietly overboard. All promised well. A series of one hundred and fifty-eight mortal contests for the possession of that meritorious invention had happily not injured one strap or buckle. I was preparing to push off when a singular vision met my gaze.

Rising slowly from the fore companion was the figure of a young maiden, clothed in pure white. She held in her hand a large table-spoon, on which she was gazing with downcast eyes.

She came towards me in this attitude without any perceptible movement of the feet. I was awestruck, and watched her as she cast the contents of the spoon—a small quantity of bilge-water, apparently—upon the calm surface of the sea.

Then, looking upward, she smiled a strange smile upon me, and said, "I am but a poor weak girl, but I have baled my best in my feeble way. Now take me with you over the salt sea upon the Patent Sybarite Marine Floattee and Portable Shipwreck Enjoyer."

In my astonishment at this sudden apparition I did not pause to ask how she came to be thus familiar with the full title of my invention. She was comely, and her voice thrilled through me. Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, I offered her a share of my small but well-furnished home upon the ocean wave, and gallantly assisted her to step down upon the waterproof canvas. At that moment the old *D. J.*, heeling over to starboard a trifle went down stern first and vanished from our sight for ever. The Sybarite, caught for a moment in the boiling whirlpool, rode safely over the subsiding waters. We were saved!

What a change from the horrors of the last fortnight! from the dismal sounds and still more dismal sights that I had witnessed; from the care

and anxiety about my precious portmanteau, which had oppressed me since that fatal night when my ill-fated holder of one share had met his just reward. Secure now in the possession of every comfort that heart could desire, I cared for nothing. The sun's rays, it is true, were oppressive, but we made for ourselves an awning of wet canvas, and by the help of deep draughts of aerated lemonade managed pretty well. I had now, indeed, been content, but for a something strange, wild, even sinister, about the manner of my lovely companion.

Thus cast into each other's society on the lonely ocean, it will not be surprising to any one that I, nevertheless, soon grew infatuated with her presence. I felt that I could never be happy until she consented to be mine. But the lovely Cora was mysterious and evasive. She must have time, she said, "to heal a recent wound." I pressed her to tell me whether any one of those unhappy hundred and forty-eight fellow-passengers of hers had won her young affections. She confessed that there was one; but when I expressed a desire to know which, she invariably answered, "Wait awhile; you shall know in good time." To my inquiry how she came to be so familiar with the title of the Sybarite, she gave me the same answer. "You will know all by-and-bye," she said, mournfully.

We were crossing the Tropic of Cancer. Refreshed by the evening dews, I had fallen one night into a pleasant slumber, and my thoughts were far, far away, dreaming of a little incident that once occurred to me in the Patent Office, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, when I was awakened by a sharp tug at the cord which I wore around my neck by way of guard to a clasp-knife, which happened to be the only cutting instrument which I possessed. Instinctively I clapped my hand to the left side of my guernsey: the knife was gone!

"Ha! treachery again!" I exclaimed, as my eyes lighted upon the form and face of my beautiful companion. "Ungrateful girl! would you slay your deliverer?"

I could see her distinctly as she stood up with her tall figure against the sky. Her long black hair hung loosely down upon her snow-white garments; her eyes flashed like a rippled sea in the light of

the moon. The huge clasp-knife was open, and she waved it significantly in the air.

"Reproach me not, but listen," she answered. "I have told you I would explain all, and I will. You behold in me the unhappy Cora, late the affianced bride of Ephraim Johnson Jefferson, of Forty-seventh Street, Philadelphia, the courageous speculator in Sybarite stock, the solitary holder of the one paid-up share in your accursed limited company, treacherously slain by your hands on the fatal night of the 8th of July."

"He was a selfish knave," I replied, bitterly. "He would have saved his own wretched life on this beautifully contrived apparatus, and heartlessly left me to perish, though I had distinctly told him that there was abundant room for two."

"Not exactly so," she replied, scornfully. "That he would have left you behind I grant you; but what will not love tempt a man to do? Generous fellow! his only thought was to save me. Learn now how I knew the name of this clever but loathsome refuge from the waves. He had discovered your secret, and had confided to me his plans. We had resolved to escape together, and pass the remainder of our days on some fair isle under the shade of leafy cocoa-nut-trees. Ay; while you imagined he was selfishly departing all alone, I was looking out of one of the ports, and anxiously awaiting the preconcerted signal."

"Enough!" I interrupted. "The whole plot is now out. But what would you do? Surely you would not imbue those fair hands in the blood of one who never did you harm?"

"No!" she answered. "There has been blood enough shed already. Then wildly shrieking, 'Ephraim Johnson Jefferson, I come, my beloved, my lost one!' she fell fiercely on the starboard air-pillows, turned furiously on the larboard auxiliary bladders, and stabbing again and again at the canvas before I had time to frustrate her mad design, inflicted a hundred damaging cuts.

Another loud shriek, and she had vanished through a rent in the waterproof ticking, and in an instant the Sybarite went from under me like a wreath of smoke beaten down by the wind. The waters were all around. There was a singing in my ears, and I became conscious of nothing but a feeling of satisfaction that I was even, after all, with an ungrateful world, for happily I had never filed my final specification! Oh! what joy at that dreadful moment in the thought that the legal personal representatives of my hated rival could never get a shilling by their one share, because the details of construction of my inimitable discovery had never been publicly recorded!

In the memorable words of a distinguished anonymous writer, I was the sole depository of my own secret, and IT HAD PERISHED WITH ME!

MOY THOMAS.



RINKO-MANIACAL RECOLLECTIONS.



The Pink Boots



He hates rink-ing but he must bring himself down somehow



The impending scupper

I cannot mind my wheel Mother

Horribly suited but she does not tell herself in public

Rink boots



Taking a seat



Putting on "The hug"

PATHE

RINKO-MANIACAL RECOLLECTIONS



The Pyramid



The Professionals



REVENGE. A RHYTHMIC RECOLLECTION.

IF you ask me where I found it, found this very dreadful legend, with its strange coincidences and its tragic repetitions, I should answer, I should tell you, in the columns of the "Pleecenoos," in the pages of the "Standard," in the Organ of the Knife Board, in all sheets of published scandal, published in the month of August, published in the midst of Fleet Street, where the tide of life rolls onward, whilst the modest newsman murmurs low amid the noise of traffic, "Buy the 'Hecker,' fifth edition! Buy the 'Standard,' latest war news! Buy the Organ of the Knife Board!"

'Twas the pleasant April weather, and a coach was bound for Cambridge, and four youths alike in feature sat together in the rumble; each alike was bound for Cambridge, each alike in air was noble, each alike in hair was curly, each in speech was Hebraistic, and they all were bound for Cambridge.

Never had they met before this, though their fathers in four townships wide apart had heard the rumours of each other's great successes in the art of habit-making, famed for thirteen-shilling trousers; and each parent, little recking of the others' great successes, said, "My son shall rise to sweldom; he shall have his fling at college, and shall dwell among the nobles who, by my fair art made nobler, wear my thirteen-shilling trousers."

As in April's pleasant weather all the four rolled on to Cambridge, did they swear eternal friendship; and alighting from the rumble, pledged each other in great beakers, drank each other's healths in "dogsnose;" sought the portals of the college where they had matriculated, crossed the sunny green quadrangle, and betook them to their chambers; parted tearful on the landing, and betook them to their chambers.

Each within his chamber lonely did behold a charming vision; 'twas the vision of the barmaid who had mixed for them the "dogsnose" when they 'lighted from the rumble, when they swore

eternal friendship, when they first came up to Cambridge in the pleasant April weather.

And the face ecstatic, beaming in the light of each pale candle, seemed to each enraptured student more and more and more bewitching. Memory held them each in bondage; and the drooping of an eyelid, one swift droop of one left eyelid, seemed to each an invitation meant for him and not the others. "Yea," said each, "she winked upon me, she, the landlord's laughing daughter, she, the maid who mixed the 'dogsnose,' when we swore eternal friendship, when we first came up to Cambridge."

Then each issued from his chamber, and they four upon the landing, in the dusk of eve encountered, stumbled one against the other; muttered lowly, "Beg your pardon; really didn't see you coming;"—crossed the dim and dusk quadrangle, sought by devious ways the public; and encountering at the doorway, each on each with dark suspicion looked, and murmured, "Lo! 'tis folly!" Each within himself did whisper, "Lo! these three be of opinion that the barmaid winked upon them."

Then they severed at the doorway; but by devious ways returning, met again before the doorway.

Then with scowling brows they entered; and the barmaid—most impartial of the race of British barmaids—sweetly winked in turn upon them till their hearts within them gladdened; and they drank the luscious "dogsnose," and their friendly vows repeated, till with arm in arm close linking they once more the dim quadrangle crossed, and all was wrapped in silence.

In the solemn midnight watches each beheld the lovely features of the landlord's laughing daughter, and the drooping of an eyelid, one swift droop of one left eyelid, seemed to each an invitation. And each murmured as he lay there, "I will seek her in the morning, ere the others rise from slumber; she shall see me in my beauty, with a brand-new fifteen-

shilling hat upon my noble forehead ; and to grace my form my father's famous thirteen-shilling trousers." And the sleep of night was broken by the soft enchanting vision ; and each lover as he slumbered wandered through the fields of dreamland, saw the landlord's laughing daughter, smiling, beaming, winking near him, and beheld himself in glory, whilst a radiant halo floated round the brand-new fifteen-shilling hat upon his noble forehead, and a grace beyond all fancy dwelt within the folds suspended of his thirteen-shilling trousers.

Then when morning chased the shadows westward through the shimmering heavens, rose each lover, and bedecked him in the brand-new fifteen-shilling hat, and eke bedecked his person with the thirteen-shilling trousers ; and each gazing in the mirror, felt his soul within him lifted, felt his heart within him gladdened, hailed the promise of the future,—gazed, and grinned, and smirked, and nodded back at those glad eyes that glistened beneath the brand-new fifteen-shilling hat upon his noble forehead.

Then with soft and stealthy footstep did each lover cross his chamber, and with light and stealthy fingers turn the key, and eke the handle of the door which stood between his chamber and the common landing.

Thus they stood and faced each other, and each student in three faces,—glaring, wild, bewildered faces,—pallid, haggard, watchful faces,—wide-eyed and astonished faces, read the meaning of his comrades ; saw his own fair purpose shattered, saw his own ambitions wasted, saw the wrecking of his visions, felt one sickening throe within him, felt a comp dew on his forehead, and drew forth a silk-scented handkerchief from out his pocket, and in one like form and fashion each removed the fifteen-shilling hat from off his noble forehead, and set down despairing on it.

Suddenly they rose, and lifted each a threatening hand to heaven, and with awful unanimity they cried, " I will have vengeance ! Faithless friends, aunt ! I know ye ! " Rose from off the fifteen-shilling hats unconscious forms had flattened, hied them to their separate chambers, brooded upon all their wrongs there ; cried within themselves for

vengeance, saying each, " I will seek quiet by the pleasant meadow reaches where the Cam flows calm and equal on his journey to the ocean ; there my scheme will I consider, there will I concoct a vengeance whereat all men's ears shall tingle."

Straightway fled they from their chambers, met together on the landing, fell in heaps confused together down the stairs ; and rising, snorted wrath in one another's faces ; and by devious ways betook them, in the pleasant April weather, to the tranquil meadow reaches where the Cam flows calm and equal on his journey to the ocean.

He who was the first to get there knelt him down beside the river, knelt him by the stream bare-headed, to concoct his schemes of vengeance. And the second, coming thither with a light and stealthy footstep, laid a vigorous hand upon him, took him by the thirteen-shilling bags, and by the neck, and lifted him and waved him high, and flung him far into the tranquil river.

Then he danced upon the margin, crying, " Lo ! revenge accomplished ! " And behold, as he exulted, came the third with stealthy footstep, placed a cautious foot before him, smote a heavy blow behind him, drave him with a circling motion half across the peaceful river. And until he clave the water and the wavelets closed above him, flashed the thirteen-shilling trousers like the *aurora borealis* seen above the night's horizon by the Greenlander in winter.

Then the third rejoiced and shouted ; but the fourth approached behind him, seized him by the thirteen-shilling pants, and swung him as the whirlwind whirls the snow-drift in his anger, swung him round and round in circles, swung him round in dizzying circles, crying, " Lo ! revenge completed ! But whilst high in air he swung him, failed his foot upon the margin, and the landscape for a moment reeled about them both together, till the tranquil wave received them, and the ripples closed above them.

* * * * *

Far beneath the cliffs of Dover one fine night a fortnight after the events I have related, looking forth, a hardy seaman saw afar a rainbow halo smitten by the sun to splendour, by the sun's last rays illumined ; and a wonder seized his spirit as

to what the deuce it came from; and he carried home that problem to discuss above his liquor and his pipe on quiet evenings, in his native village ale-house.

He the hardy seaman knew not; but in confidence I tell you—'t was the gorgeous-gleaming fabric of the thirteen-shilling trousers smitten by the sun to splendour!

D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

NOT A BIT NEW.

(WITH APOLOGIES ALL ROUND.)



WHEN I was only twenty And life was full of joy, True friends I had un-numbered, With them my way was cumbered: They came in shoals and plenty

To me as then a boy,
When I was only twenty
And life was full of joy.

When I as yet was youthful,
And riches had in store,
My friends were full of love then,—
As tender as the dove then,—
And friendship bright and truthful
Was tested to the core,
When I as yet was youthful
And riches had in store.

When time was gliding gaily,
And wealth was still in hand,
New friends I found in dozens,
And all my country cousins

Flocked in to see me daily,
And pleasure shared and planned,
When time was gliding gaily
And wealth was still in hand.

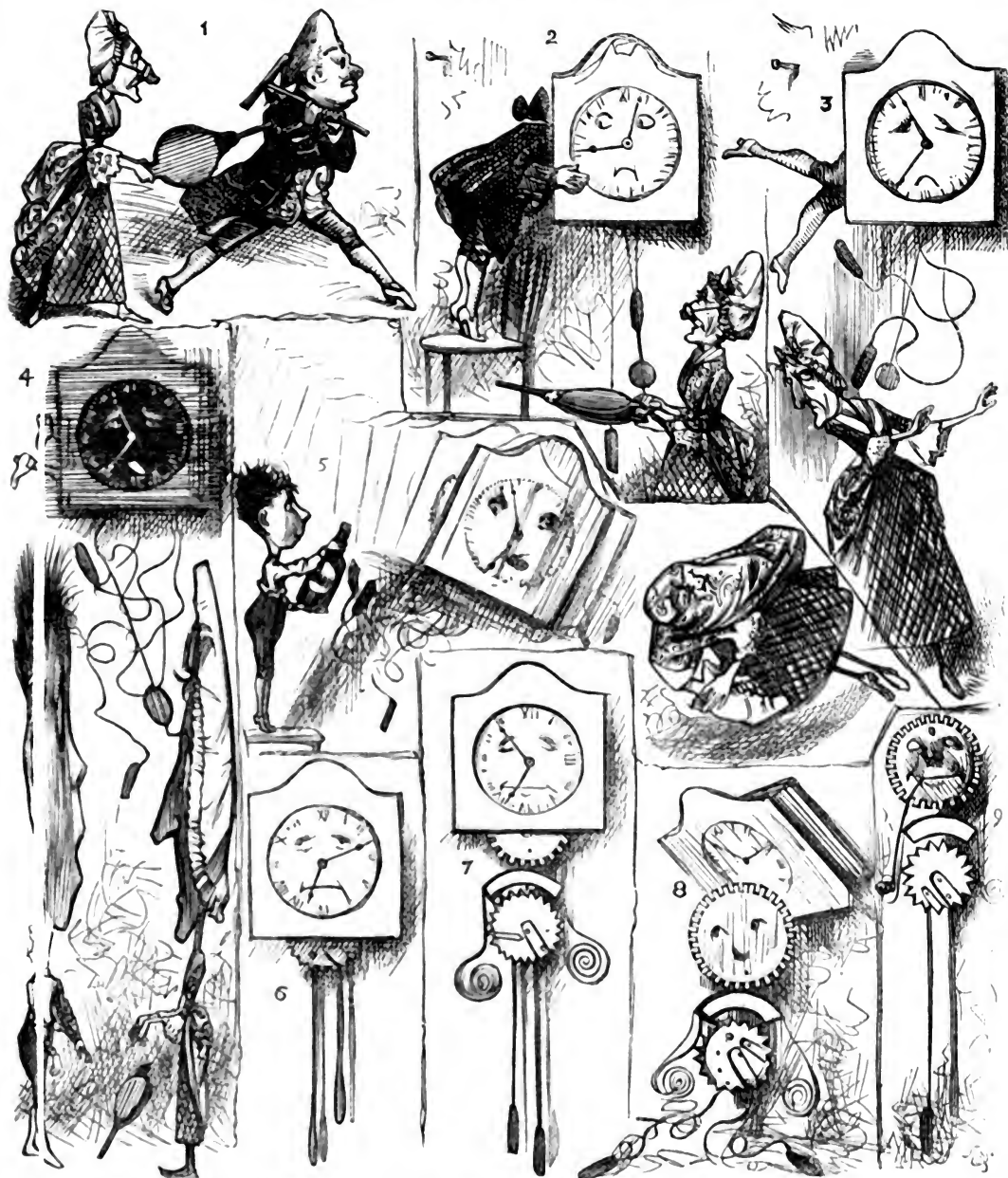
When time brings on its changes,
And life begins its lees,
True friendship then is rarer
Than when the way was fairer:
'T is thus the world arranges
To alter by degrees,
When time brings on its changes
And life begins its lees.

When time with me had altered,
And Fortune proved a jade,
True friends with much misgiving
Discussed my future living:
Advised me when I faltered,
Were grieved they couldn't aid,
When time with me had altered
And Fortune proved a jade.

When I have burst the bubble,
And life's adventure ends,
Of all who vowed devotion
Not one will show emotion:
Yet write, "*Here free from trouble
Lies he of many friends,*"
When I have burst the bubble
And life's adventure ends.

H. S.

THE WOUND-UP WINDER.



1. The Expedition. 2. The Exploration. 3. Of the Interior. 4. Disappearance and Dismay. 5. Agitation and Assistance.
6. The Issue. 7. The Development. 8. Complete reappearance of the Winder. 9. Restoration to a Tranquil Existence.

“WAITING!”

STREAMLET, as onward you ripple and swirl,

Call at my lady-love's dwelling,
Give my regards to the dear little girl,
Say her adorer's rebelling.

Ask her to hurry herself, if you please,—
Mind that you give her a rating ;
Tell her I'm sauntering under the trees,
Bid her remember I'm waiting.

Linnet, on guard by your moss-covered nest,
Go where my lady-love lingers ;
When you espy her, at once, I request,
Perch on her lily-white fingers.

Suddenly warble my plaint in her ear,
Tell her my love's not abating ;
Say that her presence her lover will cheer—
Bid her remember I'm waiting.

Say that I long for her heart-soothing smile,
Tell her it's cruel to cheat me ;
Tell the wee lady I'm here by the stile,
Here, where she promised to meet me.

* * * * *
On second thoughts, linnet, return to your nest—
Rivulet, pardon my prating ;
For now she approaches, I think it were best
To tell her myself I've been waiting.

H. C. N.

MR. STRICKLAND'S BLACK EYE.

WE had been married just two months. Our honeymoon, spent in the most delightfully expensive hotels which the Continent can afford and the tourist can't, had come to an end a week since, and we were now enjoying a glorious view of green trees from two penny seats in Hyde Park. "We!" My wife and I. My wife and I! Delightful words! There is a novelty about the utterance for the first two or three months which adds to its charm for the utterer. Jones, married three months, always says "My wife and I;" Jones, married three years, generally says "Mrs. Jones and myself." I haven't discovered the reason yet. When I've been married three years perhaps I may.

In Hyde Park, people who sit on two chairs during the first three months of matrimonial partnership talk *to* each other. Later on in their career, I have been given to understand, they talk *at* each other. We naturally did the former. We talked of the old days before we were married, before we knew each other. We had no secrets. Newly married people never have. She told me of the friends of

her girlhood; of her dear Araminta Jobson,—a young lady of poetic feeling in admirable harmony with her own; of how they would spend long summer days in the fields, reading Tennyson and eating jumbles. Then she explained that to thoroughly enjoy the Laureate you must always have something handy to munch—chocolate, acid drops, apples, or jumbles. She and Araminta Jobson preferred jumbles, especially with the "Idylls of the King." I understand now how it is I never thoroughly appreciated the drawing-room bard: I never tried him with jumbles. Then there was Julia Culpepper, who was always eager to be off to battle-fields to nurse the sick and wounded. It mattered not where the war might be, it seems, Julia was always burning with eagerness to go, and generally wanted my little girl to go with her. Julia's notion of nursing the sick and wounded was confined, I ascertained, to reading handsome ensigns to sleep, and making jellies for lame privates who would sit in easy chairs and God-bless-her winsome face, and ask her to write long letters to the goodwife and the bairns at home

in which there would be many references to an angel-lady, with fairy fingers and beautiful smiles, whose mortal name was Julia Culpepper.

Could I do less than return my darling's confidence? Should I deny her a glimpse at the young Bayards and Josephs who had been my early friends? Long and lovingly I dwelt upon the companions of my bachelorhood. She was pleased to hear that my friends had been selected for their sagacity and virtue; that they accompanied me thrice a week to lectures on the Christian martyrs, and dissolving views of Palestine. How her little face beamed with satisfaction when she learned that our wildest orgie had been an evening at the Polytechnic! Would she have any objection to my continuing the acquaintance of these delightful young men? Might they come and see me sometimes? Might I occasionally in their society renew my severed connection with the martyrs and Palestine? How could she refuse? She should be, oh! so glad to meet them. Her mamma had told her—she didn't mind confessing it now—to beware of billiard-rooms, and to look on my coat-sleeves for chalk if I came home late, but she was sure there could be no objection to the martyrs and Palestine, because of course it was like going to church on a week-day. Dear little woman! If the park-keeper hadn't been looking straight at us, I think I should have kissed her there and then. But there was one friend I should mention specially to her. He was older, oh! considerably older, than any of the rest, and what was called a good fellow. He was between forty and fifty, but he took a great interest in young men, and went about with them, and joined in their innocent amusements, and was a capital talker. He had given me sound advice in many matters when I was single, and I felt very grateful to him. He had done so much for me, in fact that I really ought to keep up the acquaintance and ask him to dinner now and then. His name was Strickland, and he was a most exemplary man in every respect. I hoped—Why, how singular! There he was, coming up the avenue. I knew his walk in a moment. I would introduce him at once.

"Hi, Strick! Strick, old fellow!" He turns—he approaches—he recognizes me! "Why, Strickland, old boy, I am glad. Let me introduce you to my—

Why, what the dickens have you done to your eye?"

"Only another row last night at the——"

"Hush! Ahem! My wife behind us on the chair. I must introduce you now. Jolly unfortunate, though. Come along."

It was awkward, that eye, which was as beautifully black as a blow could make it. Perhaps it was that compelled him to wear his hat so dreadfully on one side. There was just the faintest odour too of——. It *was* unfortunate, but there, it couldn't be helped now.

"Ahem! My dear, allow me to introduce you to my old friend Strickland, the gentleman I was mentioning to you a moment ago."

My little wife bowed civilly enough, but I saw her eye rest inquiringly upon his. I thought she was trying to reconcile virtue and sagacity with black eyes and tilted hats.

With perfect ease—I never knew the man disconcerted in my life—my old friend took a vacant chair, exchanged a few commonplaces, and then glancing furtively at me, exclaimed, "I suppose, old fellow, you haven't told your wife the story of my life?"

I answered, hesitatingly, that I had not told my wife any stories about his life.

"Then, my dear madam," he replied, after a pause, "I should like you to know it. I regret that Bi—that William has not already enlightened you, as it would have spared me referring to this very painful affair."

He touched his eye as he spoke with a delicacy that showed that it *was* a painful affair.

"You have observed it, I make no doubt. You could hardly help it. If I falter in my narrative you will excuse me: I am weak and suffering from a violent shock to the system. But for medical advice and a—little stimulant, I should now have been confined to my room, instead of sitting in the park. Ah! my dear madam, mine is an old, old story."

He pulled out a handkerchief, and I thought he was going to weep. I think he saw that his handkerchief had a horse on it, for he put it in his pocket again instantly, and didn't weep. I was glad he didn't—I had seen him weep before.

"Years ago, when Bi—when your big, handsome

husband there was a small boy, I was a full-grown young man, and fancied the only thing wanting to complete my manhood was a wife. I picked one up from the only female society into which I was flung. My youth, I regret to say, had been a neglected one. I married a young woman whose friends were in the refreshment business. The match was an unhappy one from the first. We quarrelled, we—I blush to mention it to a lady—we fought, and we separated. It was not my fault, I assure you. It is a sad story, and I will hurry over it. My wife went to America with her friends. Months afterwards I heard that she was dead. I cannot say that I shed tears. I am not a hypocrite; you know that, old fellow.”

I murmured assent.

“Well, years passed on, and there came a time when the wounds inflicted by matrimony commenced to heal. I had begun by believing that all women were endowed with that faculty for making men wretched which my late wife possessed in a superlative degree. By gradual stages I arrived at the conclusion that I had merely been the victim of an unfortunate choice; that marriage was a luck-bag, in which there was only one blank, and that an evil destiny had guided that blank to my grasp.

“I have said I arrived at this conclusion by stages. They were three. The first was a delightful little creature—fair, plump, and merry. I felt certain she couldn’t look cross if she tried; and as to those tiny little rose-tipped fingers of hers ever assuming the offensive, I knew that it was an absurdity. They might, perhaps, have boxed a kitten’s ears for drinking out of the milk-jug; but I fancy the kitten would have whisked his tail, and had another drink directly. I admired that first stage extremely. I was on the point of loving her when her papa got into difficulties through obliging a friend with his autograph; and, one day, when I called to sit in my accustomed seat and worship her, I found my accustomed seat being valued by a broker at four and sixpence, and the object of my worship informing the baker’s man that her papa had gone to his country cottage for a week, but on his return the other cottages should be settled for. The baker came in a week, and so did I. We were both disappointed.

“My second stage was a widow. When I looked

at that woman pouring out tea, and heard her asking if her guests took milk and sugar, I settled in my mind at once that the dear departed had been petted to death. Alas! my dear madam, the cruel fate which has followed me through life walked over the widow’s threshold with me, and put his dirty boots under the widow’s mahogany side by side with mine—which, by-the-bye, were *not* dirty, as, knowing how particular widows invariably are about their carpets, I always wiped them carefully on the hall mat. Would you believe it?—the very day that I came to make a formal proposal for the widowed hand and heart, I met a gentleman in the drawing-room, who had forestalled me by five minutes! I took in the situation in a moment, and smothering my grief in a few remarks about the weather, departed.

“These were mere scratches. My third stage was a wound—a wound which at this moment is unhealed, and which time alone can close. Ah, my dear madam! I may have spoken lightly of my former griefs—let me approach this with the reverence which is its due. Lovely, talented, gentle, and well-off, she was all that a man who had lived upon thorns would require in the way of roses. I felt that she was too good for me, and yet I knew that without her life would be a double-sanded Sahara. This time I determined I would risk no delay. I took every opportunity of being in her society; I watched her, and pump—and conversed with her until I felt convinced that I was not indifferent to her.

“One evening I lingered after the other guests had departed, and asked her if she should be at home the next evening? Yes. Might I call upon her, as I had something of great importance to communicate? Oh, yes! her mamma would be at home, and they would both be very pleased to see me. I knew what that meant. I went home; rehearsed my little speech for her, my little speech for mamma, and totted up my income and expectations on paper to be ready for papa. At last I was going to know what real happiness meant.

“The next evening I started full of hope for the house of my adored one. I got to the corner of the street and came suddenly upon a great deal of

smoke, a very large crowd, and a house on fire. It was what is popularly called 'a good fire.' There was only one window that wasn't belching forth smoke and flame. Suddenly that window was flung open, and a woman's face flashed white through the smoke and flames around.

"Save her!" roared the crowd.

"It looked like certain death to mount a ladder, but one was placed.

"It's suicide," said a fireman, 'but I'll go up if she won't jump.'

"She wouldn't jump; she shrieked out that she couldn't move. The voice struck me first. I rushed through the crowd and caught a closer view of the ghastly face with the lurid glare upon it. *It was my wife!*

"I never stopped to think why they should have sent me word she was dead when she wasn't. I only felt that if I let her die I should be a murderer. I knew, in saving her, I cast all my hopes of future happiness to the ground. I made one dash at the ladder, and went up it—up through the falling beams and the scalding lead that dripped; up through blinding smoke and scorching heat; up through the darting flames, that leaped out at me and hissed like writhing serpents defrauded of their prey!

"A sudden silence fell upon the crowd below. I heard that, but I felt nothing. I reached the window—how I know not—I stretched out my arms and dragged her through, holding her with a fierce, half-vengeful grip. I looked down below for a second, and then—and then—the flames must have burned the ladder through, for it fell with a crash, and we fell with it."

"And you had saved your wife?"

"Wrong, my dear madam. I had saved somebody else. A striking likeness had deceived me, for when I came to myself, a mild old gentleman came up to me and thanked me in a very mild way for saving his good lady. I was not in a condition to pay the important visit on which I was bound when I met the fire; but I took the mild old gentleman's address, and the next day I called upon him to inquire after the health of the lady I had rescued. Poor old boy! I soon found out that I had cruelly

injured him. My dear madam, the term *virago* was a mild one for the mild old gentleman's rescued spouse. She was young enough to be his daughter; but he might have been a little boy, and she his mother, by the way she reprimanded and chastised him. She'd used him shamefully, he told me, for ten years; and as soon as she got over the shock of the fire, she expressed herself ready to go on for another decade. And she kept her word. I have seen that woman, my dear madam, knock him down, flout him, and roll him with a rolling-pin, pretending he was paste and she would make a pie of him. I have known her stand him on his head in a corner for an hour at a time. I have heard of her putting him in a copper with the washing, and boiling him within an inch of his life. The discovery was such a shock to me, that I never called upon my third stage at all. I felt, with two such matrimonial experiences, it would be tempting Providence. When I knew to what torture by rescuing his wife I had condemned this unhappy man, I determined instead to atone for the evil I had wrought. I have lodgings in his house, and suffer in his stead. So long as she hammers someone her temper is appeased. I undergo the rolling now; I stand on my head in the corner; I have known the inside of a copper, and can speak with authority concerning boiling suds. The moment they commence to quarrel I step between them and take the consequences. I owe this much to the man I have injured. She was very violent yesterday. I stepped between them—the consequence you perceive. That, my dear madam, is the story of my life and of my black eye."

"Mr. Strickland," exclaimed my wife, her cheeks glowing with enthusiasm, "I admire your courage—I respect your self-sacrifice. I trust, as one of my husband's dearest friends, I shall see much of you. When he renews his visits to the martyrs and Palestine, I am sure he can do so in no better company than yours."

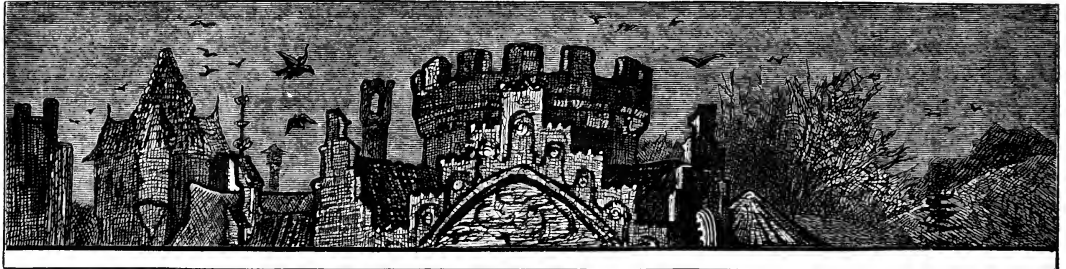
We shook hands and parted.

I wondered, then, how it was my friend had never mentioned these singular circumstances to me before.

I wonder now.

GEORGE SAXON.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE



1. Once upon a time in the gloomiest of gloomy palaces dwelt a fair Princess.



3. Then Pickpockets came and serenaded her; but would fain walk away with their umbrellas up, because of the articles of furniture she would throw at them.



2. Now this Princess was particularly vicious, more so, even, than princesses in general; and sternly refused to marry until she could find a really wicked man.



6. Once a Knight thought to win her by stabbing his wife and cremating his mother-in-law alive; but the Princess was so annoyed at his thinking this bad, that she ordered——!!!!!!



4. Anarchy prevailed. The Page Boys tried to make themselves bad by smoking Penny Sensations.



5. More anarchy prevailed; and elderly Courtiers tried to make themselves worse by drinking gooseberry.

RIGHT PLACE AT LAST.



A Knight who would write down comic songs very nearly hit her; but it was too much for the neighbours.



BURNT
ALIVE
TOMORROW
AT 24c

13. And True Conservatism had its fling, and retainers were kept in their proper places.



12. And the daily papers got worse and worse, and circulated bigger lies than ever; for all tried to be bad.



8. The Art Critic of the period stood a chance; but he also came to an untimely end.



14. But at last, quite by accident, she met the right man. He was a Promoter of Public Companies. "Here," she said, "I find a real scoundrel." And they married and lived happy ever after.



11. And the young Princes took to putting tartar emetic in the soup: oh, it was great fun.



10. Everything then went gaily; the Railway Directors did their level best to win her.



9. A German Sausage Manufacturer started a boat to run everything down, and was well thought of; but he collapsed in the flower of his youth.

A TALE OF A VICTIM.

I.



I HAVE never prided myself very much upon my power of observing character—except, perhaps, when persons whom I hate to be criticized by have questioned

it, when I have considered it my duty to brag about it; but I did observe the character of Dagobert Montgomery a good deal. He was looked upon as an unfinished lunatic by people with good heads for bookkeeping and no impulses, because he jumped at conclusions, was very enthusiastic, was prone to set his heart and soul on a favourite idea and devote his whole being to it, was easily elated or depressed to an unreasonable degree, and could be cheated by a Jew or a cabman. When I talk of his setting his heart and soul on a thing, I do not mean to intimate that he went mad about one thing to-day and about something else quite opposite to-morrow, for this would justify the verdict of the bookkeeping-headed people, and I do not want to do that, because they say nasty things of me also, and I feel that these things are true. He had set his heart long ago on being a dramatic writer of some kind. He didn't think for an instant that he could sit down and write anything at once; but he felt that he had it in him to write as well as the average, at any rate, after he had gone through a sufficient amount of hard work to justify him in attempting something; and, after all, his highest aim was poetical comedy. In his little room on the top floor of a boarding-house (for he had sufficient income to

keep his pulse going) he had read industriously for years back, not forgetting to go out and have a peep at the world now and then; but all his attempts at writing had as yet depressed him dreadfully.

Being ashamed to show his first efforts to anybody, he tried to read them to himself as though he had never read them before; but in this he signally failed, because, when there *did* happen to be a good point in the work, the labour he had expended on it got before his eyes like a mist, and dulled its brightness.

Then he would get up suddenly with a grunt of despair, and kick his chair over (which the bookkeeping-headed people rightly condemned), light his pipe, and ponder on Flasher, the fashionable and brilliant comedy writer, who made mounds of money without an effort; and then he would tear up what he had written.

If he could only have got into Flasher's brains, and sat down to see how they worked, and then gone home and profited by the knowledge, he might have got on better. What business had all these brilliant ideas to go to Flasher's brain, and always avoid *his*? He had really as much right to these thoughts as Flasher; and why didn't he get his due? Filled with this sense of injury, he went down one day into the drawing-room where the boarders were assembling for dinner, and said "yes," "no," and "indeed" to various people (who liked, as a rule, to talk to him, because he generally had something new to say on most topics). His eye wandered gloomily about until it lighted on an unfamiliar figure among the boarders—a fast-looking young man, with a vacant expression and loud trousers.

Probably a new boarder? The amiable lady of the boarding-house whispered to Dagobert, "You see that interesting-looking young gentleman?"

Dagobert said, "Yes."

"He arrived yesterday evening quite suddenly. Most respectable references, you know. You haven't any idea how nice and obliging he is."

Dagobert said, "No."

"Oh, wonderfully. I fancy he's something to do with theatres, or something of that sort. His name's Flasher."

"Indeed!" said Dagobert, but he seemed suddenly wide awake: he stared at Flasher with a sort of enraged admiration, and could not resist the impulse to walk to the other end of the room and make the tour of Flasher. During the whole dinner he glared at Flasher, until the latter resented it and glared back, and Dagobert continued to glare at him until he had seen the last bit of his coat-tail disappear round his bed-room door: then he went up to his own room, entirely unnerved. He leaned out of window to cool his excitement, and there was Flasher leaning out of *his* window immediately below. Dagobert gazed reverently at the top of his head, shading his eyes to soften the brilliancy darning from Flasher's brain. Dagobert was wondering whether, as the thoughts of the poet go upward like incense, there might not be a good chance of some of Flasher's thoughts finding their way into his (Dagobert's) brain on their way, his head being directly above that of the great comedy writer.

Flasher's head set behind the window-sash properly, and the world grew dark; and Dagobert, unable to settle himself to anything, went restlessly down into the lady of the house's little parlour. The lady of the house was reading in a purposeless way from a book she had taken up at random.

"What a queer thing mesmerism seems to be, if one's to believe all this book says about it!" she said. "Why, it reads like fairy tales and witchcraft!"

Mesmerism had no interest for Dagobert. He said, "Eh? Yes, so it does, doesn't it?" and returned to the subject of Flasher's brains.

"Do you believe all this about the 'stronger mind obtaining ascendancy over the weaker,' and folks mesmerizing other folks, and making them do things by wishing it, and all that?"

"Oh, why—I dare say there's something in it, you know," said Dagobert, absently. "Why not?"

"Do you believe one person can tell what another person's thinking about, when the person has mesmerized the other person?"

"Eh? what?" said Dagobert, suddenly.

"Why, it talks about the mesmerist being able to follow the thoughts of the——"

"What does it say? Let's read it." His manner was very queer; he took the book and read with very obvious interest at the place pointed out. "You couldn't manage to lend me this book?" he said—"you're reading it——"



"Oh, no. I shouldn't have read any more, I think. You take it."

He went up to his room with the book, and did not reappear for the rest of the day. The next evening the lady of the house tapped at his door to see if anything was the matter. Dagobert was still poring over the mesmerism book.

"You seem to be very much taken up with that book," said the lady. "Why didn't you come down to dinner?"

"Dinner? Oh, I quite forgot it! It isn't this book, though. I'm not interested in it. Do you think I have a strong will, Miss Pegges?" he said, anxiously. "Should you think I had more strength of mind than—oh, than—well, say (for the sake of argument) your new boarder, Mr. Flasher, you know?"

"I don't think *he's* very strong-minded; not a bit," whispered Miss Pegges, confidentially.

"My dear Miss Pegges!" exclaimed Dagobert, excitedly, "why don't you think so?"

"Oh, I don't know: he has weak eyes, and he dresses so, and—oh, it's a fancy of mine."

From that time Dagobert began to cultivate the acquaintance of the brilliant Flasher. He approached with absolute awe at first ; but Flasher was affable like a mortal, and positively made Dagobert feel quite at home in his mighty presence. There was no outward show of cleverness about Flasher—far from it. His head was narrow and his expression stupid ; his conversation was not actually brilliant, and his dress was foppish ; but Dagobert could worship the great dramatist through all this. Flasher seemed a reckless sort of genius, for he confided to Dagobert before he had known him two days that he was horribly in debt, and had serious thoughts of bolting to Boulogne ; yet, under all this light and playful mask, Dagobert could not be blind to the great genius within. Although he longed to obtain some idea of Flasher's mode of thought, Dagobert felt too respectful to think of speaking to him on the subject of his work until he should mention it himself ; but this Flasher never did, evidently not caring to converse on the subject.

They got on capitally together as acquaintances ; but from the first time they went out together Dagobert's behaviour became most extraordinary ; he



seemed to be incessantly acting one of two directly contrary parts : that of Flasher's (respectful) tempter, and that of Flasher's (reverent) moral guide. He seemed to have (worshipfully) made up his mind that Flasher should not carry out any object which Flasher had determined to carry out.

If Flasher said "I won't take any more drink ;

I'm going home to bed," Dagobert would chaff him about his morality and his grandmother, until he gave in, and took another three, cold ; while, on the other hand, if Flasher said "I shan't go home to bed yet ; I mean to have another glass," Dagobert would look so solemn, and read him such lectures, that he would go home without another word.

Sometimes Dagobert would actually ask him to take another drink, and lead him into a public-house ; then persuade him of the immorality of intemperance, and lead him out again (without the drink), to go home to bed ; and finally (when they had actually arrived at their door) chaff him into going back to the public house, and having the drink after all. Surely there could be no meaning in such absurd conduct as this—it was the conduct of a madman ; and the strangest part of it was that whenever Flasher seemed inclined to display some determination, Dagobert would look anxious and disappointed, while he would cheer up visibly, and chuckle inwardly with triumph, when Flasher yielded.

"No strength of will ; not an atom !—not as much as a baby ! Good !" he would say to himself when he had arrived in his own room. He still studied mesmerism with absorbed interest. He seemed to have cast comedy writing out of his mind, for the time at any rate, and to have filled up its place with mesmerism, which he appeared to believe in utterly to any extent ; for he did not confine his reading to learned works on the subject, but read, and stored up in his mind, the wildest tales of mesmeric power, derived entirely from imagination. One tale particularly struck him ; it was the tale of a mesmerist who had exerted his power over a "subject" to such an extent that the latter, although he journeyed to the other side of the earth, could not free himself from the thrall ; and even at that distance the mesmerist could read all the thoughts in his "subject's" brain. It was a very pretty tale, and Dagobert grew to believe in it implicitly : he could imagine to himself no limit whatever to the power of the stronger will over the weaker. At length he began to collect and arrange his ideas on the whole matter, and the result frightened him ; he brooded over it for a fortnight, during which his ideas changed themselves

into an intention which frightened him still more. He got quite nervous, and felt like a predestined murderer, or something like that; but still he had made up his mind. He went down to the seaside for three days to calm himself; then he sat on the beach and wavered in his determination. This brought him round again suddenly: he was alarmed at the *weakness of his will*, in wavering, and came back to town by the next train. He met Flasher on the stairs at the boarding-house, and Flasher drew him into his room mysteriously, and said,

"I'm glad you've come back before I go. I'm off to the Continent to-night. Force of circumstances—told you it would come! They've unearthed me again, all those butchers and tailors and people, with their tales of 'false pretences,' and all that nonsense. Do n't 'peach—I know you won't."

Dagobert could hardly breathe. How about all his plans and—All right—he saw his way better than ever. "Let me come and see you off," he said; "I'll come down to Folkestone with you."

That evening the two sneaked out of the boarding-house, and caught the train to Folkestone; and Dagobert was so nervous as the railway-carriage flew away from town that he had bitten all his nails right away in twenty minutes.

He talked by little jerks about nothing; then he seemed to be working up his courage for some tremendous effort, and all of a sudden he jerked out: "I say, we're rather at a loss for something to do now, ain't we? Suppose, just for the fun of the thing, that I had a try whether I really *could* mesmerize anybody, you know. I've often thought I'd like to try, somehow." Indeed, he had argued the subject a good deal before this with Flasher, with the result of frightening Flasher into a complete conviction that he, personally, would be a ready victim to mesmeric influences; thus properly preparing Flasher's mind.

The great dramatist didn't exactly see that the present was the fittest opportunity for mesmeric experiment, but he yielded to the proposal after persuasion, and Dagobert, calling to his aid all the hints contained in the mesmerism books and all his strength of will, set to work to wave his hands before Flasher's eyes, glaring at him the while.

After a time Flasher's eyes twinkled—Dagobert glared more—Flasher's head nodded—it sank upon his bosom—he *was asleep*!! Then Dagobert, sud-



denly realizing the position of things, turned cold all over; felt Flasher's pulse to make sure he wasn't dead; and got into the opposite corner of the carriage, as far from his VICTIM as possible, to try and think what to do next. Actual fright at his own achievement and at the novelty of the situation prevented his beginning to test the power of his mind over that of his Victim in that Victim's presence. *He was afraid that the Victim would obey him!*

He hurriedly and confusedly made his plans: he would leave the Victim in the carriage (apparently in a natural sleep), get out at the next station—taking care not to be recognized—walk to the last station they had passed, and catch the next train to town. Somebody would find the Victim and take care of him somehow—he had not any more notions on the subject at all. He was simply bewildered, perhaps because he had never properly realized to himself that his scheme might succeed. The train stopped: it was very dark; Dagobert slipped out silently, shut the door, and stole away down the embankment.

II.

DAGOBERT was in a very nervous and excited state, as he paced about his little room, writing a comedietta; putting down the first things that entered his head in such tremulous hurry that he

rolled his words one over the other and crushed them into masses. He looked quite wild, for he had hardly slept since he had left his Victim in the train a week ago, and his face was haggard. He had now set himself to exert his power over the mind of his Victim, to draw into his brain the brilliant fancies which glowed in that of the Victim and formed his wonderful comedies. He could not stay to test the success of his plan—he must begin to write at once; and, catching at the first shadow of a plot that entered his head, he arranged the action almost anyhow, and scribbled away. He did not read this over to himself to judge of it, for he felt *afraid* of what came from his brain now, and could not summon courage to read it deliberately; but he sat up all night scribbling, dozed for two hours, and then scribbled again until the thing was finished. Then he took it off (still without reading it) straight to a friend whose opinion he valued, and asked him to read it and see what he thought of it.

Shame would, a short time ago, have prevented his showing the tentative productions of his brain even to this friend; but his feelings were altered now, for he felt that this *was not the production of his brain*.

"There are some wonderfully good ideas in this," said his friend. "But the whole thing's so wildly put together that as a whole it's a miserable muddle. Why, you can't have considered over it a bit! Reconstruct it carefully, and it might have a chance."

It was most painful work for Dagobert to sit down and "reconstruct it carefully;" but he fought at the task as well as he could, though even now he did not keep reading it to judge of its merits until he lost every point in it. He felt that it *must* be good, for it was only his own powers he had mistrusted, and now *he was not depending on his own powers*.

Having reconstructed it, he clenched his teeth and sent it off to twenty theatrical managers—and the twentieth accepted it! It was produced, with wonderfully few of the best situations cut out, as an after-piece. People said there was something in it beyond the something which is in an ordinarily good comedietta. "This author" (said General Opinion) "ought to write us a comedy."

Dagobert set to work, more methodically now, though still with that confidence which sprang from the feeling that he was depending upon the well-tried powers of somebody else. He was thoroughly convinced of the mesmeric communication between the Victim's brain and his own, after the success of his little comedietta, though he would have been thoroughly convinced without that proof. So he worked away in a most undesirable state of mind at the new comedy, and finished it; but he did not try to judge of it, for he *believed* it was good; and there was no self-conceit in the belief, but only a sort of remorse. This comedy was accepted and played with more than success; the author was praised everywhere; he wrote another comedy, and another—and he had made his name!



Or had somebody else, without any volition of his own, made his name for him? The fright at his own tremendous wickedness, and the nervousness, had been gradually growing duller, and given place to a sense of *remorse during the act*. He was stealing somebody else's mind and reputation, and fortune, and everything, and he felt dreadfully remorseful to think that he was still doing it and intended to continue, for he could not give up the prize now; though if he had reflected, before the thing was done, what a dreadfully flagitious state of affairs it would come to be, he certainly would never have done the thing. So he worked, and made much money—a tremendous amount—and

became the finest comedy writer of his time; and as success increased, so did remorse, tenfold.

He had changed his lodgings some time ago, because he could not bear to hear the boarding-house people continually referring to the departed Flasher; he had lived recklessly for a time, and attempted to drown his remorse in champagne; then he had shut himself up and talked to nobody; but all through he was utterly and horribly miserable. Three years had passed since he had mesmerized Flasher in the train: at first Dagobert had listened painfully for any report concerning the VICTIM, feeling sure that his sudden disappearance from the literary world would cause some stir. He had looked out constantly for some paragraph in this strain:

"SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—Early yesterday the well-known dramatist, Mr. Flasher, was found in a railway-carriage in a state of complete trance. A though his friends were at first somewhat alarmed," etc., etc.

But no such paragraph had ever appeared. Dagobert had once or twice heard it stated that Flasher the dramatist had married an heiress, given up play-writing, and gone to live at Rome—that was all.

So it was obvious that the Victim's friends were fishing up the strange affair. Thus all fear of discovery gradually died out, but Dagobert's misery grew worse and worse, until he felt he could bear it no longer, and that unless he removed the cause of it by making the Victim all the reparation in his power, he must go mad. But he had not the faintest idea how to find the Victim (who had never said a word about any of his connections): some inquiries that Dagobert cautiously made at Folkestone revealed nothing whatever; some circumspect advertisements in the papers brought no result; and, as a last resource, Dagobert went desperately to his old friend the lady of the boarding-house, to see if *she* knew anything of the Victim. She knew nothing; Flasher had paid for his board and lodging up to the last week, and had left one or two small articles behind him.

Among these was a tobacco-jar of no value, and Miss Pegges had placed this on a high shelf in

a dark corner in her parlour, in case he should, at some future day, return for it—which did not appear particularly probable. She pointed it out to him, almost invisible in the dark, and coated with dust—for that high shelf never got dusted. Dagobert felt frantic: he longed unbearably to wake his Victim from his mesmeric state, and give him his own; and the behaviour of his conscience was hideous. He invested all he had earned, to accumulate, and stinted himself, living on next to nothing. He made effort after effort to wake the Victim in his absence, but he had a firm conviction that he never could wake him until he saw him. He thought of throwing himself into the river. Then, one day, he went suddenly and changed the whole of his capital into bank-notes, borrowing the corresponding amount where he could not realize at once. There were one hundred and twenty-three notes for £100 each, and with these he rushed off to the boarding-house. Miss Pegges was upstairs; Dagobert entered the little parlour, looked over his shoulder, put a music-stool on top of a chair, got up to the dusty shelf, took the lid off



the tobacco-jar, hurriedly put the roll of notes under the dried-up tobacco, replaced the lid, and put the chair and stool quickly back into their places. Then Miss Pegges came down.

"Oh, what *is* the matter, Mr. Montgomery?" she said; "you're ill—you look so wild."

"Miss Pegges," he remarked, "I'm going to kill

myself—make away with my life—commit suicide. Good day !”

But she caught hold of him, and hung on, and forced him into a chair ; then she got a cab, and took him home to his lodgings, and sent for a doctor.

It was many weeks before Dagobert recovered from a bad attack of brain fever, and then he went down, with the last few pounds he possessed, to Margate for four or five weeks more, to try and get strong ; then he came back to town, and was sitting one day at his window, wondering how to pay the small rent, when a neat tandem stopped at the door, and in rushed a man with a great beard and spectacles, and held out his hand. Dagobert stared at him.

“Don’t know me ?” said the man. “No, of course not—I hope not.” And he took off his spectacles, covered his beard with his hand, and put his eyes close to Dagobert’s.

“Flasher !!!” gasped Dagobert.

“Sh ! ’sh ! Not ‘Flasher’ now—it’s dangerous even yet—try ‘Blenkinsop.’ I’ve just heard you’d been ill, and couldn’t help coming to see you. Nobody else knows me, mind—I’m Blenkinsop.”

Dagobert sat down and gasped again. The miserable VICTIM of his wicked machinations driving about in flashy tandems ! The SLAVE he held powerless in the bonds of mesmerism, in the full possession of his faculties !!

Should he (Dagobert) begin by begging forgiveness on his knees ? What should he say ?

“You don’t answer a fellow : you’re offended because I didn’t look you up before ; but I’ve been out of town and—”

“But how about all these years ?”

“Oh, that’s a long story. Let’s see—last time you saw me I was going to Boulogne— Why, by-the-way, you had a try at mesmerizing me, and I do believe you succeeded so far as to send me off into a doze : you recollect ?”

“Recollect !!!” said Dagobert. “Go on.”

“Well, when I woke up, you’d left the train somehow : you might have said ‘Good bye.’ I went on to Boulogne ; then I strayed farther afield, and found myself in Africa, India—all sorts of places, picking up a living anyhow ; then, some months ago

I experienced a yearning to see England again. I was very much altered, but no richer, and I ventured. Well, one day as I was passing, it struck me I should like to have a chat with my old landlady, Miss Pegges, if only to inquire about myself. *She* wouldn’t know me. She still kept an old tobacco-jar of mine, and some other trifles, and I offered to take care of them for myself (as an old friend of myself). Well, sir, one day as I was emptying that jar in my little room—I’d turned under-gardener for a time then—I found twelve thousand odd pounds in bank notes !



Who the dooce can have put ’em there I’ve no idea. Miss Pegges hadn’t, for I *was* honest enough to ask her. Sir, I’ve lived like a prince for three months ; driven a four-in-hand—”

“Have you written anything—any comedies—during this time ? Have you ideas ever—”

“No-o-o. I tried a good many different things ; but I can’t say I ever tried to write anything.”

“Never ? Never in your life ?” screamed Dagobert.

“What *is* the matter ? No, never that I know of. I suppose one genius in a family is enough ; and we had one play writer in ours. My cousin Tom made rather a hit at—”

“Tom Flasher ?”

“Yes. He was making a bit of a name at it, only he suddenly took it into his head to marry an heiress and retire. That was just before, or just after, I bolted, I think. I remember he got me a

berth as super, or something, once. Ha! ha! fancy my writing a comedy! Why, I couldn't write——"

"And the money—the twelve thousand three hundred—what's become of that?"

"You haven't had anything strong, have you? Well, I lost some four, or five, or six thou of it over cards; then I gave a goodish lot away; as to the rest, why, it's about all gone now, so I suppose I shall have to return to the under-gardening line."

"You horrible villain! You inf——"

"Eh?" said Flasher, thinking about strait waistcoats.

"Oh! all right. I *have* been taking a drop or two. I'm tipsy—quite tipsy! Don't pay any attention to me. It's all over—all—I mean it's all right——"

"Don't glare like that, for goodness sake!" said Flasher, shrinking away.

"All right, old chap. Come and have another glass—bother your morality and your grandmother! Let's forget our—our losses. Come on—call it brandy, neat—tumblers!"

JAMES F. SULLIVAN.

BALLINASLOE.

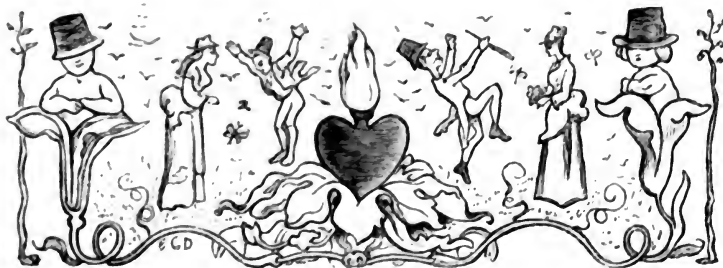
(O) BALLINASLOE! wherever I go
In all the wide world, far over the sea,
No place I have seen with the grass so green,
The maidens so lovely, the boys so free.
There's one that I know in Ballinasloe,
She's young and she's true—ah! the best is she;
Her eyes are as bright as heaven's pure light.—
Och! Ballinasloe is the place for me.

There under a tree on Kilconnel lea,
Young Kate and I sitting as blithe as could be;
The time seemed to fly, no cloud in the sky;
But our vows I'm not telling to you, d'ye see!
'Twas song without words, like carol of birds,
Like music that plays in the stream or the tree,
That sings in the corn on a light breezy morn;
Och! Ballinasloe is the place for me.

I've wandered afar in lands of the Czar,
I've sailed in the storm on many a sea;
I've seen cities old with shrines all of gold,
The Pope and the Sultan as both used to be;
I've seen mountains stand so mighty and grand,
All covered with snow,—real beauty to see;
But where'er I roam, the green fields of home
Sing, Ballinasloe is the place for me.

And now I return to where I was born,
First gem of the ocean, best flow'r of the sea;
The boys have no care, the maidens are fair,
And Kitty, the fairest, is waiting for me.
Och! Kate, gra-ma-chree, of Kilconnel lea,
The best and the dearest of any degree;
Sure quick I will bring the priest and the ring,
To give pretty Kitty, the darling, to me.

G. D.



HEAL-ALLS FOR ALL ILLS.



W. H. & Co.

1. The Powder to be taken at bed-time.
2. To be well rubbed into the back, both night and morning.
3. Acknowledged by the entire medical profession of the United Kingdom to be a most effectual invention.
4. Harmless to dogs, but fatal to fleas.—FRANK BUCKLAND.

5. A long-established old English remedy for all complaints—and more.
6. A sure and certain remedy for baldness: 13 stamps.
7. Professor Brown has the *largest* stock.
8. To prevent the hair from falling off.

(BY ONE WHO HAS TRIED 'EM BOTH.)



9. 20 more corns, bunions, enlarged joints, inverted nails, or chil-
 blains!!!
 10. The World-Renowned "Hair Restorer!"
 11. Local affections.
 12. A wonderful stimulant to an imperfect circulation.

13. For external application only.
 14. The whole system partakes of an extraordinary vitality. Get a
 box, and judge for yourself.
 15. No family should be without it.

A LONDON PASTORAL.

IT is at once my pleasure and my misfortune to be a resident in London. Under certain conditions, a resident in London has a good deal to be proud of. It is hardly necessary to say what these conditions are. Under certain other conditions, one who has to spend the very much major part of his time in the "world's metropolis" has a good deal to be humiliated about. It is still less necessary to say what these conditions are. This is not a homily; it is a story, with the advantage over most other stories that it happens to be exactly and circumstantially true.

Despite those writers who set London down as a great heap of bricks and mortar, a monstrous lump of ugliness, a wilderness of buildings without beauty as without shape, there are some spots in London as pleasant—maybe as beautiful in their way—as any that can be found elsewhere. There are quaint old shady nooks, in equally quaint and quiet streets, where men may sit and squeeze their brains in the interest of humanity, or of future fame, or of money, or of any of the myriad things for which men do squeeze brains. There they can sit and work or think, without being troubled any more by the busy public than the busy public will trouble about them and their work, when both are finished.

I live in a part of London which is as proud of its ugliness and its poverty as any human being could be who had nothing else to be proud of. In our parish there are two large prisons, an equally large work-house—generally tested to the utmost limit—and so many churches, that it seems wonderful two clergymen should lately have had a regular stand-up fight as to the possession of one of them. Besides the places I have named, there is a majestic-looking Sessions House, as well as a commodious police station, which contains a Magistrate's Court. So, you see, if we are not very rich, we possess a good deal of what goes to make life happy.

The street in which I live is on an equality with its surroundings. It is humble enough, in all con-

science, and yet it possesses a certain air of importance which many have tried to account for, and all with one result—that of absolute failure. Some think it is because a hill is always imposing, especially when there is a tree and a bit—you couldn't by any means make it more—at the top. Others think it is because the collector of taxes lives there. Still others fancy it is because of the beautiful crimson pillar-box which stands at the corner, and affect to perfectly ignore the splendid public which stands opposite and yet is in the same street. But as I have never once seen anyone post a letter in the pillar-box—though I have watched long and anxiously—and I have seen people pass into the public, I fancy the latter has it in point of advantage.

Whatever may be the reason, then, the street is undoubtedly a superior street, and is just as undoubtedly the work of a superior builder. An original builder, also. Every now and again he seems to have made a wrong calculation, and found himself suddenly with room for a house and a half. Anyhow, every now and again one comes upon bits which have been filled in with an extra couple of rooms; and then he has gone on again. To make up for this it is, I suppose, that in one place there is a street door, and no house attached to it. This is not a joke, but an absolute architectural fact. That it is so is, perhaps, enough for the purposes of my story, especially as what I have to say refers to one of the houses and a half.

Opposite the window where I sometimes sit, and pretending to be at work, watch the human tide roll by, there is what was doubtless originally intended as the "area" of a house. But fate willed otherwise, and though the railings are there, a little patch of grass is all that is now to be found inside. About ten feet by four, with bare and ragged portions in even this small measurement, it cannot be considered much of an attraction to our street. It is mostly used as a rendezvous for harmful un-

necessary cats at night, as a depository of milk and beer-cans by day.

Not long ago, when the weather was at its hottest, and I was indulging in a day-dream, partly reminiscent, partly anticipatory of country trips and continental tours, I was suddenly aroused by the sound of childish voices. And opposite my window were half a dozen youngsters, whose ages may have ranged from ten years to two. Dirty, uncared-for, probably half fed, and positively less than half clad, they had evidently wandered from some Cow Cross court or alley, and were straggling along in hope of hitting upon the right path home again. A girl headed the procession, clad in a full-grown bonnet and shawl and very little else; and a boy of the ten latest years toiled hopelessly in the rear, an old shoe on one foot, a still older boot in one hand. The interval between van and rear-guard was made up by costumes mainly consisting of rags and dirt.

I am very fond of gazing upon children. I like to hear them talk, and find their first fresh notions and simple ideas of this life and all that is to come of it extremely diverting. That is, it would be diverting were it not at times exquisitely painful. Who that has long outlived his original innocence, the set-off given by Providence to little children for their heritage of original sin, can listen to the prattle of children without admitting to himself, whatever he may do to others, that he has lost something which can never be regained? Especially if the novelty of new-fledged worldly wisdom has worn itself out, or he has sufficient sense to see that "knowledge of life," as it is called, whether profitable or not, is the most dearly purchased possession mankind can boast.

Half-dressed children are an abomination—with all reservation in favour of the tastes and respect for the feelings of others—an abomination to me. I have found people who believe in them; delighted parents who trot out their juvenile antiquities, and make them go through their round of monkey tricks or rattle off their parrot-like performances in much the same way that the proprietor of the Happy Family, or the great itinerant Queller of Canary-birds, introduces and directs his show. And if these enthusiastic progenitors of the weird and wondrous

don't send round the money-box, they expect, what should be much more valuable than unreckoned pence, unstinted praise.

But these poor unfortunate little urchins who so suddenly attracted my gaze possessed neither the guilelessness of the dove nor the wisdom of the serpent. They were as ignorant as the most child-like of children could be in some ways, and their poverty and hunger, and maybe their too-often absolute want, sharpened them, and made them unnaturally artful in others. They regarded a policeman as their natural enemy, and knew the exact differences of the buildings, with their relative and respective values, which stand in Coldbath Fields, Coppice Row, Clerkenwell Green, and Corporation Lane. They knew the exact amount of overweight due on half a quartern of bread, and the exact nick on the paternal bottle reached by half a quartern of the other kind. To them the mystery of the polony and the faggot, dread as it may be to even the ordinarily initiated dweller in crooked places, was no mystery at all, and the devious ways of the secret tongues of the slums, which have bothered learned men from all time, had been mastered by the youngest among them. But that cleverness in one walk in life is only to be obtained at the expense of knowledge in some other, is notorious, and, not content with its present notoriety, will insist in obtruding itself on this small narrative, and by means of these small children, who all this time have not once managed to get past my open window.

Suddenly the leader of them stopped, and appeared transfixed with wonder. The others gradually gathered round, and they, too, were visibly affected, more, though, by what was going on in Hanner Marier's mind, than from anything they knew themselves. She stooped down, and putting her hand between the railings of the enclosure, pulled out half a dozen blades of grass and held them up in triumph.

"There now!" she said, "if it ain't grass! same as I seed in the country last year, when we 'ad the school treat." And while she examined them critically, the others pressed round the railings and gazed upon the wretched space as though it were a Paradise and they so many unprovided Peris.

Inside the gate, which opens on the doorstep, was a gap in the railings, and slowly and wistfully the young gentleman with one shoe on made his way towards it, and was soon stretched at his ease. The temptation was too much for Hanner Marier. In a minute the space, erst so desolate, was packed with happy, half-starved children.

"Is this the country, Hanner Marier?"

Don't laugh, reader. Absurd as the question seems, I know I didn't. There is something so indescribably sad about its being asked in all innocence by a child who had heard the word repeatedly, but couldn't realize the meaning, that—well, that for a moment I felt almost contented with my own lot.

"This the country!" said Hanner, with an air not entirely of disdain, for even to her the place seemed sacred, but with authority, as she proceeded to bite her pieces of grass to test their genuineness. "This the country? Oh, no! the country's a good deal bigger nor this."

All the other children were now actively engaged in chewing blades of grass with an evident relish. Perhaps chewing anything was to them a luxury.

"Tell us all about the country, Hanner Marier," said a little girl not much the authority's junior, who, however, lacked the vast experience which in this world so often stands instead of age. "Tell us all about it *again*. It'll seem so nice just here."

"Oh, do, please, Hanner!" from all the others.

"Well," said Hanner, with a flush of dignity suffusing her dirty face, "'t ain't like this, 'cos there

ain't no 'ay 'ere. We set in the 'ay an' 'ad milk an' buns——"

Poor children! their faces were now indeed a study.

"An' buns, an' bread an' jam, an' songs. An' we went all the way in wans, an' on the road we 'ad buns. An' a bun each when we got 'ome. An' milk."

Hanner Marier did not possess the power of a "picturesque describer." The flesh-pots of the Egyptian country in which she had had her experience were too much for the recollection of its rustic scenes, and though she tried once again, her fancy got no further than buns and milk. And as I gazed upon her audience, there was a mechanical movement of their little hungry mouths, which meant buns and milk as well.

"Do children, when they die, go into the country, Hanner?"

So wistful, and, oh! so sad; so pinched, so worn the little face; that I turned from the window, but was suddenly recalled by a hubbub and a scuffling.

The intrusion had been detected. What right had these Cow Cross waifs in the plot of ground sacred to cats and cans? The old lady who lodges in the parlour was shocked and disgusted. And so she wielded the cane she generally kept for her cats with more than usual vigour and alacrity.

And the last I saw of this episode of London life was little Johnny Wilkins, aged two, crying at the corner of the street for the boot he had left in the railings, and was afraid to go back for.

JOSEPH MANTON.



WIMBLE DONE.



(1) Wimble admires a (2) mysterious lady, who is also beloved by (3) Wands. (4) She promises her hand to the owner of the most valuable estate. (5) Wimble consults a sage, from whom he receives (6) bottle No. 1 "Vegetation Promoter," and (7) bottle No. 2 "Vegetation Promoter." (8) Wands smells a rat, offers a drink, and (9) changes the bottles. (10) Unable to read, Wimble applies No. 2—believing it to be his own vegetables, and (11) No. 1—thinking it No. 2—to the estate of his rival. (12) In the morning, Wimble's estate is a blasted heath, while that of Wands is blooming with roses. Rustics remark, "Wasn't Wimble done 'ncommon, and ain't Wands worth a lot now!"

CINDERELLA THE SECOND.

I.

HER real surname was Sanders ; at least, she said so herself, and she ought to have known. But in time Sanders became by corruption, and the systematic mispronunciation in which the facetious and the scornful find pleasure, Cinders—and, eventually, Cinderella. She had been christened Eliza ; she was commonly called Lizer, and she answered to that name—when she thought proper. Sometimes she held it convenient to affect not to hear. For whenever she was called it was because somebody or other wanted her to do or to suffer something. So she dreaded a call as much as any shareholder in the United Kingdom.

Not that she held any shares, beyond her natural portions of trouble and misfortune—the shocks which flesh is heir to—not to be disposed of effectually in any market or at any price. She was what is understood by a General Servant. She could not afford to be particular.

It was agreed that Lizer Sanders was a fine young woman—by which was signified not so much beauty and elegance, as bulk, vigour, robustness, muscularity. She was as tall as a grenadier. She was as strong as a horse. She owned the arms of a pavior. She was three feet and a half round the waist without tight lacing. She weighed thirteen stone without her shoes and stockings. The circumference of her upper arm and of her lower limbs was said to be very considerable. Her eyes were as black as coals ; her cheeks were as red as beetroot. She wore her hair unbrushed, uncombed, and unpomatumed ; a dense, dark, fuzzy turban. Her face was of a large full moon pattern—round as a shield—its surface dimmed by streaky clouds of coal-dust, soot, and grime of various sorts. For she had a way of rubbing her face with her hands, which were never clean—which were quite tar-brushes, in fact, relative to daubing blackness about, and touching nothing they did not soil. Her elbows were red.

But her stature, and her sturdiness, and her soli-

dity notwithstanding, Lizer Sanders was a placable creature, amiable, gentle, timid. With a black beetle she knew what to do, and nature had provided her with very sufficient means of demolishing that dreaded insect ; in truth, she came down very heavily upon the beetles—there was quite a stampepe among them at the mere thought of her footfall about the kitchen. But a little mouse had great terrors for her. At sight of such an object she would start, she would duck, she would dive, she would scream shrilly, she would wave her lusty arms aloft, she would jump high in the air, she would busy herself in wrapping her skirts round her substantial ankles—she would do anything to get out of the way of a mouse. She would far sooner have encountered a burglar. She would have disposed of him in quick time. He would have retired from the meeting much depressed, probably, in mind, and injured and worsted both in form and feature. But a mouse !—There was a creepy-crawliness about a mouse, which, as she frankly admitted, she could not abide. No, anything but a mouse. Achilles was mortal in the heel. Lizer, in common with many of her sex, was peculiarly sensitive in the region of the ankles. And she felt that *there* of a certainty would be the attack of her enemy the mouse. Moreover, she was superstitious. She believed in ghosts, and apparitions, and disagreeable things of that kind. She did not at all like being left alone in the dark ; and going upstairs at night, she had a lively horror of grisly unseen hands being thrust through the balusters to catch at her legs or the hem of her garments. She was apt to scream, indeed, upon very light provocation. She was nervous, susceptible, hysterical—in short, a woman.

II.

LIZER SANDERS served the Chinnups. In her own phrase, “she did for them.”

Mr. Chinnup was a widower. He had formerly been connected with what he called commerce,

and other people described as trade. It is believed that many years of Chinnup's life had been passed in the oil and Italian warehouse line of business. Chinnup's Patent Mixed Pickles had certainly, at one time, been an admired accompaniment of the cold meats of the nobility and gentry. He had retired into private life with that vague amount of profit commonly known as "a pretty penny."

It was generally said of Chinnup that he sprang from nothing, which was, of course, a figure of speech. He entered the world in the usual way, and there was nothing whatever remarkable about his parentage, his birth, or his bringing up. He served the customary period of apprenticeship, and learnt all the arts of his calling, from sweeping out the shop to adulterating its wares.

But, if he had made money, he did not care to part with it. Perhaps because he *had* made it. He was reported to be a near man. Lizer said of him, he was *that* mean she quite wondered at him, she did. He gave her very small wages. He allowed no extras. He kept but one servant. If she wanted tea and sugar, that was her look out; he did not find it for her. The washing was done at home. It was really a hard place, according to the experience of Lizer.

Mr. Chinnup was the father of two daughters, whose names were Dorinda and Clorinda. Nature had not been kind to these ladies, and Time had dealt with them severely. They had always been plain, and now they were very much plainer. They were angular of form, bony of figure, unsymmetrical of feature. They were freckled, they were red-haired, they were purple-nosed. Their sharp voices set sensitive ears wincing and nerves shuddering, as when a pencil is harshly scraped against a slate. They were acid of speech and short of temper. Lizer fairly described them as "winegar-cruets."

Dorinda and Clorinda gave themselves airs; grace they could not even lend themselves, much as they needed them. The world deemed them old maids; but they did not share that opinion—they did not see themselves as the world saw them. They believed that they were still young; they were even so wildly credulous as to consider themselves beautiful. Matrimony was yet in their eyes

a possibility for them, and they surveyed mankind in rather an ogling way, looking hopefully for their future husbands. Mankind, not seeing wives in them at any price, remembered important engagements and hurried from the spot.

They were prone to insinuate, however, that they might have been married over and over again; and this was so far true, that had Mr. Chinnup been prepared to make enormous settlements—to endow his daughters with vast possessions—men might possibly have been found meek and weak and needy enough to lead even Clorinda and Dorinda to the altar. But Chinnup plainly announced that during his lifetime his children would have nothing at all; at his death they would take their chance; he allowed it to be understood that the chance would be really a good one—they would enjoy whatever he left behind him. Thereupon speculative persons eyed Chinnup—a bald, florid man, of full habit, subject to asthma, and with a tendency to gout: very imprudent as to what he ate, drank, and avoided, he did not promise to be long-lived; the thing seemed worth thinking about; but when they turned to look at the Miss Chinnups, the conclusion was irresistible—no—it couldn't be done, it really couldn't.

So Dorinda and Clorinda were as yet unprovided with partners. They still hoped on, however. But hope is as a light wine—bright and fragrant, no doubt, but it won't keep beyond a certain time; though it may be ever so well corked, and stored in the snugest of cellars, it eventually clouds and turns sour.

As Lizer expressed it with more force than grace or grammar, "Them old cats—they grows wus and wus every day, that they does. Drat 'em!"

III.

THE Chinnups lived in Park Village, in a neat, trim, rather cramped little house, hemmed in by a railway on one side, and a canal on the other. Ranunculus Lodge, as it was called, betrayed a cheese-like tendency to green mouldiness, and smelt rather damp and close; grass grew luxuriously in the back kitchen, and rats gambolled freely behind the wainscots. But it was, without doubt, a genteel

and picturesque dwelling-house—and, especially, compact. Indeed, the rooms seemed to be all so close together that when Chinnup snored at night, as he did habitually, the sounds were plainly audible all over the house from attics to cellars, and the building seemed to vibrate almost to its foundations.

It was a hard place—so Cinders testified. The Miss Chinnups were always “a-’unting and a-driving of her.” They did not spare her. Their cries of

Lizer!” were unceasing. They seemed to give her all the trouble they could. They were always at and after her—scolding, nagging, abusing, worrying, tormenting. They would have struck her if they dared; but the sight of her sturdy arms was a very deterring influence. They contented themselves with pricking her all over, as it were, with the sharpest of words. Her duties were severe and multifarious. She was required to dress hair, to help adorn her mistresses, and to clean the grates; to make both beds and puddings; to blacken the boots, and to whiten the steps. She was expected to rise very early, yet she was not allowed to retire to rest until very late. She had to sit up for her mistresses—the young ladies, they liked to be called—to make tea for them when they returned from the theatre, and to help them undress.

Why did she stay with the Chinnups? Why did she not give warning, and seek a new situation? She could not but “better herself,” as she termed it, by departing. Well, over and over again, it was on the tip of her tongue to say that she could and would stand it no longer. One thought restrained her. She had a lover, a lance-corporal in the Horse Guards Blue. Now the cavalry barracks in Albany Street are but a stone’s throw from Park Village. On the whole, Cinders thought it best to remain an inmate of Ranunculus Lodge, near her lover.

He was a splendid creature for bone, muscle, and mustachios. His symmetry was seen to perfection in his tight-fitting blue uniform—his shell jacket and continuations—red cuffed, red collared, and red striped. Cinders admired him exceedingly. No music was so sweet to her ears as the jingle of his spurs as he strode along, the crash of his iron heels upon the pavement. No spectacle was so gloriously gratifying to her eyes as the corporal in his most

imposing attitude—firmly planted on the ground, his head erect, his broad chest projecting in a noble bulge: with one leather-gloved hand he toyed with his auburn moustache; with the other, armed with a halfpenny cane, he thrashed vigorously his superb calves.

He was called Enry Arris. Presumably a letter H or two originally connected with his name had departed, owing to the wear and tear of life in London, and long service as a member of the ‘Ousehold Troops.

Cinders and Arris looked forward to being married some day. At present they felt that a certain imprudence would characterize their union. Lizer, it is true, had saved a few shillings—a very few; but Enry had not been able to put by a halfpenny. The nation does not expect frugality of its soldiers. It rewards them with very little pay, and does not provide their uniforms with pockets. Our warriors, indeed, are often at a loss how to dispose of their handkerchiefs.

IV.

LIZER was wont to state that she was no “scholar.” With characteristic modesty she undervalued her accomplishments. She could read—with much lowering of her brows, moving of her lips, and hard staring at the long words, as though to coerce them into explanation of their significance; and she could write, slowly, in a very large print-like hand, provided her tongue was allowed to project itself, and to follow freely the movements of her pen. Her library consisted simply of a child’s primer or first spelling-book, a work purporting to interpret dreams and to have been highly esteemed by the first Emperor Napoleon, and an odd volume of fairy tales, originally related by Mother Goose.

Lizer was a West-country woman. She had entered upon service in London at an early period of her life, but she had never forgotten her first lessons as a child. She had been taught much fond rural belief in fairy circles and magic rings, in brownies, pixies, pucks, good people, and other elfin creatures. A London child knows all about these eccentric beings from the Christmas pantomimes, and knows too that after all they are but very human little

boys and girls, earning modest wages by appearing nightly in strange costumes of tinsel, rags and tags, and velvet gowns. It was different with Cinders. At the thought of a fairy she held her breath; the idea of a gnome set her trembling; at the mere mention of a goblin she turned, as she avowed, goose-flesh all over, and emitted long screams at short intervals.

Sitting at night alone in her kitchen, she was prone to people it with shadows. Solitude fed her superstition; fear stimulated her imagination.

V.

THE Chinnups, father and daughters, in the raiment appropriate to festivity, had departed in a four-wheeled cab. Their faces shone as though they had been varnished, so liberally had glycerine soap been applied to them. Chinnup's ears, crimson from the rasping influence of the hard brush with which his side wisps of hair had been coaxed into points, glowed above a white collar and cravat of cardboard stiffness. Dorinda and Clorinda, in green gauze dresses, with dock-leaves and stinging-nettle twined among their red tresses, looked somehow rather more vegetable than human. But altogether the aspect of the party was decidedly of a showy and gala character.

Their parting words bade Cinders sit up for them ready to prepare tea for them upon their return. Chinnup preferred brandy and water hot. His daughters were apt, it was said, to fortify and flavour their tea by recourse to his bottle.

The cab drove away, and Cinders was left alone. Instinctively she abandoned her kitchen, to wander about the house, to look at herself in the drawing-room mirror—for she had her feelings as a woman—to sit at herself in easier chairs than she was accustomed to, and even to recline upon the sofa, just to ascertain what the sensation was like. She pried here and loitered there—she was mistress of the house for the time being. She opened various cupboard doors, and searched sundry drawers that had been left unlocked. She tried on Miss Clorinda's Sunday bonnet, and Miss Dorinda's new cross-over. Thus accoutred, she executed something of a fancy dance in front of the cheval-glass.

Then she thought she heard some one at the street door, and she hurried downstairs. It was only a runaway ring, however.

After that she remained in the kitchen, rather dull and depressed. For a moment she was cheered by the sound of a trumpet call in the neighbouring barracks—dear to her on account of Enry Arris—but she soon relapsed into despondency. She tried to darn her stockings, but, pricking her fingers awkwardly, she put from her her work. She took from the dresser her small collection of books, and brooded over them.

It was very silent, save for the ticking of the Dutch clock in the corner, the strange groaning cracking noises proceeding every now and then from the kitchen grate, the silvery whispering sounds of falling ashes, and the choking cries and bubbling gasps and gurglings of the water coming into the cistern.

Her supper consisted of the remains of a hand of pork—a cold and mangled, unwholesome, and under-done-looking fragment—the heel of a Dutch cheese, a large cucumber she had purchased out of her own resources for her private and personal regalement, and a pint of table ale, so called, it is believed, because of its remarkable flatness—as we say tableland, &c.

She ate heartily. Then she drew her chair to the fender, leant back, folded her grand arms across her broad deep bosom, and gazed steadily into the depths of the dull red fire burning somnolently in the grate.

VI.

THE Chinnups had gone to a ball at the Mansion House.

Stay—was it the Mansion House? A certain haziness oppressed and obscured the mind of Cinders. No, not the Mansion House. And she was not Cinders now, nor Lizer, but Cinderella. Not the old original Cinderella, perhaps, but Cinderella the Second. Yes, that was her name.

And Chinnup was a Baron, the Baron Chinnup, and his daughters were the Ladies Dorinda and Clorinda, a peer's daughters. They were no longer to be described as the Miss Chinnups.

The Mansion House, Ranunculus Lodge, Park

Village, the Albany Street barracks, nay, the great metropolis itself, all had departed. Cinderella was an inhabitant of Ignota, one of the Imaginary Isles in the Unspecific Ocean. She was a subject of Imbecile the 99th, an absolute monarch of right royal descent, whose sway extended over the whole of the great Abnormal Archipelago, and the largest portion of the Tartaric Zone.

In truth, he came of a very old stock. The family tree of the Imbeciles was very deep rooted, and so wide-spreading as quite to overshadow the land. Every now and then it had put forth a royal branch; but members of the family were to be found everywhere, in all kinds of stations and employments, vainly endeavouring to discharge duties for which they were wholly and manifestly incompetent, and yet somehow thriving greatly, much respected by their numerous kindred and acquaintance.

His subjects accounted Imbecile the 99th a good King. They admitted he was not clever; but they rather preferred him on that account. Had he been clever he might have invented new ways of taxing and torturing them. As it was, though he liked his own way, and, indeed, plenty of it, he did not interfere much with other people, and, generally, he let things take their course. Perhaps, in this respect, he showed more wisdom than might have been expected of him. Indeed, it was commonly said of him, that he was not such a fool as he looked; which was a good deal to say of King Imbecile the 99th.

VII.

CINDERELLA started. What was the matter?

The room was brilliantly illuminated. Invisible fingers had turned up the gas to the fullest extent. A card lay upon the table. Cinderella was invited to a state ball at the palace. "King Imbecile the 99th requests the favour," &c. There was no mistake about it.

An elegant dress was spread out over three of the kitchen chairs. Cinderella clapped her hands. It was really lovely. It was all that the most enthusiastic devotee of fashion could possibly desire. It was an ivory-coloured satin, with an *en cœur* bodice of *feuille de rose faille*, satin cascades,

a box-plaited train, *froncé* in front, *coulissé* at the sides, and *plissé* behind, with garlands of shaded violets, diamond-shaped puffings piped with *bouillonné*, and adorned with Marguerite edgings to the skirt, &c., &c. It was perfect in its way, but it could not easily be made the subject of intelligent description.

The old clock ticked articulately, "Make haste, make haste—be in time, be in time."

Cinderella had never dressed so quickly in all her life. No doubt she was helped by fairy agency. A hansom cab stood at the door—a wonderful cab—made entirely of red sealing-wax, gingerbread, perforated card, and Irish diamonds, tied together with pink satin ribbons. It was driven by a man bearing a close resemblance to the beadle of the Burlington Arcade. His half-brother, possibly.

In a moment Cinderella was being whirled away to the palace.

The way was lined by the Horse Guards Blue. They presented arms as she passed. In vain she searched the ranks for the glorious profile of her Enry.

The King received her in the portico of the palace. "A little late," he said, "but lovely woman is privileged." He smiled upon her rather fatuously, and kissed her gloved hand: beneath the kid it was not, perhaps, quite so clean as could have been wished. He was a little pale-faced man, with pink eyelids and very slender legs. He led her out to dance.

She was not clear what tune was being played. The fact is, that waltz, galop, saraband, gavotte, were all alike to Cinderella. She only knew that the musical conductor was waving his arms wildly over an enormous orchestra, beating noisily with his *bâton* upon his desk.

She could not dance, nor could the King; and it was thought that the lemonade he had taken had got into his head. But they bumped and thumped and jumped about—they slid this way and that—they executed various steps—they pointed their toes—they rapped their heels—they turned their feet, now in, now out—and they trod upon the toes of the other dancers, and came into violent collision with them, and injured them considerably.

It was all very well to call it a Mazurka, it was much more like skittles. But Cinderella enjoyed it very much, for she saw that Clorinda, dancing with a County Court Judge, had been hurled into a corner of the ball-room, her green dress hanging in strips about her, and she perceived that a like fate had befallen Dorinda and her partner, an elderly gentleman wearing a deputy-lieutenant's uniform. For Chinnup—Cinderella and the King suddenly took him as he was refreshing himself at the drinking-bar in the corner of the ball-room. The tumbler of port wine negus he was lifting to his lips was poured over his shirt-front.

The King was delighted. He declared that he had never before encountered so admirable a partner. But at last he sank back exhausted into the arms of one of his Vice-Chancellors. He was panting, gasping, choking; he found only just sufficient breath to murmur, "Monstrous fine woman! Never saw anything like her. Superb creecher. She shall be mine. I'll marry her to-morrow!" "You won't, surely," said the Vice-Chancellor. "I will," said the King. "Don't," said the V.-C. "Pooh!" said the King.

Meanwhile Cinderella danced on. For some moments she was unconscious of the loss of her partner—he was so slight and light—there was really so very little of him. Then she stopped. An awful feeling came over her—an appalling sense of discovery, of exposure.

In the hurry of dressing she had forgotten about her boots! She had come away in her old pruned—patched, torn, battered, burst, and very much down at heel—and in the impetuosity of her dancing one of her boots had escaped from her control and disappeared. She stood, in fact, in her stocking feet, and it so chanced that she had not mended her stockings very recently, and that they much needed repair. In plain truth, her bare toes protruded, her naked heel was very apparent.

She uttered one wild scream, and gathering her skirts together, she fled precipitately from the ball-room.

How she ever got safe home and to bed she never quite knew.

She slept very soundly.

VIII.

SHE was awaked by a loud knocking at the street door. Was it the sweeps? a preternaturally early dustman? the milk? the post?

It was a policeman. He was accompanied by Rouge Lion and other heralds-at-arms, a troop of sharpshooters, a detective officer disguised as a clergyman, an income tax collector, the local inspector of nuisances, the registrar of births, deaths, and marriages, and other parochial functionaries.

He explained that he had called in consequence of a royal decree or manifesto, bearing the sign manual of King Imbecile the 99th, by virtue of which there was to be a visitation from house to house throughout the Island of Ignota. A pruned boot, well worn and of very considerable dimensions, had been left in the royal palace by one of the guests attending the state ball. The King had declared that he would wed the lady whose foot should be found large enough to fill the boot in question—which the policeman forthwith produced.

Cinderella recognized her own lost boot. As she afterwards explained, at the moment of making this discovery she was so extremely overcome that anybody might have very easily knocked her down with a sledge-hammer.

But certain forms had to be gone through. It was indispensably necessary that the mistresses should try on the boot before the servant made the experiment.

Dorinda's foot was much too small, albeit its size was increased by divers corns, bunions, and other painful callosities and excrescences.

Clorinda had stuffed her stocking with cotton wool. She said afterwards that it had slipped down by accident from the calf of her leg, but the statement was not credited.

The income tax collector at once saw through the fraudulent attempt, and wrote down Clorinda's name in Schedule D. She was subsequently severely reprimanded by the War Office, and dismissed with costs.

In short, the boot fitted no one but Cinderella; her it fitted like a glove—an old glove. There was no deception. No sleight-of-hand trick was

ever more deftly executed. The populace gave three cheers. It was agreed on all hands that she whom the boot fitted should wear it, and three cheers were raised for Cinderella, and for leather and prunella. She owned the largest foot, out and out, in Ignota.

She was hailed as the future Queen of the Ignotese, the Consort of the King of the Imaginary Isles, Emperor of the Abnormal Archipelago, and Padi-shah of the Tartaric Zone.

His wife! She shivered as she heard the words, for her heart was true to Enry Arris.

Blushing a ruby red, she was borne before her sovereign. He sat upon his throne, arrayed in his very best robes, to receive her. At her approach his excitement was so great that he rose, and tucking up his draperies about his waist—as the boys do at the Bluecoat School—he executed a wild dance upon the dais.

The steeple bells clanged and clashed, the trumpets blowed and brayed, the multitude cheered and chirruped. Fireworks were let off in the suburbs.

The royal band played a grand combination of the Wedding March, the Hailstone Chorus, and a Hornpipe of the Future, by R. Wagner. There was a little uncertainty about the time, and certain of the crescendo passages lacked concord. The conductor rather lost his temper, and rapped furiously with his *bâton*. Indeed, he rapped, and rapped, and rapped again.

IX.

STAY—was it the conductor? Was it *his bâton*? *his rapping*? Wasn't it rather the halfpenny cane

of Enry Arris, rattling between the area railings of Ranunculus Lodge?

Yes. Lizer confessed as much with a start, and a shock, and a shudder. She had been roaming in a fantastic world; it was trying to be shunted so suddenly into a land of plain fact.

Late as it was—the Chinnups had not yet returned from the Mansion House ball—Enry had come out on the chance of being able to impart important news to his beloved.

Their marriage was feasible, and at an early date!

An uncle of Enry's had died, a prosperous green-grocer, bequeathing his business to his nephew. It was a nice business, with lucrative branches in the direction of window cleaning, carpet beating, and waiting at table.

The Chinnups depart from the story; nothing more is known of them. Lizer quitted their service. She became Mrs. Enry Arris, a happy wife, and a mother.

X.

INDEED, it is on record that she was the recipient of a sum of £3, the gift of the Most Illustrious Personage in this realm. Mrs. Arris had, it seems, become the mother of three blooming boys, who were thus rewarded with £1 per head for coming into the world—a trio—the performers, as it were, of a *pas de trois*.

Lizer was proud of her offspring, and of the compliment paid to her by royalty. She even stated that she would willingly go through as much again to obtain a repetition of such gracious liberality.

Enry begged her not to trouble herself on his account.

DUTTON COOK.



THE POET AND THE PHILOSOPHER; or, the Unequal Contest.



A Philosopher and a Poet meet in friendship.

The Philosopher compares the calmness of a poetic life with his own unrewarded prospects.



The Philosopher determines to secure success (day and night), with utter views. For this purpose he secures the aid of numerous talented musicians; each one to select his own air and keep his own time. He also gains the passive aid of one of the "intelligent force."



The Poet's grief, and the bargain to the Philosopher's advantage.



The Poet seeks retirement, and writes heavy tragedies for popular actors.



THE LEGEND OF ANCIENT BROWN, LONDONER AND GENTLEMAN.

"I know," says a famous writer, "of no desire so generally and so firmly established in the human breast as the one of obtaining Orders for the Play."

THIS legend refers to a fellow I knew,
Whose fortune for aye was down;
His favourite tippie was Hanbury's brew—
He'd stick to a gallon as though it were glue!
And now for a secret: Between me and you,
His name it was Ancient Brown.

Sing Brown, and sing old one,
The man of my lay,
An aged but bold one,
Oft swore by the play—
Fol-lol-the-rol-looral-lay!

His boots they were awful, his hat it was old,
His whiskers were just like wool;



Yet brave in his bearing, a good man and bold,
No one would have thought he was eighty years old:
Folks called him a miser. A miser has gold—
His income was half a bull!

Sing two and a tanner,
Sing less if you may;
Though ancient in manner,
He pined for the play—
Fol-lol-the-rol-looral-lay!

Old Brown had been fifty-five years or less
Saving up, bit by bit;
He hoarded his money, nor felt the distress
His neighbours considered him bound to possess.
A farthing a month isn't much, I confess,
To purchase a seat in the pit.



Sing pit and baked tater,
Sing fried fish and bread;
The pleasure's much greater,
Both appetites fed—
Fol-lol-the-rol-looral-lay!

One day when he'd waited—don't ask me the years—
 His grand opportunity came.
 (Dame Fortune for ever the patient man cheers.)
 He took in a letter 'mid hopings and fears—



"Ha! ha! 'tis an order!" and then he shed tears,
 Or wept, which is all the same.

Sing weeping and wailing
 To show that you're glad;
 Good luck is prevailing,
 And gone is the bad—
 Fol-lol-the-rol-looral-lay!

Brown bought a clean collar, and ironed his hat;
 Thought he, "I'll be spruce and gay!"
 A second-hand dickey, a paper cravat,



A clean penny shave (he was "cutting it fat!")
 There's nothing like swelldom, be certain of that!
 Such luck won't come every day!"



Sing Bass in a bottle,
 It's good 'twixt the acts;
 It moistens the throttle,
 And strengthens the facts
 Fol-lol-the-rol-looral-lay!

I dare say that all of you envy Brown—
 I used to be so disposed;
 He ambled along like a man upon town,
 As bold as a bishop, as brisk as a clown;
 But all of a sudden he staggered—was down—
He found that the house was closed!



Sing bobbies with shutter,
 The end of his pride.
 Alas! in the gutter
 He groaned—and he died!—
 Fol-lol-the-rol-looral-lay!

J. M.



A LEGEND OF ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.

"HE was for upwards of six weeks the respected traveller of Messrs. Shadrach and Company, of this parish, wholesale dealers in tigers, elephants, lions, cobras, and other carnivora, who hope, by unremitting attention to orders, to merit a continuance of public patronage."

Such was the simple inscription on the mural tablet erected by his sorrowing employers in the parish church of St. George's-in-the-East. Dull must be that passer-by who is incapable of guessing the rest. To be brief, he had travelled with samples, and this was the result.

From his boyhood, Augustus Gherkin had been fond of animals. As the sequel showed, they were fond of him. Like Alastor, he relished the society of all wild creatures. Happy had it been for him if they had never relished his.

Originally devoted to the oil, colour, pickle, and preserve business, in the house of the well-known firm of Middlewick & Co., Augustus had secretly pined for a more picturesque occupation, till he came to loathe the odour of the murky walnut, the fragrant onion; and the very name he had unfortunately inherited from a long line of pickling and preserving ancestors grew distasteful to him.

One evening Augustus was strolling along the banks of the meandering Lea. Reposing on his shoulder was his affianced bride, the fair Sacharissa Marmalade, daughter of the eminent grocer of that name in the Mile End Road. The sky was bright; the scene was tranquil; no roysterers playing at "cat" happened, at the moment, to be drowning a fellow-creature in the pellucid flood.

The surface of the stream was overgrown with beautiful white blossoms.

"Pick a lily," murmured the gentle maiden.

"Piccalili!" echoed the neighbouring grove, as it were the voice of a mocking fiend.

"Let us fly, dear!" whispered the young man, for the sound was hateful in his ears.

Next day he registered at Stationers' Hall a

solemn vow to forsake for ever the pursuits in which he had been reared.

It was Sacharissa's dark-eyed neighbour, Jacopo Bandittini, the prosperous penny ice merchant and distinguished pastrycook, who suggested travelling in the wild beast and reptile line. For Jacopo loved Sacharissa with a wild, ineffable, unbounded love, and he hated her lover with a hate of the same sort. With accursed art he had concealed his feelings from Augustus, and even Sacharissa had but a faint inkling of the truth. Each night he was accustomed to cool down his ardent nature by the agency of cheap ices, so that for half an hour or so he was more like a phlegmatic native of the chilly land of his adoption than a passionate child of the sunny Italian hills, where his noble race, now in reduced circumstances, had been ever ready to engage in a friendly *vendetta*.

"*Corpo di Bacco!* how beautiful," he exclaimed, "*Com'è bello* to subdue the lordly lion with a glance; to compel the voluminous boa constrictor to uncoil at your bidding! Go," he continued, with all the volubility of his nation, "insure your life for an enormous sum; settle the money on Sacharissa in case of accidents; travel rapidly; make a fortune, return home, marry, and settle down."

Augustus liked the programme. He heeded not the dreadful rumours afloat as to why Shadrach & Co. were compelled to offer their travellers the somewhat handsome commission of $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on their gross returns. He stayed not to inquire why the assurance office demanded of him, as they had demanded of his predecessor, a fabulous annual premium.

The crafty Italian told Augustus how to do it. He had acquired the knowledge, he said, from his late brother, Giuseppe Bandittini, the renowned "Beast Tamer and Lord of the Desert," of Wombwell's then famous travelling menagerie.

"Can the lordly lion," asked the wily son of the South, "devour his master while he is kept always full to the very throat?"

Augustus was convinced. Not content with instituting eight feeding-times a day, he carried with him a bag filled with streaky ribs of beef, and rich and juicy rounds of the same satisfying viand, and from this bag he lavishly strewed the ground when he tied up his samples for the night. For extra precaution, before showing their playful ways to a customer, he filled them so full of the prime cuts that if he had put in one piece more it must have fallen out. It was simply impossible to place his head between the tiger's jaws until he had rammed down the last choice morsel with the handle of his whip. Shadrach's customers were delighted; and they purchased largely. So rich was Augustus becoming, that ere six weeks had passed he was thinking of retiring with his charming bride. But it was not to be.

For many days a stranger of olive complexion had been dogging his footsteps and studying his movements from behind the enormous collar of a sheepskin cloak—his national costume.

'Twas Jacopo Bandittini. Cold, hard, and inflexible as a block of his own Wenham Lake, the cruel confectioner pursued his nefarious plans.

It happened that in the vicinity of Bandittini's now deserted penny ice-shop at Mile End, there existed at that time a playhouse, known, in consequence of its fondness for melodramas of a sanguinary character, as "The Royal Vermilion Theatre." From time immemorial the carpenter of that popular establishment had been accustomed to supply the stage manager with "property" food of various descriptions for the purpose of making a display at stage banquets. Splendid ribs of beef, magnificent rounds of ditto, were their *forte*. Prime, ruddy joints they were to the eye, and many a hungry mouth in gallery and pit had watered at the sight. But regarded as articles of food, 't were idle to deny that they were eminently unsatisfactory. Before leaving town, Jacopo Bandittini had contrived to purchase a quantity of those artfully simulated

viands. He was now secretly travelling with a sackful of them under his sheepskin cloak.

How the job was done matters not. Enough that one evening a stealthy hand had found means of tampering with the bag which Augustus reserved for the last feeding. Quickly the real ribs, the *bonâ fide* rounds, were abstracted, and in their place were now only painted blocks, pleasant to the sight, but yielding no real nourishment for man or beast. Shortly afterwards the contents of the bag were carelessly and unsuspectingly scattered by Augustus himself about the floor of the apartment where his gentle and affectionate samples were about to be confined for the night. There, as the solemn chimes proclaimed the hour of midnight, Augustus embraced the lion, patted the tiger on the head, fondled the cobra playfully for a moment, closed the door, and all seemed well.

But all was not well. Next morning, when Augustus returned to the fatal spot, an old lioness, who had hung upon his hands (though he had repeatedly offered her at 15 per cent. discount for cash), gazed at her master with more than her wonted satisfaction at his approach. She had been wearing out her old teeth all night upon the "property" joints of the "Royal Vermilion," and, instead of being sated and happy, she was hungry and annoyed. Augustus entered the stable fearlessly, as was his practice; but on this occasion he did not come out again as he had been accustomed to do.

Three months afterwards the perfidious Jacopo conducted the fickle Sacharissa to the altar of St. George's. Secure in the possession of his bride and her magnificent dowry (chiefly composed of the insurance money accruing on the death of the unhappy Augustus), the "Signor," as he was now popularly called in Mile End, has since resumed the occupation of the home of his forefathers—the venerable *Castello di Bandittini* on the western slope of the frowning Apennines.

“OH, TREACLE ;” or, the Robber Ragamuffins.

A Drama of the Day.



THE PROLOGUE.



THE CONSPIRACY.

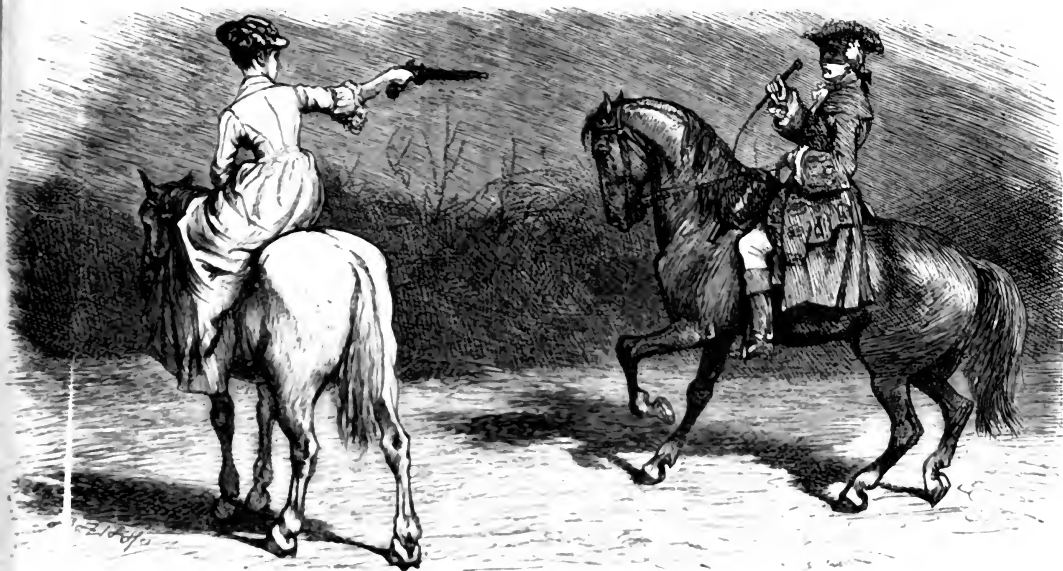


ON THE TRACK.



THE SURPRISE.

THE DIVISION.



THE BALLAD OF "BEAU BROCADE."

*This is the ballad of "Beau Brocade":—
How he was trapped by a serving-maid!*

I.

S EVENTEEN hundred and thirty-nine:—
Those were the days of the Hanover line.

First, great George was buried and gone;
George the Second was plodding on.

London, then, as the "Guides" aver,
Shed its glories with Westminster;

And people of rank, to correct their tone,
Went out of town to Marybone.

These were the days of the war with Spain,—
Por o-Bello not yet was ta'en;

WHITEFIELD preached to the colliers grim,
Bishops in lawn sleeves preached at him;

WALPOLE talked of a man and his price;
Nobody's virtue was over-nice:—

This, in fine, was the period when
Coaches were stopped by HIGHWAYMEN!

And of all the knights of the gentle trade,
Nobody bolder than "Beau Brocade."

This they knew on the whole way down;
Best, maybe, at the "Oak and Crown."

(For timorous folk on a pilgrimage
Would "club" for a "Guard" to ride the stage;

And the Guard that rode on more than one
Was the Host of this hostel's sister's son.)

Open we here on a March day fine,
Seventeen hundred and thirty-nine.

There was Barber Dick with his basin by;
Cobbler Joe with the patch on his eye;

Portly product of Beef and Beer,
John the Host, he was standing near.

Over them swung the sign in the oak;
Dick was singing the "Old Black Joke."

Straining and creaking, with wheels awry,
Lumbering came the "Plymouth Fly";—

Lumbering up from Bagshot Heath,
Guard in the basket armed to the teeth ;

Passengers heavily armed inside ;
Not the less surely the coach had been tried !

Tried, not a couple of miles away,
By a single man !—in the open day !

Tried successfully, never a doubt,
Pockets of passengers all turned out !

Cloak-bags rifled, and cushions ripped,
Even an Ensign's wallet stripped !

Even a Methodist hosier's wife
Offered the choice of her money or life !

Manners of robber no less polite ;
Gave them a guinea he thought was light ;

Sorry to find the company poor,
Hoped next time they'd travel with more ;

Plucked them all at his ease, in short :—
Such was the "Plymouth Fly's" report.

Clamour, and horror, and wonderment !
"Catch the Villain !" But nobody went.

Hosier's wife led into the bar ;—
That's where the best strong waters are !

Followed the tale of the hundred and one
Things that Somebody ought to have done.

Ensign (of BRAGG'S) not the least dismayed :
But for the ladies, had drawn his blade !
Out-spoke Dolly the Chambermaid.

Devonshire Dolly, plump and red,
Spoke from the gallery overhead ;—

Spoke it out boldly, looking hard :—
"Why didn't you shoot him, George the Guard ?"

Spoke it out bolder, seeing him mute :—
"George the Guard, why didn't you shoot ?"



Portly John grew pale and red,
(John was afraid of her, people said ;)

Gasped that the Hussy was surely cracked,
(John was afraid of her—that's a fact !)

George the Guard grew red and pale,
Slowly finished his quart of ale :—



"Shoot? Why—Rabbit him—didn't he shoot?"
Muttered—"The Baggage was far too 'cute !"

"Shoot? Why, he flashed the pan in his eye!"
Muttered—"She'd pay for it by and by!"
Further than this made no reply.

Nor could a further reply be made,
For George was in league with "Beau Brocade"!—

And John the Host, in his wakefullest state,
Was not, on the whole, immaculate.

But nobody's virtue was over-nice,
When WALPOLE talked of a man and his price;

And wherever Purity found abode,
'T was certainly not on a posting-road.

PART II.

"Forty" followed to "Thirty-nine."
Glorious days of the Hanover line!

Princes were born, and drums were banged;
Now and then batches of Highwaymen hanged.

"Glorious news!"—from the Spanish Main;
Porto-Bello at last was ta'en!*

"Glorious news!"—for the liquor trade!
Nobody dreamed of "Beau Brocade."

People were thinking of Spanish Crowns;
Money was coming from seaport towns!

Nobody dreamed of "Beau Brocade,"
(Only Dolly the Chambermaid!)

Bellings on VERNON! Fill up the flagons;
Money was coming in "Flies" and "Waggons."

Possibly John the Host had heard;
Also, certainly, George the Guard.

And Dolly had possibly tidings, too,
That made her rise from her bed anew,

Plump as ever, but firm of eye,
With a fixed intention to warn the "Fly."

Lingering only at John his door,
Just to make sure of a jerky snore;

Saddling the grey mare, Dumpling Star;
Fetching the pistol out of the bar;

(The old horse-pistol that, they say,
Came from the battle of Malplaquet;)

Loading with powder that maids would use,
Even in "Forty," to clear the flues;

And a couple of silver buttons, the Squire
Gave her away in Devonshire.

These she wadded (for want of better),
With the B-SH-P of L-ND-N'S "Pastoral Letter;"

Looked to the flint, and hung the whole,
Ready to use, at her pocket-hole.

Thus, equipped and accoutred, Dolly
Clattered away to "Exciseman's Folly";—

Such was the name of a ruined abode,
Just on the edge of the London Road.

Thence she thought she could safely try,
As soon as she saw it, to warn the "Fly."

But, as chance would have it, she stood beneath,
As the Beau came riding over the heath;—

Noiseless riding by stone and sod,
For his horse's heels with felt were shod.

By the light of the moon she could see him drest
In his famous gold-sprigged satin vest;

And, under his silver-grey surtout,
The grand, historical coat of blue,

That he wore when he went to London Spaw,
And robbed old Alderman MACCABAW.

Out-spoke Dolly the Chambermaid,
(Trembling a little, but not afraid,)
"Stand and Deliver, O 'Beau Brocade'!"

* Porto-Bello was taken in November, 1739. But Vice-Admiral Vernon's despatches did not reach England until March, 1740.

But the Beau drew nearer, and would not speak,
For he saw by the moonlight a rosy cheek,

And a spavined mare that was worth a "cole";
And a girl with a hand at her pocket-hole.

So never a word he spoke as yet,
For he thought 't was a freak of Meg or Bet;

(Bet that died this year in the Fleet,
Or, possibly, Meg of Portugal Street.)

Out-spoke Dolly the Chambermaid,
(Tremulous now, and sore afraid,)
"Stand and Deliver, O 'Beau Brocade'!"—

Firing then, out of sheer alarm,
Hit the Beau in the bridle-arm.

Button the second a circuit made,
Glanced in under the shoulder-blade;—
Down from the saddle fell "Beau Brocade!"

Down from the saddle, and never stirred!—
Dolly grew white as a Windsor curd.

Slipped from the old mare swift, and bound
Strips from her kirtle about his wound.

Then, lest his Worship should rise and flee,
Fettered his ankles—tenderly;

Jumped on his chestnut, Meg the Fleet,
(Called after Meg of Portugal Street;)

Came like the wind to the old inn-door;
Roused fat John from a threefold snore;

Vowed she'd 'peach if he misbehaved:—
Briefly, the "Plymouth Fly" was saved!

Staines and Windsor were all on fire:—
Dolly was wed to a Yorkshire Squire;
Went to town at the K—G's desire!

But whether HIS M-J-STY saw her or not,
HOGARTH sketched her there on the spot;

And something of Dolly one still may trace
In the fresh contours of his "Milkmaid's" face.*

George the Guard fled over the sea:
John had a fit—of perplexity;

Turned King's evidence, sad to state;—
But John was never immaculate.

As for the Beau, he was duly tried,
When his wound was healed, at Whitsuntide;

Served—for a day—as the last of "sights,
To the world of St. James's Street and "White's";

Went on his way to Tyburn Tree,
With a pomp befitting his high degree.

Every privilege custom grants:—
At the gate of the prison a dram of Nantes;

Bouquet of flowers at Holborn Bar;
Friends (in mourning) to follow his Car—
("t" is omitted where HEROES are!)

Everyone knows the speech he made;
Swore that he "rather admired the Jade!"—

Gave to the Chaplain the brooch he won
At Hazard from "Hurricane" LYTTLETON;

Bowed to the Topsman undismayed . . .
This was the finish of "Beau Brocade"!

And this is the Ballad that seemed to hide
In the leaves of a dusty "LONDONER'S GUIDE";

"Humbly Inscribed" (with curls and tails)
"By the Author to *Frederick*, Prince of *Wales*:—

"Published by *Francis and Oliver Pine*,
Ludgate-Hill, at the *Blackmoor Sign*,
Seventeen-Hundred-and-Thirty-Nine."

AUSTIN DOBSON.

* See *The Enraged Musician*, an engraving of which was published in November of the following year (1741).

CHARITY ORGANIZATION.

(FROM A RECENTLY DISCOVERED MS., DATE UNKNOWN.)



LE QUART D'HEURE DE RABELAIS.

WHO counts the cost when tables groan,
And round the flagon passes?
Let Care beneath the boards be thrown,
Among the broken glasses.
Yet when through shutters closely barred
Peeps in the morning grey-time,
One toast the more can but retard
The fast-approaching pay-time.

Who counts the cost when Youth essays
To drain the cup of pleasure?
To squander life a thousand ways,
And dance the giddy measure?
But when the sun has ceased to shine,
And gone 's the making-hay-time,
Comes Ennui o'er the past to pine,
And weep that it is pay-time.

Who counts the cost when passing by
In all their vernal beauty
The cool sequestered nooks that lie
Along the path of Duty?
Our joyless eyes on earth we bend
Through all the pleasant May-time,
Till Winter meets us at the end,
And croaks that it is pay-time.

Who counts the cost when straight ahead
The golden goal is gleaming?
Let every aim but that lie dead,
All others worthless deeming.
Toil on, toil on from morn till eve,
Through night and noon and day-time,
Till Broken Health shall pluck your sleeve,
And Death proclaim it pay-time.

G. R. S.

MRS. HUCKITT'S HOBBY.

THE reader of the following narrative is affectionately desired to reserve the dropping of the sympathetic tear, or the utterance of the indignant "Pish!" or contemptuous "Pooh!" as the case may be, till the end of it be reached. If to this modest request I add the hope that American papers will please *not* copy without acknowledgment, I have, I think, made the only prefatory remarks that, under the painful circumstances, are necessary.

On the sixth of March, then, in this very year, we sat down to breakfast in the shop parlour of No. 73 Sturminster Street, Ball's Pond, at the usual time, in the usual spirits, and, as I hap to know, as carver of the ham, with our usual appetites.

We consisted of me, Adolphus Frederick Huckitt; Mary Jane my wife; our five olive-branches—there was a baby in the shop with Hephzibah, the maid-of-all-work, besides; and the apprentice, a thin, modest

young man, whose taciturnity at the table was only equalled by his edible capacity. I do not say it with any desire to injure this youth's character; but when he was as yet a growing boy, his inordinate appetite was such that he literally ate his widowed mother on to the parish. I should also observe, to be strictly accurate in my chronicle, that only four of our little ones clustered round the board when breakfast commenced. Anthony Henry was late, as usual.

Subsequent events have caused me to remember every trivial incident of this meal with strange vividness. Thus I know it was whilst I was helping Mrs. H. to a little fat that Hephzibah, who always watches the shop for us at this time, as the apprentice is of no use whatsoever till he has broken bread, came in and called him to serve some methylated spirits and a boot-brush. I recollect, too, that when he returned, smelling strongly of lamp oil, he brought the day's correspondence just left by the postman. It in-

cluded, as I can also recall, a packet of business communications for me; a letter for the apprentice himself, containing eighteen stamps sent him by his widowed mother, which were all spent in buns to keep under the counter and eat at odd times; and what appeared to be a stout pamphlet, per book post, for Mrs. Huckitt.

The arrival of the mail did not, I confess, interfere with my taking a second helping of ham. The oil market, indeed, was too firm, and the colour trade too dull, to admit of my correspondence being of any especial interest. It thus happened I had not opened a single letter when Anthony Henry slunk into the room, and, with the smears of the liquorice he took to bed with him the night before lingering on his dry-washed face, was about to take his seat. To order him to the pump, there to await my coming, was the work of a moment; and then looking across to Mr. Huckitt, to read assent in her eyes, I for the first time noticed that a strange change had come over her. She was gazing at me tenderly and beseechingly, whilst there was at the same time in the curl of her lip a something which told me plainly as though she spoke, "My mind is made up, so don't speak to me. Argument would be vain!" Thinking the sudden transformation expressed in her look might imply her internal resolve to summarily chastise Anthony Henry after I had pumped over him, I did not allude to it. A moment after she was deeply engaged in perusing the pamphlet already referred to, and without saying a word—to my silence at this moment I now attribute the calamity that ensued—I rose and went into the back yard.

My hydropathic task performed, I proceeded to the performance of the duties appertaining to the business of an oil and colourman, who was, moreover, the sole manufacturer of a sauce, better known to the public as "Huckitt's Helpdown." That I also had an aerated water agency is a fact not necessary to the telling of my story, the more so as this branch was entirely managed by my brother-in-law who, having run through two fortunes and the Bankruptcy Court, had come down to selling soda-water on commission in a spring cart. The morning's traffic was not brisk, and in default of business, I sent the apprentice to weed our small

garden, whilst I experimented on a new mixed pickle I was intending to bring out as a companion to my sauce. I had been busy for some time when I heard the side door quietly opened and as quietly closed again. Knowing that Hephzibah did not discountenance the policeman on our beat as she ought, I looked through the window to see who had gone out. But I was too late, for I saw no one.

In an hour the children trooped in from school, and advancing to me in Indian file, my eldest boy—*about* eight—placed his slate in my hand. It was covered on both sides with a bold text hand, in which I was asked, there being a holiday in honour of their mistress's birthday, to let them take out the stock of scouring-bricks into the back yard, and play at Tower of Babel all the afternoon.

Ere I had time to convey my qualified consent—for scouring-bricks require very careful handling—the glass door of the parlour opened, and Hephzibah appeared with a face so perturbed, that, my thoughts recurring to the police force, I expected to hear that one of its members had so abused her hospitality as to be at that moment drunk and incapable in the kitchen. It was, therefore, with a sense of relief I heard her say,

"Oh! if you please, sir, about dinner?"

"Ah, it's ready, is it?" was my reply.

"Well, no, sir," returned she; "there's the cold mutton, an' there's a kookimber; but missis ain't lef' no horders."

"Left no orders!" I echoed. "Why, you know, Hephzibah, she always sees to the dinner herself."

"Ye—yes, sir," stammered the maid-of-all-work; "but please, sir, missis went out suddenly at 'leven, an' this was on the pincushion when I went to make your bed." And she held out a note.

Now, I knew enough of life to be aware that when a communication for the master of the house is found attached to the pincushion on his toilet-table, some great grief or sensational incident is at hand. So, excitedly leaning forward to grasp the letter, I put my foot on a clothes-peg, and failing to save myself by clutching at a large jar of family jam, fell heavily amongst the stock of black-lead and penny cakes of soft blacking. The children began to howl, Hephzibah screamed, and the ap-

prentice, who had been availing himself of the opportunity to purloin pickled cabbage, ran to help me up with his stained fingers. But I waved him away, and, opening the note, just had strength to read,

"ADOLPHUS FREDERICK,—*Yielding to an old and long-resisted temptation, I have fled. You will best consult your own and the children's happiness by leaving me unsought. Try to forget me, but remember it is the big wash next Thursday.*

MARY JANE."

Then it fell from my hand; and laying my head recklessly amongst the blacking and the *débris* of my pickle experiment I had brought to the ground with me in my fall, I became unconscious.

For the remaining hours of this terrible day I was utterly distraught. Called on to serve golden syrup whilst the apprentice was at tea—the sad event seemed to sharpen his appetite—I sent off the urchin who came for it with a basinful of our strongest "turps." The tiny innocent, dipping in his fingers and licking them in his juvenile glee, reached his native court in such a state of internal disorder, that all the mothers in the alley came back in an infuriated crowd, and demanded satisfaction. I was in hysterics on the second floor at the time, and the apprentice secreted himself beneath the counter; so that after using much strong language, they drew a large jugful of treacle, and leaving the saccharine fluid running in a thick stream over the counter, returned home to rub the victim of my inadvertence with soothing oils.

That night I sat up in the passage on a soda barrel. I wanted to keep the side door open, but to this the policeman objected. But I placed a lighted lamp at each window, so that if the wanderer returned she should not find herself unexpected. Twice I fancied I heard a voice singing, "There's a light in the window for me!" and began to undo the door-bolts; but each time it turned out to be a vagrant cat frightened into abnormal vocal effort by a straight-aimed brickbat or well-directed boot.

When the morning dawned I was myself again, and at once made up my mind for action. Calling

the apprentice before his usual time, I gave him a pocketful of biscuits, and sent him with an urgent note to one of the best-known Private Inquiry offices. In less than an hour I was closeted with Mr. Pundyrwick and had told him all. His first proceeding was to search the house. After an hour's absence he rejoined me in the parlour—which for some abstruse reason he did not search—and placing the *carte* of a large-bearded man in my hands, said,

"Bear up, good sir; women are faithless ever! This photograph I found behind the kitchen dresser. It is taken by an eminent artist in the Euston Road. I shall see that eminent artist, and he will put us on the track of your rival. Meantime I——"

"Stay, sir," I exclaimed, "my wife's not faithless in the way you assume: that I feel certain of." (Leaving out the moral impossibility of such a thing, my Mary Jane at forty, I may say, is freckled and far from a beauty.) "Besides, I think Hephzibah, our housemaid, can explain this *carte*." And I said this with confidence, for I had detected, with an eye sharpened by mental torture, the sheen of pewter buttons beneath the big beard in the portrait.

When the girl came, I said, "Now, Hephzibah, we know all, so don't deceive me. Is your sweetheart" (and I pointed to the *carte*) "a sergeant yet?"

"Oh! not yet, please, sir," she said, blushing all over her face; "but he's going to be, sir, an' the banns is to be put hup when he gets 'is stripes."

"Then don't keep his likeness behind the dresser," said I, giving it to her: "it's misleading."

As she went out I looked at the Private Inquirer: he was evidently self-abashed.

But not for long. Looking up, he asked in an oracular tone, "Your wife's relations live at——?"

"Melton-Mowbray," I replied.

"Ah," he murmured, "then I will telegraph to Liverpool and all the outposts. Meanwhile, good day." And making dummy entries in his note-book, he left me alone with—well, with what do you think?

He had left me alone with what proved to be the clue to the mystery!

Under the table, close to where Mrs. H.'s chair had been placed at the meal I have mentioned, my eyes rested on a piece of crumpled paper. As the girl Hephzibah had done nothing since her mis-

dress's flight but hold *levées* over the garden wall, attended by all the servants round, I knew the room had not been swept since the fatal morning: that piece of paper, then, had probably been there all the time. I picked up the torn fragment, and smoothing it out, not without thoughts of Mr. Wilkie Collins, I saw what follows:

CATA

John B

Surpl

171 MINNIVE

HOLLO

Had I intended to adapt my story to the exigencies of a periodical appearance, I should have availed myself of this undeniably good chance to swoon. As it was, I sent to borrow the "London Directory." The solution was only too easy. There was in it a "Minniver Street, Holloway Road;" there was in that street a No. "171;" and at No. 171 lived a firm of drapers marked with an * to show their silk-mercerizing propensities, named "John Bott and Sons.

So far, so good! and had it not been that I began to estimate the cost of the telegrams the Private Inquirer was probably sending all over England at that moment, I should have been positively cheery as I chartered a cab to follow up the newly-found trail.

It was still early morning when I arrived at my destination, and the majority of shop windows I passed were out of bed, so to speak, but not yet dressed. At 171 it was different. There the panes of the plate glass front were covered with whitening, except where a placard in red-ink announced:

ANNUAL SALE NOW ON.

DESPERATE BARGAINS!

&c., &c.

I vainly tried to clear away sufficient space to gain a view of the inside of the shop. My only chance was the door, which continually swung on its hinges as customers pushed in. At last an unusually portly dame, with a parcel that looked like an undersized bolster, essayed to come out, and for a moment was jammed in the doorway. Looking in over her head, I saw what set my heart beating a wild tattoo.

I saw at the farther end of the shop a form clad in grass-green silk trimmed with yak lace.

Without further identifying that form to the reader, I will go on to state that this sight changed my hesitation into resolution, and I dashed in.

A splendid shopwalker, armed with the usual soapy smile and inevitable "weepers," advanced to meet me, bowing and scraping, as though he kept his spine upstairs for use after shop hours only.

"What can we show you, sir?" said he.

"Sir," I replied, almost beside myself with excitement, "I want my Mary Jane!"

"Mr. Jones!" shouted the dreadful creature. "Forward, if you please, and pass this gentleman on to the light goods counter!"

"No, no!" I said, "I don't mean that. What I want is Mrs. Huckitt back."

"I beg your pardon, sir," returned he most obsequiously, "but I did not understand you to say huckaback before. Mr. Jenkins! this gentleman requires some huckaback. Upstairs, sir, if you please, and first counter to the right."

With a mighty effort I kept down the impulse to borrow a yard measure of a counter-bounder, and lay the Dundreary-whiskered one low. Quieting myself as much as possible, I said, "Pray pardon me; but the fact is, I saw my wife in here, and I wish to speak to her. She has passed round that counter to the left," and I pointed to where I had just before seen the grass-green silk skirt and yak lace disappear.

"Oh!" said he, quite affably, "that's it, eh? keep forward by all means." And then he shouted with what I thought unnecessary vehemence, "Miss Robinson, show this gentleman into the muff department."

Mrs. Huckitt—for it was she—was sitting before a pile of furs, and buying, as I came up, a pair of beaver cuffs. Sitting there, but how changed! An anxious look of eager excitement shone in her eye; her face was shaded by an expression of painful avidity; and as she heard my footsteps, she clutched at the heap of things before her as though fearful she would be deprived of a single bargain.

"Mary Jane!" I exclaimed in her ear, "it's me, Adolphus Frederick!"

She looked round, but made no sign of recognition. "You said these cuffs were nineteen and eight?" she went on to the young lady serving her.

"Nineteen and eleven," said she.

"I will take them," said Mrs. H., though I am sure she didn't want cuffs, for I bought her a sable set last winter.

"Mary Jane," I said again, "don't you know me?"

"I see," she said, turning to the catalogue in her hand, which I now identified as the packet she had received on the yester-morn; and still ignoring me, "you have some reduced tucked petticoats."

"Come, come, Mary Jane," I said, "this is a capital joke, but you've kept it up long enough, really."

Her only reply was to turn to the young lady and say, "Who is this rude person?"

"Can I show you anything, sir?" asked a second shopgirl who was near, "or do anything for you?"

"Do anything?" I echoed. "Yes; pray do me the favour of telling me if I am mad."

"Really," said the shopwalker, who had come up, "I think you are. This gent claims you as his wife, madam," he exclaimed, addressing Mrs. Huckitt.

She gave a short dry laugh, such as I had never heard before. "You have so many nice bargains," she said, "and the sale is so short, I can waste no more time here. Please take me to the petticoats."

"You'd really better go," said the shopwalker to me.

I began to think so too, and whistling some bars of Mrs. H.'s favourite air, "Home, sweet home," I went.

There was a telegram from the Private Inquiry Office at home. "Two ladies answering to your description sailed from Liverpool yesterday for Utah. I have cabled to the New York police."

I tore up that telegram in a rage.

Happily, before I had long had time to brood over my trouble, the children, like a sunbeam, burst into the back parlour from school. They thought—bless them—their mamma had gone to see their Aunt Martha, at Camberwell, and I did not undeceive them.

But their advent suggested another plan to me for winning their mother back from the life of bargain-hunting to which seemingly she was committed.

Telling Hephzibah to dress the infant in its best bib and tucker, I myself dressed little Jacky and Jemmy (our only twins, thank Heaven!) in their sailor suits, and told the apprentice to dust the perambulator.

Leading my sons, and followed by Hephzibah wheeling the baby, we reached Minniver Street in about an hour. Leaving the three children in the maid's charge at the corner, I went on and reconnoitred No. 171. There were four windows in the front; and in the farthest, one of the placards had luckily become partially unstuck, and hung down so as to allow me to see into this part of Messrs. J. Bott and Sons' establishment by tiptoeing.

I began to think fortune had declared for me, when, sitting close to the door, I saw a form clad in grass-green silk trimmed with yak lace, busily buying remnants of check duster. That was enough.

Stealthily I moved the children down, putting into the hand of each a penny tin trumpet I had bought on the way. Then forming them into an effective group on the step outside the shop entrance, I told them all to blow their trumpets, and throwing open the door at the same moment, I flung myself into an appropriate attitude and cried, "False mother, behold thy helpless offspring!" whilst Hephzibah, not knowing how to take it, sobbed aloud.

Naturally, the lady who was buying remnants of check duster looked up.

When she did so I saw *she was not my wife!*

I draw a veil over the scene which ensued, though I may say the ruling feeling in the heart of Bott and Sons was to lock me up for a lunatic, after this my second escapade in one day. However, I did manage to get off at last; but on arriving home, found that Hephzibah, thinking me hopelessly mad, had hurried there, and put up the apprentice to locking me out. It being useless to parley from the street, I went up an adjacent passage, and, scaling two garden walls, got in at the back of my premises. But even when inside, it was the work of hours to persuade Hephzibah and the youth that I was not a maniac; and had they not wanted money to pay the baker, I should never have convinced them, I fear. I passed another miserable night, lighting the lamps in the windows as usual.

No wife came. In the morning, having disguised myself thoroughly, I ventured down to 171 Minniver Street again. I was earlier than usual, and I saw a crowd waiting to go in. In that crowd was Mrs. Huckitt. She was next the door, and, from her heavy, sleepy look, had probably been there for many hours. She went in, and all day I hung about the premises. She never appeared; but I observed an apprentice come out at one o'clock and return with a plate of sandwiches and a bottle of Bass; and I drew my own conclusions. It was not till eight I saw her again. Then a cab was fetched, and loaded with parcels, after which the shopwalker loomed in sight, escorting Mrs. H., who got in and told the driver, "York Road, Waterloo."

I followed with feet impelled by love, and was in time to see the four-wheeler stop at a railway arch close to Hungerford Bridge. Unlocking the door, she and the cabman deposited all the parcels within. Then she relocked the door, and, giving an address I failed to hear, drove off once more.

I followed again, but at the Obelisk I cricked my foot and adjourned to the nearest coffee-house to meditate. I had seen the arch was nearly full of drapery parcels, and I knew the bargains at Bott's were for cash only. Mrs. H. left me with the balance of £5, after providing a hot Sunday dinner out of it. But she had £1,000 in Consols in her own right. Was she spending her little all? The thought was maddening; so I drove to the Bank. Of course it was shut; but getting the beadle in a corner, I so worked on his feelings that he gave me the Governor's private address. I was a desperate man, and before I or that Governor slept, I knew that Mary Jane Huckitt's stock had been transferred two days before to a perfect stranger.

This confirmed my theory, which was that my wife had suddenly been bitten by the bargain mania; had an attack of cheap drapery, in fact, and very badly too. Soon after her marriage she had broken out in the same way, and went so far as to pawn the gravy-spoon to buy two-button gloves, not even her right size. But, luckily, our first-born came into the world, and that cured her. Since then she had avoided even entering a draper's shop, leaving her sister Martha to do the shopping.

Evidently it was that catalogue of Bott and Sons' that had done all the mischief.

Another miserable night. The next morning again did I hie to 171, but in vain. The sale was over. On consulting the "Times," I found other clearance sales on in various parts of London. I went to all the addresses, *seriatim*. At last, after twelve failures, I found my Mary Jane in a shop in Mare Street, Hackney. She was buying plain gimp fringe at half-price. I spoke to her, as before, in vain; I mentioned the baby's name—it was useless. I told her Hephzibah had gone to her wardrobe and was wearing about her best under-linen. For a moment I thought she would reply; but she repressed her strong emotion with a gulp, and went on with the gimp. Again I returned to my home discomfited.

I am afraid to think how long this kind of thing went on. I sent out Hephzibah with the children to waylay her; I dispatched the apprentice with notes to the railway arch, saying that the baby had the whooping-cough; in short, there was no plan I did not try to bring back Mrs. Huckitt to the path of duty. But all my schemes seemed futile, and I was sinking into confirmed melancholia, when, five weeks after the memorable morning, I received news of the demise of Uncle Tolcher. He left me all his fortune, £9,000; and though money was so much dirt to me without my Mary Jane, I did rejoice at this windfall, because it gave me funds to carry out an elaborate ruse I had designed, but could not execute previously for want of means.

I took some large business premises in the Upper Street, Islington, and bought £200 worth of cheap drapery. I then whitened the windows, had a catalogue compiled, showing the most astounding reductions (for instance, silk-striped grenadine that usually sold at 15. 9½d., I put down at 4¾d.); and also got out a sensational poster in four colours. But my chief care was that Mrs. Huckitt should know of the sale; and not only did I strew all the streets leading to her railway arch with my catalogues—the name used was Hoppus & Co.—but I pushed several under the door, and even went so far as to paste up a poster on her outside wall.

The first of May dawned, and I was at my new premises betimes. The children, dressed in their

best, were also brought down at an early hour by Hephzibah, who, having placed them in ambush under the counter at my request, went and prepared a dainty little meal in the room behind the shop. To better assume the character of Hoppus & Co., I wore blue spectacles and very bushy chestnut whiskers.

Before ten o'clock there was such a crowd outside that a policeman came to the side door to say if Hoppus & Co. didn't open he couldn't answer for their shutters. I sent Hephzibah to a top room to throw out reels of cotton for them to scramble. Meantime, from a front window I had assured myself that my Mary Jane was there. I went down to the side door, and just when the fall of a handful of reels scattered the crowd, beckoned to her to come to me.

"Madam," I said, in a feigned voice, "Hoppus and Co. know your gift for bargain-buying, and would like you to have a private inspection."

Oh! how my arms longed to clasp her to my breast, as, yard measure in hand, I led the way to the grenadines!

She was beside herself when she saw the prices; and, stopping at last before a roll of French merino, marked 8*d.*, she exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I could spend all my life buying such bargains as this!"

It was not according to my preconcerted programme, but I could not resist the favourable opportunity thus given me to throw off my spectacles and whiskers, and to reply, "My own Mary Jane, you shall, you shall! and never pay for them either!"

Three raps on the top of the counter also brought the five olive-branches simultaneously from beneath it, who rushed to their mother's arms, thus making, as I thought, the reconciliation sure.

Unfortunately, however, before I could get Mrs. Huckitt to the room behind the shop, the front door burst open, the crowd surged in, and in a moment had flung itself with excited frenzy upon the piles of reduced goods. Simultaneously the expression on my Mary Jane's face changed to that stolid and stony stare it had worn when I found her at J. Bott and Sons'.

"Come, my dear, let us go," I exclaimed, alarmed at the new phase of events.

"I don't understand you," she said. "Let me see, at once, the ninepenny-halfpenny barathea announced on your bill. Be quick, or that creature will have bought it all," and she pointed to another such respectable middle-aged female as herself, who was making large purchases at the other side of the shop.

I must again draw the veil over the ensuing scene. Suffice it to say, after serving my wife with barathea, alpaca, and check dustering, as though she were a perfect stranger, and, as a husband and a father, vainly appealing to her as a wife and mother between the sales, my feelings overcame me, and I fell behind the counter in a swoon, about a quarter to one P.M.

When I came to myself Mrs. Huckitt was gone, but not without leaving a note, fastened this time to my yard measure. It was very brief, and merely said:

"Why vainly fight against my fate? Shall drapers make alarming sacrifices for nought? Not whilst there is life left to your lost

MARY JANE."

I have seen her since, fitfully, through whitened windows and swinging doors, at the scenes of the "alarming sacrifices" and "desperate sales" now so general. She looks thinner and weaker, but no whit less determined. Several times, too, bundles of children's ready-made garments and packages of hosiery have been forwarded anonymously, per the "Parcels Delivery Company," to my new residence. No single article of attire has ever chanced to fit any one of my little ones or myself; but it comforts me to think Mary Jane meant well in sending them. Otherwise, she has made no sign.

I live in hope that she may be yet restored to us, and still laugh to scorn Mr. Pundywick's notion that there is a draper, as well as his bargains, in the case. The front door of the semi-detached villa on Hornsey Rise, bought with a portion of my uncle's legacy, is always on the latch, and the light is kept burning in the passage all night.

Meantime I am practically a widower.

AGLEN A. DOWTY.



THE BEST OF GIRLS.

LYING by the river-side,
 Lazily dreaming of thee, love,
 Smoothly on the waters glide,
 Murmuring and whispering to me, love,—
 Whispering to me in a sweet love song,
 Kissing the bank as it flows along.

Floating on the river clear,
 Dreamily dreaming of thee, love,
 Pleasing sounds fall on my ear,
 Murmuring and whispering to me, love,
 Whispering to me as the eddy whirls,
 Love words in praise of the best of girls.

Loitering on the old church green,
 Sweet looks are resting on me, love ;
 Life seems robed in a golden sheen,
 And I am whispering to thee, love.
 Eyes saying "Yes," though you shake your curls,
 You are the sweetest and best of girls.

Morning, sunny bright, and warm,
 Hand-in-hand standing by thee, love,
 Mine the joy to shield from harm,
 Now thou art given to me, love ;
 Richer and better than gold and pearls,
 You, my own sweetest and best of girls.

GEORGE DALZIEL.



THE ELDEST MISS BONNITHORPE.

WHATEVER is weak, irresolute, drivelling, or imbecile in my connection with the events I have here set down, must be attributed to defects in my early training. My parents piously read the precept of Solomon, "Train up a child," and they did their best. The misfortune was that Solomon left it to them to say *which* way a child should be trained, and they had original notions. My mother, when left a widow very early in my career, settled the matter in a way agreeable to herself, but not quite satisfactory to me. She read the aphorism thus: "Train up a child in a chimney-pot hat, and when he is old he will be excessively genteel." My mother's religion was gentility, and a chimney-pot hat was the emblem of her creed. Gentility has been my misfortune, and that chimney-pot hat the type of all my woes.

I began with one at seven years of age, to distinguish me from vulgar boys. Vulgar boys, I found, were so numerous that they left me in an autocracy of one. My first hat was, however, not full-blown, it was an undeveloped chimney-pot—something resembling the head-gear of a stage coachman; but it was a grave offence to the juvenile democracy, nevertheless. My first appearance in it was a sore trial to public opinion. The boy over the way danced around me with fiendish yells; the boy next door playfully tapped it with his hoop-stick; the boy up the street cast at it unclean things; the boy down the street knocked it off and bowled it; and the boy round the corner bonneted me absolutely. My hat became a source of delight to the rising community. When I appeared in public, the sportive youth made for me from all points, screaming with glee. I reeled under my oppressors. They were envious, my parent said. If they were, I could understand even at that early age that, in some things, the rich might long for the happy freedom of the poor.

My second hat was two inches taller, and proportionately added to the enjoyment of my tormen-

tors. My mother said it was very genteel; the boys said it was "stunning," and extinguished me with it as though I had been a rushlight. I exhibited it to my parent in the shape of a concertina, and was asked, "Why I had not called a policeman?" Why! As gentility was evidently regarded by boys as a crime, I was enjoined to avoid them; and when I could I did; but the difficulty was to get them to avoid me. I became meek, and went about with a permanent bruise on the bridge of my nose.

It was part of the system represented by this hat that my early education should be entrusted to a lady. To avoid rude boys I was sent to Miss Bartelmy's young ladies' school. Feminine society infused into my nature the gentleness and tearful resignation of a milksop, and when feminine society had done that, it took pains to show me by contemptuous grimaces, stealthy pinches, and other small indignities, that it preferred a bold rude boy to me any day. The pangs I suffered from Miss Bartelmy's girls gave a melancholy turn to my nature. My heart softened with my hat. Girls dealt blows at the one, boys battered the other. Tears and a longing for human sympathy were the effects.

It was at this stage of my affliction that the eldest Miss Bonnithorpe dawned upon my gloomy life.

She was not one of Miss Bartelmy's girls; she went to a rival academy, and we crossed on our respective roads to school. She was eight, and I nine. She was big for her age, I was small; not much taller than the youngest Miss Bonnithorpe, who was seven. The Misses Bonnithorpe were always together, and both wore their hair in long plaits, finished off with blue ribbons in a sort of flourish. I thought them both beautiful; but on the same principle that little men admire big women, and little women big men, I, a poor weak simpleton, preferred the bold tom-boy swagger of

the eldest to the shy gentleness of the youngest. How I loved the eldest! I am aware, now, that a large mouth is not handsome, and that a nose inclined to a snub is not a thing of beauty; but meek as I was, I could have *fought* the boy who dared to say so. I did not openly court Miss Bonnithorpe—at least, not at first. I loved her silently, and when we met we mutually stared. Thus were the tokens of our passion exchanged. She had a bold stare, a trifle too close, sometimes, to the stare of levity, but not inconsistent with her brave stout heart.

And what a heart hers was! I never saw her do it, but I fully believe she could have fought a boy! It is the nature of weak things to cling to strong ones, and therefore I clung in a figurative sense to Miss Bonnithorpe. I followed her often—at a distance. I lingered near her paternal roof till her parent, who was in the oil and Italian line, suspected me of designs on a tub of cranberries, and warned me off. I dogged her in her walks, and made strategic circuits round back streets to meet her and pass her face to face. I was happy when she smiled, I was in ecstasy when she laughed outright. What a rapturous devouring thing is love at first sight!

I became conscious that my attentions were noticed. Whenever we met, the eldest Miss Bonnithorpe would say something to the youngest Miss Bonnithorpe and laugh, and the youngest would look shyly at me and smile. This made me bold. When a meek boy feels bold he invariably makes a fool of himself. I believe this also applies to a meek man. I determined to declare my passion—by letter. With immense preparation, and a considerable strain upon my erudition, I wrote:—

“Miss Sarah Bonnithorpe

“i luv you Bee miern i Am yor erbedient servant Wm todd.”

I folded the sheet carefully, and concealed it about my person as though I had stolen it. I watched my opportunity. I saw my enslaver approach, and, with my heart thumping and my knees trembling, thrust the letter into her hand; then I sped away like a hare, or an idiot. That

night I dreamed that I married Miss Bonnithorpe, receiving the tub of cranberries as her dower.

The morn was auspicious. I rose anxious and expectant. My best and tallest chimney-pot hat had just been ordered into common wear, vice an old one hopelessly limp. For once I felt a pride in the insignia of my gentility. I pictured the anticipated meeting with her I loved. She would say something! What would she say? I heard in fancy her frank hearty avowal—so like her fine bold nature—“Master Todd, you are the only boy I like; I will grow up for you.” I hurried out of school, trembling with mild excitement. I saw the two Miss Bonnithorpes in the distance approaching. I had an impulse to turn and run away, but did not. Nearer and nearer they came. The eldest talked about me to the youngest, and smiled—I will not say grinned—effusively. She carried in her hands a thick roll of music—“The Pianoforte Primer” and the “Battle of Prague.” It was round and hard. She advanced towards me, still smiling. Was she going to embrace me? She came close up to me, looking—sweetly, I thought—into my blushing face. Suddenly raising the music-roll, she exclaimed, “There!” and brought it down sharply with a bang upon my hat, that left me blinded, heart-crushed, and in darkness. She laughed—a cruel triumphant laugh—as she retreated. I heard it, and my suddenly bruised little heart sent up a flood of scalding tears as I struggled out of the ruins. Oh, Miss Bonnithorpe!

“Little boy, don’t cry—she doesn’t mean it,” said a musical voice. “I’m so sorry. There.”

Something was hastily thrust into my hand, and through my almost blinding tears I saw the youngest Miss Bonnithorpe running after her sister.

In my hand I found a little bead necklace, and tied to it a bent fourpenny-piece with a hole in it.

That night I fell ill, but not with disappointment. It was measles.

I never was a strong boy, and measles pulled me down. When I had run a course of them, I went in for several other unpleasant disorders that

follow under adverse circumstances, and in the result I was transported to the Devon hills, which the doctors said would make a man of me. The eldest Miss Bonnithorpe faded like a dream, hated first, then forgiven, and then gradually forgotten. Let me distinctly say the eldest. The Devon hills agreed with me so well that my mother made her home amongst them, considerably impelled thereto by the discovery of a nice genteel school, where all the scholars wore the shortest of jackets and tallest of chimney-pot hats.

Let me jump over years of agony, comprehending a long struggle for supremacy between meek gentility in Paris nap and muscular agricultural vulgarity in dusty felt. I became a man. I saw myself in the mirror tall and slim, excessively genteel, nervous, and inclined to sentiment. I was a little short-sighted, and my mother threatened me with spectacles. She said her boy was well-looking. Her boy replied that she was too fond, but of course did not think so.

I chose a profession, and went to London to be articled to a solicitor. My mother came too, and we kept house in a healthy suburb. We made new friends and looked up old ones, and I got the credit amongst them for possessing a tender heart, very susceptible to beauty. I was a tenor, and drivelled in song. I fell in and out of love regularly once a week, or rather, I fancied I did. Amongst my new friends were the Pegrims—trade retired—very nice people. There were five Miss Pegrims, and I had adored them in rotation. I was then prostrate at the altar of the youngest. I still wore chimney-pot hats out of respect for my parent, but, being tall, I habitually struck them against doorways, or crushed them against cab roofs, and secretly longed for a soft felt or a deer-stalker.

One night the Pegrims gave a party, a really superior affair, with the greengrocer to wait, and supper from the pastrycook's shop. It was to be an important gathering for me, as I had determined on that night I would really say something to Julia (youngest aforesaid). I mixed in sentimental sadness with the giddy throng. It was a throng—filling every available corner in the house,

including the drawing-room staircase. I sang—"The heart bowed down;" I danced—with Julia—and mooned about the ball-room. It was while engaged in the latter occupation that Julia came to me.

"Mr. Todd," she said, "will you dance with my friend, Miss Bonnithorpe?"

I turned in astonishment. That name! that face! No, not that face. There stood before me a fine handsome woman, whose face, figure, and graceful carriage were no more like those of the eldest Miss Bonnithorpe than brass is like fine gold; but it was she, nevertheless. Our eyes met, and we knew each other in an instant. She blushed crimson, so did I; but we went through the formalities of an introduction with the highest breeding.

Oh, who will say that wounded Love can cherish hatred? Miss Bonnithorpe, grown up, thou art forgiven!

She really was a delightful companion. She might not be some people's style of beauty. She was what would be called a "bouncer," but she was remarkably clever, and—ahem!—appreciative of cleverness in others. My susceptible heart throbbed a song to her praise, and I am afraid my tongue pledged its master for a giddy fool. Not a word was uttered of our youth by tacit consent; we became incomparable humbugs on that point. We danced, we talked, we flirted—she with coquettish grace, I with that deeply sentimental earnestness which always characterized my dallyings with the fair. Julia Pegrim was jealous, and set up a desperate opposition with a bank clerk. I cared not. The room was warm, and Miss Bonnithorpe and I wandered into the conservatory. I talked sentiment about flowers, and she sighed. I talked rubbish about love, and she sighed again—two gasps. Then she said the odour of the plants made her faint, so we went pensively to the refreshments. We wandered again, studying the ins and outs of the Pegrim mansion. Off the hall was a small parlour, devoted, on this occasion, to the care of hats and coats. There were pictures there, and an atmosphere the coolness of which was a refreshing change from the crowded rooms. Besides, it was retired and tenantless. I think we went in

to see some pictures. I know we did not look at any.

Miss Bonnithorpe sighed frequently now, and I was fast losing my head. I talked in a painfully ridiculous way; she was charmingly sympathetic. I took her hand in mine; it trembled. Poor little heart, how it fluttered! Now was the thrilling moment. I led her gently to a seat, my eyes fixed on her drooping lids, when—Scrunch!

Mercy! What was that?

Miss Bonnithorpe sprang up with a little scream. She had sat upon and crushed my hat!

Was there ever so unpleasant a mishap? She seemed for a moment frightened.

"Oh, never mind," I stammered, "it is only my hat." But the reminiscence!

Miss Bonnithorpe laughed outright, and exclaimed noisily, "That's two I've smashed"—an expression which under the circumstances was harmless, not to say vulgar.

Whatever affection I might have cherished for that female fled in a moment before her cruel and untimely merriment. I was standing looking at her like a fool, when a lady suddenly entered the room and said,

"Arah, dear, we have been searching for you ever where."

I turned to the new comer. The youngest Miss Bonnithorpe, by all that was holy! The youngest Miss Bonnithorpe, grown a beautiful woman! Grown in grace, in tenderness, in modesty, and in all the essentials to a lovable girl. She stopped short when she saw me, and looked inquiringly at her sister.

"Mr. Todd, Clara," said Miss Sarah, "our old friend William Todd. I've just spoiled another of his hats. Oh! it's too ridiculous!" And Miss Sarah laughed again, as though she never would leave off.

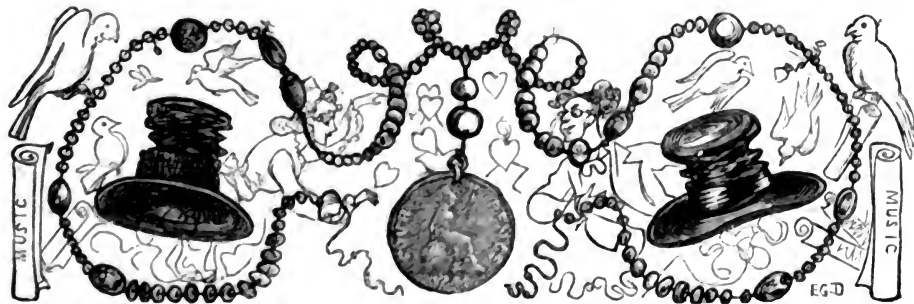
Miss Clara looked straight at me for an instant, and if ever woman's eyes spoke, those bright eyes of hers expressed delight at the meeting and sympathy with my misfortune. Looking at my battered chimney-pot, she said, in a voice the sweetness of which I had never forgotten, and in the old way, "I'm so sorry!"

I am not going to argue the theory of love at first sight, because I do not believe in it; but I will argue the existence of certain isolated impressions which a man gathers in his life, and which, although individually too weak to grow into a strong healthy love, only want a connecting link—that may or may not come—to unite them in a grand force of affection.

I have just been explaining this theory to a pretty little lady—the youngest daughter of a retired and highly respectable "Manchester warehouseman"—a young lady who wanted to know why I did not wish to marry her sister.

It took me a long time to convince her, and I had to use all the earnestness and eloquence of which I am capable; but when I demonstrated the figure of the link, by putting around her neck an old bead necklace, to which was attached a battered four-penny-piece with a hole in it, she leant a delightfully soft cheek upon my breast, and promised to be Mrs. William Todd.

CHARLES TOWNLEY.



THE TRULY TRUE STORY



Tymkyns had long wished to get married, but objected to the young ladies of the present period; and one dark night, when nobody was looking, he converted "it," by the Patent Pygmahongalatearial Process, into Mrs. T. "Being a half-length," thought T., "she will be unable to indulge in the usual frivolities of her sex, and will turn out a good sound domestic article." The Honeymoon: "'Pon rep., sir!" said Mrs. T., "but this is quite too awfully slow; and I beg to say that gentlemen did not indulge in the filthy habit of smoking in my time." Back in town at last. "Really, my love," remarked T., "I should be glad if you would not insist on showing yourself in this way

OF THE STOLEN PICTURE.



in the Park. Consider the expense, and the danger of recognition." Mrs. T. could not live without admiration; and if Mr. T. did not like it, he might demand satisfaction in the usual way, and she hoped he'd get it. She was astounded that he should wish her to refrain from kissing the butcher: in her day, everybody had said it was so charming. And she led poor T. such a life, that he prayed to the gods to turn her into a picture again—which they did with much pleasure. Then he folded her up carefully, and sent her by post, with his compliments, to be owners, and he trusts they received her safely, and will forward the advertised reward.

IN THE TEMPLE GARDEN.

O DO you know the Temple brown,
That rides the river in London town,
Where lawyers have their bowers?—the word
Is Spenser's, and is not absurd.

The buttressed church that has been there
Seven hundred years, with years to spare;
You know the arch? you know the round
Where those stone warriors sleep so sound?

You know the story of the place,
The Templar Knights and their disgrace?
Yes, and their more disgraceful doom;
And then we come to Goldsmith's tomb.

And then the White Rose and the Red
Plucked one day in the garden bed,
(Shakespeare); and then the gossip comes
Of course to the chrysanthemums.

You know the fountain with the ferns,
The sun-dials, pumps, and mazy turns?
One summer evening, very hot,
You might have seen *me* near the spot!

You missed the chance? you did not know
Or guess that I was going to go?
Console yourself with what I saw,
A wanderer in those bowers of law.

Rampaging gaily on the grass
(Beyond, I watched the steamers pass),
Hundreds of London girls and boys
I saw—they made a fearful noise.

They ran, they jumped, they skipped, they rolled;
I wished I had not been so old.
I wished for a magician's rod,
For then I would have struck the sod,

And bade from that green plot to burst
Fountains of milk, to quench their thirst;
For, really, what occurred to me
Was, "Oh! how thirsty they must be!"

But, after all, they looked so glad,
It very nearly made me mad;
And so—but am I bound to tell?
I gave—I *did*—a fiendish yell.

Yes, it was noticed. Faint I grew;
And thought, "What will the bobby do?"
I saw a man whose face said plain,
"Can that queer party be in pain?"

"Or is he mad?" By slow degrees,
But feeling shaky at the knees,
I sneaked out to the Strand again,
And mingled with the tide of men,

Thank Heaven, safe! and, strange to say,
I read the papers all, next day,
With greedy care, but not a hint
About it in a public print!

But oh! a fearful vow I took,
That day, with candle, bell, and book,
Never again to yell aloud
In open day and in a crowd.

The lonely glen, the mountain fell,
Perchance some day may hear me yell,
But, while I live, in London town
I mean to keep my feelings down.

Long may the children shout and play
In that green garden, let us pray,
And other playgrounds by the score
Be found for them! I add no more.

THE AUTHOR OF "LILLIPUT LEVEE."

MY DOG PICKLE.

"THERE can't be much harm in doing it, can there, my doggie?"

"Bow, wow, wow!"

The question was put by an individual whom I would rather not describe, no one being so incompetent a critic of a personal appearance as its owner, and was answered by a little dog of doubtful breed. She—the little dog was of the unenfranchised sex—was too evidently the offspring of an ill-assorted match. Her mamma was a member of the famous Skye family, and her papa connected by birth with the black-and-tans. Superficial judges would have pronounced her "the image of her father," but the learned in points would have detected traces of the female side of the family in a moment. Still, to all intents and purposes she was a black-and-tan terrier. The undescribed biped, as the reader has undoubtedly surmised, was the narrator of the occurrences "hereinafter set forth," as the lawyers have it; the fully-described quadruped was my dear little dog Pickle, the companion of my solitude on the desert island where I write, my fellow-fugitive from the haunts of men, the sharer of my awful secret.

For ten long years Pickle and I have lived alone upon this island, which shall be nameless, latitudeless, and longitudeless. A young and sprightly pup of some twelve revolving moons when we landed, aged as since told its tale upon my little dog. The muzzle, once a rich jet black, is very grey now; the little limbs move more leisurely and methodically at my call; the soft brown eyes that look up lovingly into mine have lost the sparkle and the clearness of youth. My dog is old and feeble, and I cannot disguise from myself the fact that soon, very soon, we shall be parted by the cruel constable who hauls off all animals to the eternal lock-up, irrespective of the number of their legs. And when my poor little Pickle is dead, I can leave this lonely place and commence the world anew—but not till then.

"Well, if that's all, why couldn't you kill the dog and come back?"

Thank you, Mr. Somebody, I fancied you'd say that: ten years of isolation have not made me forget that there are cold-hearted ruffians in the world.

Kill my dog! Go and kill your wife, sir—the woman who marks your every gesture with admiration, and worships you, and thinks there never was a man in all the world like you. Go and kill your little child, who watches for you from your going out to your coming in, who leaps upon your knee and nestles in your arms. Confound it, sir! go and destroy every link that binds you to the past. Sell the letters your mother wrote you when you were a boy at school, to the buttermilk man; throw the massive old turnip that was your father's, and your grandfather's, on to the dust-heap. But, pshaw! I waste words on you! A man who would suggest the butchering of a faithful beast would do all these things, and dine with better appetite for the exercise! Go you rather and be vivisected in the interests of science, tell me how it feels, and then I will tell you why I did not kill my dog. Here! don't you read any more of my story. Put it down at once—you won't understand it. Kill my dog, indeed!

"Bow, wow, wow!"

"Go on, you bad dog! I shall get angry if I like. Leave off wagging that silly old tail, do. Look here, Miss Pickle, if you come and interrupt me again, I'll—I'll Von Glabenize you, there!"

If you had seen my dog Pickle when I said those words, you would have jumped instantly to the conclusion—but perhaps you wouldn't: some people are awfully dull where animals are concerned. I'd better tell you all about it in the ordinary way.

Firstly, then, you will please understand that it is agreed between my dog Pickle and myself that it will be a great relief to our feelings if we unburden

ourselves of a secret that oppresses us. Secondly, living as we do upon a desert island, we run no risk of suffering for our candour. Thirdly, it is not intended to bottle this confession and hurl it into the sea, after the fashion of the humdrum cast-away. It is written, with island-home-made pen and ink, on island-home-made paper, and will be deposited in a suitable place on the coast, so that in the event of my predeceasing Pickle, the story of a strange affair may be left on record, and in the event of Pickle predeceasing me—well, then I may perhaps go back to civilization, and keep it to myself. Now for the confession.

Towards the close of a dull November day, in the year 186—, a young man was standing, with his back to the fire, in a small but well-furnished apartment in — Street. Scattered about upon the table were several open and evil-looking volumes, bearing, as their titles indicated, upon witchcraft, spiritualism, mesmerism, and various supernatural phenomena. Their appearance showed that they were frequently and deeply studied. Seated on the hearthrug, close to the young man's feet, was a small black-and-tan mongrel, very sharp about the muzzle, very bright about the eyes, and very tremulous about the tail. Every now and then she looked up into her master's face with that look of wistful wonder so common to the canine features, giving at the same time a little subdued whimper, in order to attract his attention.

"What is it, Pickle?" he exclaimed at last, roused from his reverie, and looking down at the dog. "What is it, my girl?"

"Bow, wow, wow!"

"That's a very general answer, my doggie."

At that moment some peculiar idea evidently flashed across his brain, for, looking earnestly at the dog, he exclaimed, "By Jove! I've a good mind to try the experiment. Let me just read it over again." He walked quickly from the fireplace to the table, and opened one of the volumes at a marked place. For a quarter of an hour he sat, and never raised his eyes from the book; then, leaving it open, he pushed it a little way aside, and called the dog. It was on his knee in a second.

"Pickle," he said, gently, "would you like to talk?"

"Bow, wow, wow!"

"No, not to bow, wow, wow, but to talk—like I do?"

The dog put its head on one side and looked at him earnestly, with that painful endeavour to understand which everyone who talks to a dog must often have noticed.

"Let me see what it says once more," muttered her master, and he turned to the book again. "Hm!—power of strong will—condition produced by mesmerism—experiment of Von Glaben*—act on brain and tongue—transmitted capacity and sympathetic action on muscles. Yes, I'll do it, come what may."

With these words he lifted the dog from his knee and placed it upon the table in front of him, so that its face was level with his; then he raised his finger and exclaimed sharply, "Pickle, look at me!"

The dog's eyes were riveted on his in a moment. The last rays of the November sun had long ago departed, and the room was filled with that visible darkness which gives a weird aspect to the commonest of objects. In this obscurity, relieved only by a fitful flare from the dying embers in the grate, the pupils of the animal seemed to the young man to dilate under his glance, and become balls of liquid fire. Never for a moment allowing his steadfast gaze to vary, he lifted his hands quickly from his side and made the usual passes, adding to them certain others evidently prescribed in the recently-studied article.

At the first few strokes the dog trembled violently, and the bristles rose round its neck like a ruff. Then it suddenly became rigid; the jaws dropped asunder, and the ears were pricked in almost painful tension.

"Pickle!" exclaimed the young man, bringing his face suddenly so close to the dog's that their noses touched; "Pickle, speak to me! Say Master."

* Von Glaben was a German scientist, who carried mesmerism out of itself, and developed a far superior method of procedure. At the time of writing, I believe only one of his disciples still exists. Ten years ago, I knew of six others: two were lost in an extinct crater, one was killed at a level crossing, and the remaining three died mysteriously in lunatic asylums.

The open jaws closed with a sudden snap; the lips twitched spasmodically; the working of the throat showed that the tongue was violently agitated.

"Pickle, if you love me speak."

The words were this time accompanied by a powerful attack upon the animal's brain and tongue. The same symptoms followed the second appeal; and then from between the clenched teeth there came, harsh and grating, as though tearing its way up the dog's throat, the word "Master."

Pronounced in an unearthly tone, the word, half expected as it was, had a momentary effect upon the operator's nerves; but before the current of his influence over the dog had been destroyed he recovered himself, and continued the experiment.

"Do you understand what I say to you?"

This time the answer fell easily and softly from the dog's lips. The unused muscles of the throat had under the influence of Von Glabenism, got quickly over the first shock and fallen at once into working order. "I understand all you say to me."

"Can you speak except under the influence? I mean, could you speak if I withdraw my eyes from you—so?"

The young man turned away, and destroyed, for a moment, the *rapproch* between the dog and himself. The animal was powerless to reply. Resuming the former conditions, the operator then continued—

"Do you retain the remembrance of your former life or are you oblivious to the past?"

"You use very long words."

"Is your condition altered? Do you remember anything that happened to-day?"

"I am still your little dog Pickle, and please will you give me that big bone you sent away on your plate at dinner-time?"

"Yes; and every night, if you are good, you shall have a big bone after you've been mesmerized. I want you to go about into people's gardens and houses, and hear all you can, and then in the evening you must tell me all about it."

"Yes; but let me go now. I want to scratch myself, and I can't move my leg."

Rapidly making the liberating *passee* the young

man withdrew his eyes from the dog, and instantly springing from the table, it rolled over on the hearthrug, and, heaving a deep sigh, went off into a doze. It was evident that the experiment had prostrated the dog, and left it weak and languid. For the moment even the bone was forgotten.

Not at first did the full meaning of the feat he had performed dawn upon Pickle's master. It was only by degrees, as he sat thinking before the dying embers, that the revelation came to him of what he might accomplish with a talking dog. He never for a moment entertained the idea of making the discovery public. Rather should it be to him a source of secret enjoyment, heightened by the knowledge that the whole proceeding was in direct violation of the laws of nature, and as "uncanny" as the wild revels peculiar to a witch's holiday.

For many a night after that Pickle and her master talked together for a quarter of an hour in the evening. The doors were always carefully locked before the preliminaries commenced, and the Von Glabenistic influence was limited to a short period, as the dog evidently suffered physically if the interview was prolonged.

An intelligent and observant animal, Pickle brought to her master many queer items of news about his neighbours, and he encouraged her prying habits, having already conceived the idea of earning fame as an amateur detective, and employing the dog as an unsuspected agent.

When Pickle had anything of importance to communicate, her intelligence was rewarded with a choice bone; but when she had been spending the day with other dogs, and listening to them instead of to their owners, her conversation was not interesting to her master, and she forfeited the dainty *honorarium*.

One evening she had been out all day, and returned long after her usual time, looking very muddy about the feet and very tumbled and dirty about the coat. Her tail, usually defiantly poised in the air, was curled tightly between her legs, and she crawled rather than walked into the library, where her master was waiting for her.

The door was closed and the curtains drawn, and then Pickle, looking the picture of downcast

doggedness, was lifted on to the table and Von Glabenized.

"You bad dog," exclaimed her master sharply, "what makes you so late? You've been playing with those low dogs by the canal. Look at your coat!"

"No, I haven't been playing by the canal, and I don't know any low dogs."

"Where have you been, then?"

"Only next door."

"Then, you wicked dog, why didn't you come in before?"

"Because—well, because I didn't want the police inspector to see me."

"What had you done, then?"

"Don't be cross, and I'll tell you all about it. You know little Tommy Bowles, who lives next door?"

"The boy that comes after my apple-tree?"

"Yes; and you said you'd cut his head off if you caught him again. Well, *somebody has cut his head off*, for his father found him lying just against the garden wall without it, and I saw him picked up, and so I thought I'd listen; and presently I heard them say they believed you'd done it, and they sent for the inspector from the police station up the street; and I hid under the table, and when he came, he said there was no doubt you'd done it, but the difficulty would be to prove it."

"But I never cut Tommy Bowles's head off."

"Yes, you did."

"What do you mean, dog? Are you mad?"

"You know you flung a broken plate over the wall this morning; didn't you?"

"Well?"

"Well, just as you threw it Tommy Bowles was climbing up the wall to get at your apple-tree, and it caught his neck, and *cut his head right off*."

The young man sprang to his feet in an instant. A cold perspiration burst from every pore. He had taken human life, and his victim lay headless next door. He turned hurriedly to Pickle for further information, but the dog had left the table, and was stretched quietly on the hearthrug, gnawing a bone. The concentration of her master's will had been disturbed, the conditions under which the phenomena were possible had been destroyed.

For fully an hour he endeavoured vainly to bring himself into a fit state to control the animal's will. At last, by a mighty effort, he succeeded.

"Pickle, go on; tell me *all* you heard."

The influence was evidently weak, for Pickle, instead of answering, cast a wistful glance at the half-gnawed bone on the hearthrug.

"You shan't have that bone again at all, if you don't answer," cried her master, angrily.

For a moment the dog cocked her head on one side, and appeared to be thinking; then she resumed her narrative, but in a hesitating, timorous manner, not usual with her when talking.

"Did any one see the—ah—accident, Pickle?"

"No; but Tommy Bowles's father and a neighbour who'd dropped in said they'd heard you threaten to do it over and over again. Then one of them said, 'Ah! if that dog of his could speak, it would tell us all about it, I warrant;' and then——"

"Go on, go on!"

"Hush! Perhaps somebody's listening."

"Whisper."

"Well, then the inspector jumped up and said, 'By Jove! it wouldn't be the first dog who'd hanged a man!' and then said presently, 'If that dog saw it done—and ten to one she did—I'll have it out of her, see if I don't.'"

"What did he mean, Pickle?"

"Why, he's found out you Von Glabenize me, and make me talk; and *he'll do the same if he catches me*. When I heard this, master, I sneaked out of the room and ran for my life; and I went, oh! such a long way round, and waited till it was quite dark, for fear he should see me come in; and that's what made me so late. I may finish that bone now, mayn't I?"

Freeing the dog from control, the young man flung himself heavily into a chair. His position was desperate. The little harmless dog, gnawing away at its bone as though nothing had happened, had his life upon its tongue. Why, in the hands of a man like the inspector—a man who evidently knew the secret he fancied he himself alone possessed—the dog's evidence would hang him twenty times over. He felt his collar tighten round his

neck as he thought of it. Who would believe it was only an accident? His threat to cut off Tommy Bowles's head had been heard all over the neighbourhood. He had flung the fatal plate; the dog had seen him do it; the dog could be made to speak, and the inspector knew how to make it.

Suddenly the thought struck him, "Pickle is the only witness who could prove the actual deed. How if I were to—to—put her out of the way?"

The young man's face had been ghastly pale till then. Hardly had his brain conceived the thought than his cheeks were suffused with a blush of honest shame.

Kill his dear, faithful little Pickle! Never. The accidentally-shed gore of Tommy Bowles was on his lands already; should he dye them a deeper crimson with the blood of an innocent, loving little dog? Perish the thought! Come what might, they would share the worst together.

Terror! Great Powers! Why, at any moment the tyrmidons of the law might be hammering at his door; he might be in gaol, and Pickle in the power of that confounded, meddling inspector. Not a second was to be lost.

* * * * *

Late that night a young man stole cautiously down the steps of the house in — Street, and hailed a passing hansom. From beneath the folds of his ulster peered the sharp black muzzle of a little dog.

Three weeks later man and dog stood upon the deck of the good ship *Grampus*, bound for Ujiji with ice, lucifer matches, and grey shirtings.

"What is that island yonder?" asked the man of the first mate, who was leaning over the bulwark near him.

The man shaded his eyes and looked.

"What? Oh, that's a desert island. We're out of our course, through the fogs, a good bit, or we shouldn't be near it."

"Don't ships ever go nearer than this to it?"

"No fear. There's generally nasty rocks off such places. We always keep as far away from 'em as we can."

That night, shortly after dark, the captain, walking round his ship, must have noticed an unusual appearance on the port side, for one of the boats was missing.

And so were the man and the dog.

And the man and the dog are sitting side by side now, as this confession is written, and the boat is high and dry on the desert island, where it has been their hut and home for ten long years.

So ends our confession.

"Bow, wow, wow!"

"Ah, my doggie, if you'd never been able to speak any language but that, we shouldn't be here now. Still, it was best we came. Wherever we had gone among the haunts of men, we should have been recognized. A man and a dog—full description—five hundred pounds reward! No, my poor old Pickle, we should have been caught; and you wouldn't have liked to hang your master, would you? By Jove! Pickle, I've a good mind to Von Glabenize you again, just to talk over old times. I've never done it since that fatal evening. Shall we have a talk again, just for once? Shall we, old girl?"

"Why, if ever a dog said yes with his eyes and tail, you do now. So I will, then. So! look at me well while I make the passes. Come, that's it! Why, you go off easier now, my dog, than you did ten years ago. Steady! now for a try. Pickle, why, how you tremble!"

"Master!"

"Why, what a tone! Are you frightened, my dog?"

"Master, I want to talk about Tommy Bowles."

"No, hang it, my dog! some pleasanter subject than that, please."

"But, master, I've been wanting to tell you about Tommy Bowles for ten years. Oh, master! you didn't cut his head off."

"What!"

"Nobody cut it off—it wasn't cut off at all. Oh! do forgive me!—and there wasn't any inspector; and, please, I made it all up."

"But—surely—confound it, Pickle! I don't understand! Ain't I a murderer, then?"

"No."

"But, in the name of all that's canine, why should you make all this up?"

"Because I *had* been playing with low dogs up by the canal all day, and I thought you wouldn't give me the bone if I didn't tell you something,

and be cross with me, and so I made it up about Tommy Bowles."

"Oh, Pickle! Pickle! and for ten long years have you and I been on this desert island because you told me a lie! Why the deuce didn't you undeceive me before?"

"How could I? You never Von Glabenized me."

"Pickle, old dog, we've been friends too long to quarrel over this. Give me your paw. I forgive you."

"Master, do men ever, when people want news, and they haven't got any to give them, make things up like I did?"

"Certainly not: only a foolish dog would do such a thing as that. Halloa! there's a boat coming, Pickle. We're discovered."

"Bow, wow, wow!"

"It comes nearer! Never mind, we don't dread it now. Why, Pickle, look! That face in the bows! Why, I'm blest if it isn't Tommy Bowles!"

From the "Times," August 13th, 187—.

"The ship *Femina*, Captain Bowles, with iron rails and cutlery from Ujiji, reached Milwall this morning. She brings with her a gentleman and his dog, who were discovered by Captain Bowles's son Thomas, on a desert island where they had been cast away ten years ago."

There is no reason now why this confession, written on that island, should be kept from the public. Pickle is agreeable to its publication; and if she is not ashamed of her share in the story, I am sure I need not be of mine.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

A LAZY LAY.

A FIG for the world, with its bothers and worries,
Its days of distraction, and nights of regret,
Its cities of commerce, where everyone hurries,
Some to get into, and some out of, debt!
Close up the town-house with bar and with door-lock,
Leave me to bask 'neath a zenith of blue,
Unheeding old Time with his scythe and his forelock,
So long as I've freedom and nothing to do.

Not on the Continent: there you have mountains
That call for exertion and straining of nerve;
Not by the famous old classical fountains
Could I the calm tenor of living preserve;
For there you meet someone so learnedly talking
Of things he has read of and men that he knew,
That, to make your escape, you must struggle at
walking,—
Not at all in accordance with nothing to do.

Not in the covert, nor yet in the stubble,
'Mid rattle of guns and 'mid clamour of birds:
I must further escape from the region of trouble
Of keen emulation and feverish words.

I can find no enjoyment in steadily whipping

A stream where the fish are much wiser than you,
Where I still run the risk of a show'r or a dipping,
Which are both inconsistent with nothing to do.

I recall afternoons in a bygone September—

The happiest days of my lazy old life—
When a pleasant companion—but now I remember
That pleasant companion is somebody's wife:
Why did she leave me, and cease her sweet chatter,
And wed such a priggish and prosperous screw?
I've a sort of suspicion that what was the matter
Was a rooted belief I had nothing to do.

I'm as far from my point as I was at beginning,
And I only request folks to leave me alone;
I haven't now energy even for sinning,

But I never waste breath in the making of moan.
'Tis all in ourselves that we're joyous or blighted,
You'll find the old dramatist's dictum is true;
So I'll rest in the shade with a cigarette lighted,
And the blissful reflection, I've nothing to do.

JOHN THOMSON.

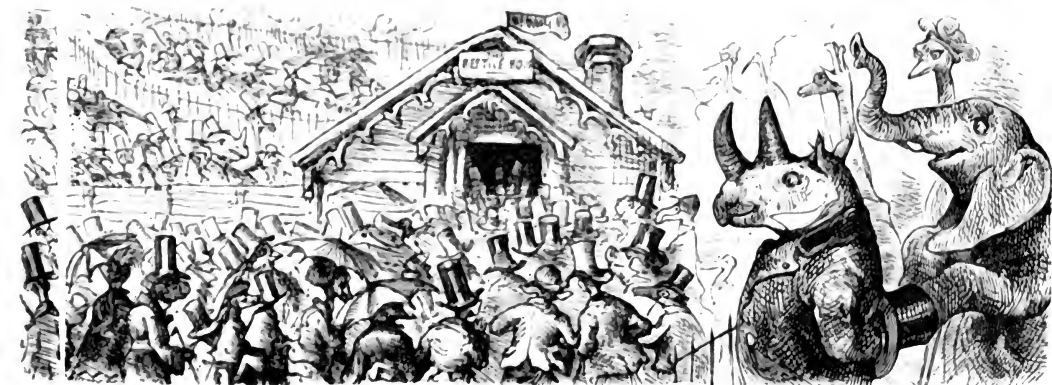
BANK HOLIDAY AT THE "ZOO."



ON THE WAY.



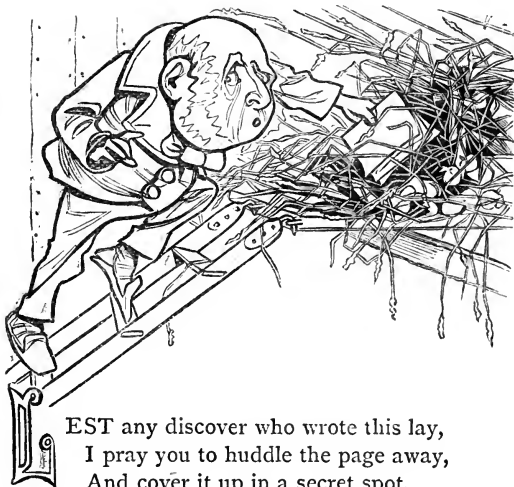
HERE TO PAY.



THE CRUSH TO SEE THE SHOW.

THE MYSTICAL UNION.

A Legend of the British Workman.



NEVER EST any discover who wrote this lay,
I pray you to huddle the page away,
And cover it up in a secret spot,
Where nobody's like to pry ;
And, further, should any detect the same,
I beg of you, Reader, conceal my name ;
For terribly wicked I am, and not
Prepared in the least to die.

For, Reader, the theme of this story is
The UNION—terrible thing to quiz !
Than ridicule it in the songs I sing,
I'd better by half be dead.
I'm nohow aware what a "Union" 's like,
Except that it's terribly swift to "strike"—
However, I'm sure it's a dreadful thing :
A mystery, vague but dread.

To open my narrative. Let me say
That Peter the Polisher's ruling trait
Was limitless reverence yielded to
The Mystery named above ;
He gave to the terrible "League" the whole
Unqualified love of his awe-struck soul ;
Its mystical influence thrilled him through
With placid content and love.

He registered to it a binding vow,
Declaring, by all he respected, how
He never, so long as he kept alive,
Would any way lend his hand
To doing a atom of labour such
As polishers wasn't supposed to touch,
Nor polish a inch when the hour of five
Had tinkled about the land.



From which it's apparent the League must be
A species of idol it seems to me,
Or sort of a kind of a heathen ghost,
That frightens away one's breath ;
And such is its terror that fills my mind,
I'm frequently frightened to look behind,
For fear it is eyeing me round a post
To single me out for death !

Well, being ambitious (as people are),
The Polisher started for lands afar,
To follow his calling and wax him rich —
(A flattering theme to con !)—
But, losing his way by a want of care,
He wrecked on an island with no one there ;
(By reason he couldn't escape) the which
He had to remain upon.

He'd plenty of liquor to quench his thirst,
 And puddings he'd saved from the hold at first ;
 But when he had eaten his larder out,
 And swallowed his final draught,
 Much tempted he was in his hopeless mood
 To make him some arrows and find him food ;
 But NO !—he remembered his oath about
 Pursuing no alien craft.

He might have selected the nearest trees,
 And built him a cabin of logs, with ease—
 This wasn't a polisher's labour, though,
 But such as the League forbid ;
 So, knowing in duty delights abound,
 He cheerfully polished the trees around,
 And—living unfed for a year or so,
 Yet loving his League—was glad.

Then, later, an accident chanced to bring
 A skipper, in search of a water-spring,
 Who basely attempted to render dead
 The Polisher's Union Vow :



'Take passage,' he said, 'as a foremast hand ;
 I'll carry you back to your native land !'
 The guiltily-wavering workman fled,
 While agony bathed his brow.

What penance he suffered, what dire fatigue,
 Alone with the leaves and the Union League,
 Oh, that is a mystery which to solve
 No being may e'er contrive !
 But afterwards, happy and purified,
 He set him to polishing far and wide,
 Yet watching the hands of his watch revolve
 And finishing "sharp" at five.

No traitor non-Unionist clothed with vice
 Stood handy to serve as a sacrifice,
 And "rattening," out in that lonely spot,
 Was only an empty term ;
 His profitless labour, his teeth, his hair,
 Were all he could offer the Union there—
 (On naming the Union, I hide my face,
 And tremble, a helpless worm !)



And waiting—how vainly !—for five one day,
 He worked till the following dawn was grey—
 His wicked repeater had stopped at four :
 He'd broken his oath at last !!
 No wailings affrighted the rocks around—
 Doth agony trifle with empty sound ?—
 No ! Laying him down on the wave-beat shore
 The Polisher sighed—and pass't.

J. F. S.

DEMAND AND SUPPLY: A Savage Story.



The King of the Cannibals' rage at the scarcity of food.

Calmness restored by the capture of a Geographer.



The Geographer being lean, the King holds parley with him.

Laying their heads together, they originate a brilliant idea, which the Geographer at once transmits home.



Success beyond expectation. Prospects of a hearty meal.

THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.

"Glasses only are served in this department."

SEATED alone in a "parlour," where liquor of various colours
Foamed or was still in the glasses, we gazed on a man of the people—
Aged and toilworn was he, but of mien philosophic and thoughtful ;
And sadly he gazed on the wayfaring crowd that were smoking and drinking ;
Then would he, shaking his occiput, sigh for the sins of the selfish—
Groaning to think how the money was spent in the drink-dissipation—
Fuming to think of the ways of the drouthy and drink-loving idle—
Fretting to think how the drink-hobby cantered with never a bridle !

Thus to himself did he mutter, the censure within his breast glowing—
Then did he launch forth the tempest that scathed us who heard it descending :
"People of England !" he shouted, "your crimes and your vices immoral
Call down the strictures of Lawson. Ye know ye are drinking for ever—
Drinking at morn and at noon, and again to your shame in the even.
Tossing the potful of porter, or otherwise the cannikin clinking !
Shame on the country that passes its whole time—and Sundays—in drinking !

"People of England !" he shouted—and we stood confounded and conscious,
Beer-glass suspended in air, and the blood fast forsaking our faces :
"People of England, be cautious!—for lo ! cometh forth the destruction
Born of the habit you have now—the habit that's ever increasing.
Well I remember the time—it is now fifty years and a fortnight—
When new-fangled systems of serving were first introduced into England ;
Well I remember the morning when Dregs, the fat host of the 'Dragon,'
Made all his measures of glass, and destroyed the imperial flagon.

"But 'tis not of this I complain, for my grievance is mightily greater ;
Deep is my sorrow and woful. I'm sad when I'm thinking of England—
England, the place of my birth, and the home of my boyhood's devotion ;
Scene of my love and my loss, and the sound of my loud lamentation :
England ! I mourn when I think of my country that's cursed by the drink-god—
Cursed to the depths by the gin-fiend, as also of rum and of whisky.
But more do I grieve when I think of myself,—in the whole of this placeful
Nobody asks me to liquor. By Lawson !—it's simply disgraceful !"

H. S.

MY MAD TENANT.

I AM rather of an eccentric turn of mind—at
least, so all my friends say, and perhaps they
are correct. When I say I am eccentric, I do not
mean that I dress in peculiarly cut clothes, let my

hair fall on my shoulders in matted locks, or show
an aversion for soap and water. On the contrary,
I don't think you will find a more tidy old bachelor
in dress and person than myself anywhere. My

eccentricity is shown in an inordinate love of the mysterious. As a boy I ruined my eyesight by reading terrible tragedies, horrible histories, hideous homicides, and strange stories. These I would repeat to my nurse Janet Gruesome, a plain and simple—I might say *very* plain and simple—country girl, holding her by my bedside of a night, shivering with cold and terror as she listened.

Life was full of misfortune for me until I was turned forty, when a mysterious uncle of mine, who had left England whilst I was still a baby, died in Australia, and left me the sole heir to his vast wealth. I instantly settled with my creditors, and taking my “nurse” and my romances, started for the country, determined to wander about and seek for the marvellous.

One day I came across a vast gloomy mansion that exactly suited my fancy. It was a weird and ghostly building, with whispering voices in its ivy-clad walls, doors that opened directly they were shut, and shut directly they were opened. Long corridors lighted by narrow windows let into recesses, so that on moonlight nights the shadows of the tall trees outside took spectral shapes, and seemed pointing with bony fingers to spots where deeds of violence had been done; whilst the withered branches tapped eagerly against the window-panes as if they were houseless ghosts wishing to take up their abode in this mysterious mansion. I was delighted, and determined to take it at once. The agent was soon found, and the terms agreed upon; but there was one clause in the lease which I did not like: it was even too mysterious to please *me*. By it the superior landlord, Mr. Thomas Balcombe, held all rights over one room on the first floor, a small chamber, the shutters and door of which were closed and securely fastened. I inquired the reason of this, but the agent could give me no positive information. He believed the room contained the family papers and portraits, and that Mr. Balcombe had locked them up there for security.

“But,” said I, “it is so mysterious to have a sort of Bluebeard chamber in your house.”

“I quite agree with you, sir,” replied the agent; “and told Mr. Balcombe so; but he is a strange

man, and will have his own way. It’s nearly twenty years now since that room was locked up. At first it made a great noise in the village, and strange stories were circulated; but that soon died out, and except telling these stories at a Christmas-time, or when a stranger asks for them, they are never heard. Sometimes people come for a picnic in the wood yonder, and go to see the ‘haunted house,’ as they call it, but I never let them in. I never heard it was really haunted.”

We agreed eventually as to terms, and in a couple of weeks I arrived from London, bringing with me Janet Gruesome, two maid-servants, and some fine old plate and jewellery my uncle had left me.

It was a dreary night when I arrived at the “Yews,” as my new abode was called. But I was happy enough. A cheery fire was lighted in the oak-panelled room, and whilst the servants prepared my supper, I unpacked the plate, and arranged it on the sideboard to make the place look brighter. When I had done this and finished my supper, I drew an arm-chair to the fire, mixed myself a stiff glass of something warm, lit my meerschaum pipe, and commenced reading one of my most favourite tales of terror and imagination. I had just reached the most thrilling situation, when the parlour door was thrown violently open, and Janet Gruesome rushed into the room.

“Master!” she whispered, in trembling tones, “the secret room is open, *and it’s coming out.*”

“It’s coming out?” I cried. “*What* is coming out?”

“The ghost, master! it’s coming downstairs following of me.”

“Then shut the door, you idiot!” I exclaimed, for to tell the truth I never felt less inclined to see a ghost in all my life. “And bolt it!”

She turned to obey my orders, but was too late, for at that very moment a venerable white-haired old gentleman, clad in a velvet dressing-gown and scarlet slippers, entered the room.

“I beg your pardon,” he said, rather nervously. “I hope I do not disturb you. I was not aware you haunted to-night. I believe you are fresh ghosts, or”—here he lowered his voice—“are you ghosts in embryo?”

"Sir!" I exclaimed, "you must know that this house is mine."

"Indeed!" said the creature, sitting down in my arm-chair and drinking my grog; "has my cousin Tom let it to you, or are you a Balcombe?"

"I am *not* a Balcombe," I cried impatiently, for I knew now he could not be a ghost—spectres don't drink spirits; "still, this house is mine: from the chimneys to the cellars, all—"

"But one room," interrupted my mysterious guest; "that Tom could not—would not—let. You would not have been happy had he done so. I keep the ghosts in there. Sometimes one or two escape, and then I come out to hunt for them. I thought you were ghosts—stray ones, you know—at first. I'll take a little more brandy and water. That room is cold, and ghosts are dull fellows at best; they are never lively. Come, my dear sir, sit down and be cheerful."

Man or ghost, the creature evidently knew the art of making himself at home. He mixed some more brandy and water, then took up my pipe, lit it, and commenced smoking.

"J net!" I whispered, "he is not a ghost: he is a man."

"Madman!" cried the thing, looking up suddenly for his ears were evidently as sharp as his eyes. "Madman! why, that is what Cousin Tom used to call me, but he was wrong. I *was* mad when I had fierce passions and tried to strangle him—but then the change came, and I was light, ethereal—a spirit. Tom saw this, and knowing that I talked to the ghosts of our ancestors, gave me a room to collect them in. That's *the* room. Get us some more glasses," he continued, turning to Janet, "more glasses and pipes: we will be merry."

"He is mad," I whispered. "Do as he bids you; we must humour him. But make haste back, Janet."

"Come! that looks well," he cried, when we all had some hot grog and I was smoking. "Your health, Mr.—I beg pardon, what name?"

"Judberry, sir," I replied sternly, "Judberry."

"Judberry, Judberry?" he muttered absently;—"don't know the name. Perhaps he is a butler."

"No, sir," I exclaimed, swelling with indignation, "I am not a butler. This house is *mine*, sir; the

brandy you are drinking is *mine*, sir, and the pipe you are smoking is *mine*, sir."

"All of them very nice too, Mr. Judberry, I am sure," he answered, calmly puffing out his smoke and closing his bright eyes in luxurious enjoyment; "very nice indeed. So you are Judberry? I am Briareus Balcombe. You know me, of course?"

"I can't say I do, sir. To tell you the truth, I never saw or heard of you until now—and," I added to myself, "I never wish to again."

"Never heard of me?" he cried in astonishment. Then lowering his voice to a sweet melancholy, he added, "then I will tell you my history. Be silent: stir not, but listen to the history of Briareus the poet of the Balcombes; the betrayed lover—he of the broken heart."

I was in my glory—I was about to hear the mystery of the Bluebeard chamber.

"When I was but a youth," commenced Briareus, "my uncle, who then owned this mansion, returned from Italy, bringing with him a lovely girl. How can I describe her beauty? It is impossible! It was the beauty of a dark wild night, wherein the placid moon and gentle stars are shining, yet the sighing of the wind proclaims the coming storm. So shone her glorious face, calm and pure, yet ever and anon the flashes from those wondrous orbs, her eyes, told of the fire within her soul. I loved her. Time passed on, and at last she owned that she returned my passion, but bade me keep our love secret, as she dreaded my uncle's wrath. Just at this time my cousin Tom procured me a lucrative berth in India, and with a light heart I started for that land of fortunes, for I believed I should soon amass riches and be able to return to claim Elvina.

"On my arrival in India I learned that my uncle had died, and that Tom had come into his estates. 'My uncle dead, one obstacle to my marriage is removed,' I cried; and I worked on with renewed vigour. But, alas! I was struck down by a sun-stroke, fever followed, and I was ordered home.

"How long we were making the passage I know not. A gentleman—rather a rough fellow, though—who had volunteered to be my constant companion, said it was a short voyage: to me it seemed years. At length we arrived, and taking

a post chaise, we drove to the 'Yews.' I told my companion at Southampton that I did not require his company any more ; but he would not leave me until he saw me, as he said, 'safe in my cousin's care.' But why dwell upon this painful history? I rushed into this very room, and embracing Elvina, cried, 'Elvina ! Elvina ! behold thy Briareus returned to claim his bride !' To my horror she thrust me from her, and rushing to my cousin, threw herself into his arms, asking her dear, dear Tom to save her from the madman.

"Madam," I cried, 'are you not my affianced?'

"Briareus," exclaimed Tom, 'you are mad : *this lady is my wife.*'

"I saw it all at a glance," moaned the poor mad creature, making my heart bleed for him. "I knew then why I had been sent to India—why this woman had made me keep our engagement secret. She loved my cousin's gold !

"My passion rose ; I could not control myself. With a cry more like that of a wild beast than a man, I sprang upon Tom. I had him by the throat, and would have killed him, but the man who came with me from India—he who called himself my friend—turned traitor for gold. He dragged me away from my cousin and felled me to the earth. My keeper ! They said I was mad, and locked me up in *the* chamber. Not alone : no, no, not alone ; they cannot shut out the ghosts. They come and tell me stories—wild, horrible stories. I will tell them to you some night. Hark ! the ghosts call me. I must go at once, or they will come here. Farewell : to-morrow !"

Slowly he crept from the room, Mrs. Gruesome and I following. Our hearts ached for him.

We saw him enter the mysterious chamber, and heard him lock himself in.

"Mrs. Gruesome," said I, "we will go to bed. He, poor fellow, is harmless, but to-morrow I will see the agent, who must provide a keeper. I do not want Mr. Briareus removed until I have heard his stories. It will save my eyesight, not reading at night. Good night, Janet. Say nothing of this to the servants, and do not be afraid. He is quite a gentleman, and harmless."

I retired to my apartment, double-locked the door, and barricaded it, in case of accidents.

Next morning I arose late, and descended to breakfast, which ought to have been ready at least an hour earlier. Judge my astonishment at finding the room in confusion, and Janet Gruesome in even greater confusion than the apartment.

"He has gone, sir !" she cried, as I entered the parlour.

"Who has gone?" I demanded.

"The mad gentleman. He must have left the house in the middle of the night."

"Well, well," I replied, "perhaps it is better so. He was a nuisance. If he has drowned himself it is no fault of ours : we were not his keepers ; so let me have breakfast. Get the tea and coffee service my uncle left me."

"Your uncle left them, sir, but the mad gentleman ain't," sobbed Janet ; "he's taken 'em, sir, and the silver spirit-stand as well."

"What ! taken my silver service?"

"Yes, sir ; and every other piece of silver, and all the jewellery he could find, as well as——"

I could hear no more, but rushing to the house agent, told him all about it.

"You have been done," he said, quietly ; "there never was a Mr. Briareus Balcombe. The room only contained pictures and some old furniture of no particular value, but favourites of Mr. Balcombe, so he locks them up. Come to the police."

He hurried me off to the police inspector, to whom I related this sad history.

"That's Solenn Smith's work for a pound," cried the inspector, laughing. "I heard he had been in this neighbourhood. Deuced clever fellow ; could have made a fortune on the stage if he liked. No doubt he found out all about the room, and also heard—asking your pardon, sir—that you had queer crotchets, so got into the house when it was empty, picked the lock of the room, and played the madman. I know him, sir, and will be after him."

This was four years ago. And the police are after my Mad Tenant still.

ALFRED R. PHILLIPS.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE. By a Wicked Wag-ner.



1. Instruments
2. Instrumentalists.
3. Musicians of the past.
4. The Refreshment Counter "in Concert"-Philharmonic.
5. The Patent Transatlantic Pneumatic Safety Dispatch Service, fitted with Patent Organ blown by the rush of the wind.

6. Host (to Footman): "James, just turn on the ballad music in the billiard-room, will you?"
7. Lady (to Professor): "I should wish, of course, my daughter to learn, besides all the other instruments, the new one more especially—the Chrypthocorviogthupigiecoioigtpuqiorlign—(rest of name omitted for want of space)."



THE MUSICAL BOX.

I.

THE musical box was itself a mystery; nobody knew how she came by it. There was a sort of tradition—or was it a dream or a fancy, or a mingling of dream, fancy, tradition, and fact?—that she had found it when a child under a bed of heartsease. It was a very wonderful musical box. When it played it drove the bad thoughts out of people's heads, and put in good ones. Sometimes she could hear the music herself, and sometimes not. Sometimes everybody in a company could hear the music, and would know that the others were hearing it too; sometimes it would be heard by each person separately.

But the law of the instrument was as wonderful as anything else. That law was that you were not to attempt to force the music. Often the musical box would play of itself, when carried by the lovely maiden who had first received it; in a few cases it had been heard to play of itself when lent by her to some friend, though such cases were rare. When I say play of itself, I mean that no hand had in those cases consciously moved the spring. It seemed as if it were set in motion, and, indeed, as if the tune were dictated—partly, at least—by some emanation from the person who carried the box. It might, indeed, be set going by hand without injury and

without producing discords, but only in certain rare cases; and the law of the music was that the instrument must make the first sign—must show its willingness to be made to play. This it showed in a very singular way: the case of the instrument turning of a soft amethystine purple—lucid, and, indeed, luminous, and shot with unspeakably gentle lightnings of opalescent fire within. If touched at such times, the instrument would yield excellent music. But the coming and going of the wind was not more uncertain than the coming and going of these tunes—especially if the box had been lent by its owner. She herself could usually tell, by the fine tremor that ran from head to foot, when the instrument was about to flush purple, and give a friendly hand the privilege of touching it. But others had to watch, or rather, to wait; for, when watched, it is said that this musical box was like the homely kettle, that will not boil till you take your eyes off it and go about your business.

II.

THE accounts of the way in which the sweet girl came into possession of this box are, as they stand, incredible. They say she was a child of a most noble, patient, and serviceable nature; so that they used to look for wings to spring from her shoulders, and see her go up bodily into the blue in her shoes

and stockings. All this sort of thing I have heard of a child here and there ; and I quite believe it all, mind you. But the rest is not coherent.

One chilly day she had parted with half her clothes to a child in rags, whom she had met on the banks of the river, and had then stepped into a little one-sailed boat, and pleased herself with its rocking. It was a heavenly day, and the river ran beautiful and gently swift between its soft green banks. While she was listening idly to the lapping of the little waves against the fine pebbles of the bank, a wind seemed to sing in the little white sail, and away she went in the fairy boat. It made its own gentle way through the narrows and sinuosities made by small islands and clumps of reeds and osiers ; and all the while the wind made music in the white sail ; and whether she slept, or woke, or half dreamed, who knows ? Or who can tell how it led her to Inhoents' Island, and crept into a bowery creek in the very heart of that sweet land—threaded, as we know it to be, by pellucid waters in a thousand shy and graceful lines ?

It was now evening—an evening in warm mid-June. The air was sweet with wandering odours ; the trees made deeper and deeper dusk, as the fairy boat passed lingeringly on—by rose, and lily, and honeysuckle—under flowering limes and bending spire of fern and foxglove. A nightingale smote the silence with his song, and she turned suddenly to where she thought the voice came from. Half hidden in a bed of pansies, she saw what she almost thought was a great glowworm. She stepped out from the boat on to the bank, and stooped down by the pansies to look at this luminous purple thing. The nightingale sang again, and she fancied his song bade her take up this new wonder. She put forth her hand and took it, and it broke forth in heavenly music. Was it not alive ? Was it only a fancy that it nestled to her, and invited her to hide it in her bosom ?

But, after all, it is idle to ask these questions on so wild a theme—as idle as it would be to believe that the next morning she found herself asleep as usual in her fair white bed, with the musical box in her bosom. These things cannot be true, but those who think proper may say that “there is something

in it, perhaps,” or that “the story is true as far as it goes.”

III.

WE have seen that this musical box was so far alive as to have what seemed a will of its own. The truth is there was no will in the matter ; but, as I know it is of no use to insist or to explain in these cases, and that people will have it, after all, that there *was* a will, let us say a will of its own. Quite unasked—and, indeed, unthought of—by its lovely owner, it would begin to play in the most unlikely places, and at the most unlikely times.

We have seen that the music always drove away bad thoughts, and put in good thoughts. The clergyman of the parish, who was a hard-headed, hard-souled, hard-fisted man, said that she ought to take it to the gaol, and set it going amongst the prisoners ; and he insisted on her going there with it, but not a note would it play.

“The music will not be forced,” said she.

“What !” said the clergyman, horrified, “not with a good motive ?”

She shook her head, and turned away with a sad smile.

But the next Sunday, as she sat in church, the box began to play. She trembled, but it went on all the more. A change went over the faces of the people, and the clergyman saw it. As it befell, the music was not for him this time, and he did not hear a note of it ; but he saw that something had happened, and that his sermon was not being listened to. This made him very angry, and he said to himself, “I wish the girl had brought her musical box with her, and that she would just set it going, to drive the bad thoughts out of the people’s heads. Why cannot they listen to my discourse ?”

Now, the sermon was not his at all ; it was one that he had bought of a dealer, and it was all about the slaughter of the Canaanites.

IV.

ONE of the most curious things about this musical box was the tenacity of its life. It was not easy to hurt it—at least, in some ways. As the maiden grew in years she found this out. To attempt to

force its music was what injured it ; but the mere violence of hatred could not destroy it or, seemingly, harm it. Once upon a time an enraged madman had seen it, and had made a desperate attempt to shiver it to atoms with his club ; but the box had remained unhurt. The blow was one which looked as if the instrument must be ground to powder under it ; but it remained unhurt—only sending forth a long loud strain of music more mournful than usual. The evil spirit passed out of the man's mind ; his anger left him ; and he went his way as gently as a little child.

V.

BUT the clergyman of the parish had a son whom his father had long been counselling to marry, and who cast eyes of longing admiration upon this maiden. And he wooed her, and she thought she loved him—perhaps she might have come to love him in time—and they were married. This was not with his father's consent, because the maiden was not rich enough for his notions ; and, besides, he did not think she was as tractable as she ought to be, or as persevering as she ought to be in trying to make her musical box yield its treasures.

"She ought to force it when the motive is good," said the old clergyman. "What makes society what it is? Good motives. What made you marry me, my dear?"—(that was to his wife, you know)—"Good motives. What made me marry you? Good motives. What made—" Here he was interrupted by a letter to tell him that his son had got married against his will.

After a time he came to look more indulgently upon what his son had done in marrying the maiden ; but he was also more curious than ever about the musical box, and more resolved than ever to force its secret if he could. So he now made friends with his son and the young wife, and kept on urging his son to compel his wife to bring the wonderful music within the range of a rational and complete and well-directed moral discipline : those were his very words.

"I am sure, my dear," the husband would say, "that I can make that box play by touching the

spring. It ought to be made to yield the sw music whenever we think it might do good."

The young wife was made eloquent by his importunities, and she asked, with tenderly flashing eyes, "Where did you learn to make angels fetch a carry, or to compel the south wind and the sun to shine?"

Then she laughed and fell on his bosom, and kissed her. And she looked up at him with tears, and said, "Was that done from a good motive?"

But the young man's father kept on urging him to force the secret of the music.

"If this thing cannot be brought under the influence of good motives, and made amenable to a perfected system of moral discipline, then it is an unholy thing—it is witchcraft, and the Bible is directed against witches !"

This seemed to the young man sound argument ; so, one day, he did what the violence of a madman's hatred had once failed to do. He did not strike the instrument with a club, but he pushed and pushed at the spring, as he thought was wise and good.

Time after time he failed. At first the box only sent out complaining discords. By-and-bye the discords grew louder, and the box seemed to quiver and turn red.

One day he had been complaining to his father that his wife did not seem to love him as much as he thought she ought to do ; and in one of the moods which love abhors more than the violence of open hatred he sprang at the box and made a more attempt to force its music. It flashed a bright burnt like a glowing coal—sent forth one angry thunderous peal of discords, and fell shivered into a thousand atoms.

VI.

"THIS is very irritating," said the husband, glaring at his wife, who knelt with clasped hands and silent tears over the fragments. "You knew perfectly well," he continued, "the right way of touching the spring ; but you are so obstinate. And now a public meeting will be held in an hour or two, and there will be no musical box, as advertised." So he slammed the door and went out.

His wife gathered up the fragments with tender patience, not missing one. She put them in a crystal phial, and wore the phial in her bosom. The particles, finer than the finest diamond-dust, glittered and glowed through the crystal, and moved as if they had life, and intended to take some new shape of their own.

But the fact is, the stupid old clergyman had been so confident in the success of his son's tactics, and in the notion that it was only a sort of obstinacy that kept the musical box silent under pressure, that he had actually gone and advertised it for a meeting of the Dorcas Society, or the Tract Association, or something of the sort, that very evening. *Now* we see why the young man was so bent upon getting the upper hand of it all in a hurry. The plan was to get the box to play while the lovely lady sat in full view of the meeting, and then there was to be a collection.

"Our purpose is a high and a holy one," said the pig-headed old man; "and the receipts shall be devoted to the support of this sacred cause." So he had not the slightest doubt of the success of his scheme.

When at the last hour he heard that the box was hopelessly broken, he said, "There is something unknown about that music, you may depend upon it! However, we must think of the sacred cause in which we are engaged; we must mind that that does not suffer; and we must not disappoint the public."

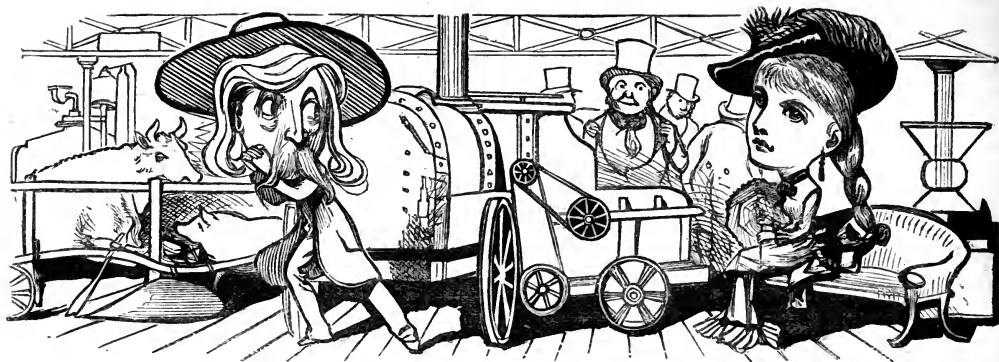
"Certainly not, my dear," said his wife. "Who ever heard of disappointing the public?"

But the music was the difficulty. A piano would be seen; besides, who does not know the music of a piano from that of a musical box? So a curtain was hastily strung up in the assembly-room, and it was decided that something should be played behind the curtain while the lovely lady sat in front. This was in order to deceive the public, and cause it to feel that it was not disappointed. So they caught a poor wandering old woman who had a hurdy-gurdy (there was no time to do much), and set her behind the curtain to turn the handle of her

instrument, and they got the lovely lady to go to the meeting and sit and be looked at. The pig-headed clergyman had previously caused it to be given out that the musical box had now been made amenable to high and holy purposes, and most of the people present were quite prepared to believe that anything they heard was the music of the wonderful instrument. Of course, such of them as had heard it were a little puzzled when the hurdy-gurdy struck up; but they soon got used to it. There sat the beautiful owner of the musical box—she had its fragments in her bosom—and the music of the hurdy-gurdy was loudly applauded. Nearly all the well-behaved and respectable people of the place came up at the close of the meeting to offer her their congratulations, to express their admiration of the music, and their pleasure that she had at last conquered the difficulties of managing the instrument. All these fine speeches the lady received in thunderstruck silence, and it was not till she got home that she learnt from her husband the use to which her presence had been put in order not to disappoint the public, and that a high and a holy cause should not suffer.

The shock which this explanation gave to the lovely lady greatly astonished her husband; but I am sorry to say she had to go into a madhouse with, it seemed, a broken heart. But after a while the life within the treasured fragments, and the warmth of her bosom together, appeared to be moulding the crystal thing that she wore into a new form. It proved to be a heartsease, large and luminous, a wondrous piece of jewellery, as the musical box had been, and she wore it for the pendant of a necklace. She fancied she was on Innocents' Island; and often and often she sang melodies that she had learnt, without knowing it, from the instrument she had found under the flowers there. In the town where it was first played off the hurdy-gurdy trick has been kept up ever since. Those who began it have long ceased even to suspect that there is anything wrong in it. The funds of the cause prosper, and the public do not appear to be disappointed.

MATTHEW BROWNE.



THE PRIDE OF THE SHOW.

YE minstrels who essay to sing
 Despite of meditation,
 And, when your verses get a swing,
 Talk of an inspiration,
 I feel a song-compelling pow'r
 This moment now behind me,
 So much, that in another hour,
 I won't say where you'll find me.

My heart, I hope, is right enough,
 But, oh! my brains are swirling,
 Like boulders in a torrent-trough
 The winter flood sets whirling.
 And if you'd learn of me the why,
 I'll tell you all the reason :
 The other day I did espy
 The Goddess of the season.

You will not guess the place, I trow,
 Where I beheld the beauty,
 So I must tell you, 't was "The Show,"
 Which found her there on duty.
 Of course, you know I mean "The Royal,"
 Whose wonder was "Coomassie"—
 No, faith, that's false! though I'd be loyal—
 Whose glory was my lassie.

I'd seen the marvels of the day,
 Equine and bovine mountains,
 Huge pigs and sheep, and watched the play
 Of Aston's sparkling fountains ;
 Had paused to mark the implements,
 Steam ploughs, and elevators,
 And noted all the incidents
 Unknown unto our *paters*,

When, lo ! a maiden, tall and fair,
 Dark-eyed, and with such features,
 Who trod the earth as if 't were air,
 The stateliest of creatures,
 Majestic as Diana, passed,
 A rare poetic vision—
 No lovelier was ever cast
 In any mould Elysian.

Her cheek was like the morning sky
 Lit up with crimson flushes,
 So beautiful, that every eye
 Hung on the charmer's blushes.
 All sought to learn the damsel's name,
 Some guessed it "Winsome Winda,"
 But in my catalogue the dame
 Is entered "Ethelinda."

EDWARD CAPERN.



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—The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an

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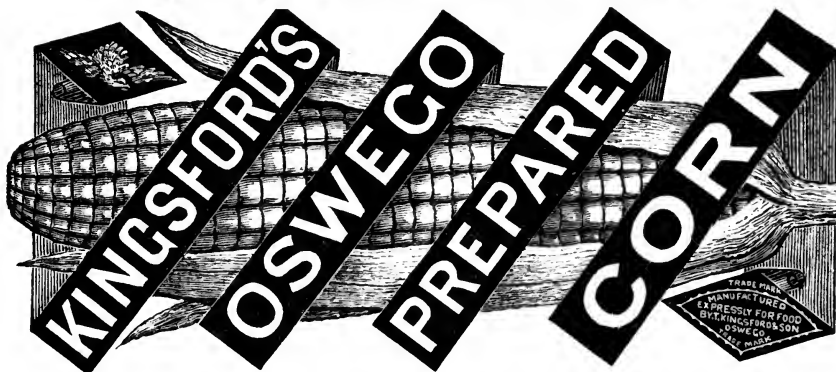
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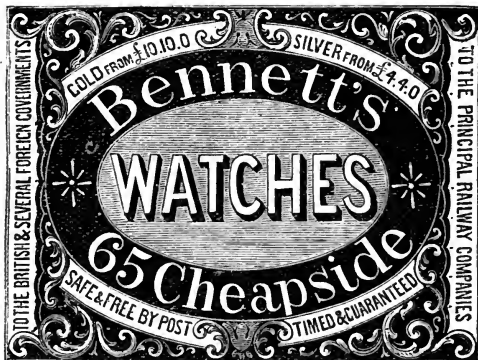
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THE POTENCY OF COMIC ANNUALS.

(An Ill-concealed Advertisement.)



YOU generally find
 That folks of all conditions
 Are anything but kind
 To ghostly apparitions ;
 To cheerless spots and wet
 The ghosts we always shoulder,
 And there they sit and fret,
 And miserably moulder.
 But give the ghost a chance
 Like any living body ;
 Invite him in to dance
 Or take a little "toddy ;"
 He'd undergo a quite
 Delightful reformation
 With proper warmth and light
 And cheerful conversation.
 I've theories that fit
 This theme, and like to spout 'em ;
 The space will not admit
 Or I'd enlarge about 'em.

Amid my lordly park
 (A commonplace possession
 Among, I may remark,
 The Comic Bard profession),
 Amid its wooded land,
 In fine chaotic jumble,
 A monastery and
 Its cemetery crumble.
 For this secluded spot
 At eventide I started,
 And haply found a lot
 Of ghosts of monks departed ;
 These shades were damp and sad,
 A thing to be expected
 In ghosts who always had
 Been brutally neglected ;
 As dismal as their home,
 Their single recreation,—
 A musty spectre tome
 With queer illumination.

I recognized aright
 The physic they were needing—
 A little wholesome, light,
 Exhilarating reading.
 The yearly books were new
 And gay with illustrations ;
 I went and chose a few
 Among these publications ;
 These books are full of fun,
 Their moral tone is blameless ;

Particularly ONE,
Which ever shall be nameless.
 I read these books aloud ;
 The act was well-directed ;
 The disembodied crowd
 Were visibly affected ;
 But laughter was unknown
 To these monastic sages
 Whose sanctity had blown
 About the middle ages.

They thought they ought to weep
 On hearing comic verses,
 Displaying all the deep
 Solemnity of hearses.
 I realized with ease
 This fault of education ;
 I taught them by degrees
 The art of cachinnation.
 The erst despondent elves
 Became elate and hearty ;
 They gave among themselves
 A weekly dinner-party ;
 A joyous mortal tone
 Now marked their every action,
 Transparency alone
 Betraying their extraction ;
 Though some of mortal clay,
 I have my own suspicions,
 In this especial *trait*
 Excel those apparitions.

J. F. SULLIVAN.



SOME TRADE ADVERTISEMENTS.



IN THE WRONG BOX.

WHEN Eagle Davis died,
 I was sittin' by his side,
 'T was in Boston, Massachusetts; and he said to me,
 "Old boy!
 This climate—as you see—
 Isn't quite the size for me;
 Dead or livin', take me back if you can to Ellanoy!"

So I took him by the hand,
 But he'd just run out his sand,
 And his breath was gone for ever—before a word
 would come;
 Then I and other three,
 Together did agree,
 In a party for to travel and to funeralize him home.

But Goshen Wheeler said,
 As he looked upon the dead,
 Weepin' mildly, "Just remark my observation what
 I say:
 That deceased, now glorious,
 Was in life a curious cuss,
 And somethin' unexpected will happen on the way.

"Frum the time that he was born
 Till he doubled round the Horn
 Of Death, all his measurements and pleasurements
 were odd.
 And odd his line will be
 As you're registered to see
 Till his walnut case is underneath the gravel and
 the sod."

It was bitter winter weather
 When we all four got together
 At the depôt with the coffin in an extra packin' box,
 And a friend, with good intent,
 A cask of whiskey sent,
 Just to keep our boats from wrackin', as they say,
 upon the rocks.

Then a ticket agent he
 Seein' mournin', says to me,
 "Can I get the cards, or help you in your trouble,
 Mister Brown?"
 So with solemn words I said,
 As I pinto to the dead,
 "There you'll find, I guess, our pilgrimage and
 shrine is written down."

Then all night beneath the stars,
 We sat grimly in the cars,
 Sometimes sleepin', sometimes thinkin', sometimes
 drinkin', till the dawn;
 And each man went in his turn
 To the baggage-crate to learn
 If the box was keepin' time with us; and how 't was
 gettin' on.

Then all day beneath the sun,
 Still the train went rushin' on,
 While we still kep' as silent as grave-stones as we
 went:
 Playin' euchre solemnly,
 Which we kinder did agree
 With the stakes to build for Davis a decent monu-
 [ment.]

'Bout once in every mile
 Some mourner took a smile,
 But we did no other smilin' as we travelled day or
 And once in every hour [night,
 Some one went into the bower,
 And reported the receptacle of Davis was all right.

But when four days were past,
 Which we still were flyin' fast,
 Goshen Wheeler, very solemn, with expression to
 us cries,
 "Where we are it should be freezin'
 And our very breaths a-squeezin',
 Whereas the air is hot enough to bake persimmon
 pies.

"Don't you smell a rich perfume
As of summer flowers in bloom?
'Tis magnolias a-peddled by yon humble coloured
boy:
Now, I never yet did know
That the sweet mag-no-li-o
Grew in winter in the latitude of Northern Ellanoy."

Then said Ebenezer Dotton,
"I behold a field of cotton,
And I wonder how in thunder such a veg'table got
here.
I don't know how we're fixed,
But the climate's gettin' mixed,
And it's spilin' very rapidly with warmth as I
fear."

Spoke Mister Aaron Bland,
"I perceive on yonder land
Tha sugar-cane is bloomin', correctly, all in rows,
And not to make allusions
To Republican delusions,
But he niggers air a-gettin' all around as thick as
crows."

Still we sat there mighty glum
Till along a fellow come.
And I says, says I, "Conductor, now tell us what it
means,
Just inform us where we be?"
"Wall, now, gentlemen," said he,
I re kon we air comin' to the spot called New
Or-leéns."

So we rushed all in a row,
When we got to the depôt,
To the baggage-crate a-wonderin' at these trans-
formation scenes;
And we found out unexpected,
That the box had been directed
Not unto Ellanoy, but to a man in New Orleéns!

Without carin' if I'd catch it,
I straightway took a hatchet,
And busted off the cover without openin' my mouth;
And found a grand planner
Which we'd followed for our banner
All the way from Massachusetts unto the sunny
South!

Then I said, "I rather guess
I can see into this mess,
And explain the startlin' error which has given you
such shocks.
When that Boston fellow, he
Asked the route I'd take of me,
I pinted, inadvertional, unto another box."

Now Eagle Davis lies
Beneath the Northern skies,
Where the snow is on the pine-tree while we are
with the palm,
But I reckon if his spirit
Should ever come to hear it,
He'll be perfectly contented with the story in this
psalm.

CHARLES G. LELAND.



OLD HEADS ON YOUNG SHOULDERS.

MR. BROWNSMITH hoped that it would be a boy; was indeed confident that it would be a boy. Mrs. Brownsmith, on the other hand, maintained a prudent reserve; her aspirations and her opinions remained unexpressed. She contemplated the subject broadly—she eschewed details. She prepared to give the expected child the warmest of welcomes, the best and choicest of baby linen. Boy or girl, what did it matter? It was enough for her that it would be a baby, and that she would be its mother—Mr. Brownsmith, of course, being its father. But when events of this sort are under consideration, the father is usually viewed as “a bad second”—to employ a term of the turf—if, indeed, he may not rather be described as “nowhere.”

The Brownsmiths had been married some years. Their childless state had been a source of keen regret to them. It was, therefore, with much gratification and special interest they now looked forward to the advent of a bantling—possibly a son and heir—at the very least, a daughter and heiress.

Jacob Brownsmith was a prosperous gentleman: he had realized a very comfortable fortune by his successful trading in spermaceti, spelter, and sundry other articles. His offices were in Mincing Lane; his private house, “a noble mansion,” according to the auctioneers, was in Harley Street, Cavendish Square. He had married rather late in life, having long been regarded by his friends as a confirmed bachelor. But, of course, confirmed bachelors are always possible husbands; just as the lowest class of savages are convertible into Christians when duly qualified missionaries arrive upon the scene.

Joseph Perkins and Jacob Brownsmith had been boys together—fond and firm friends. For some time they had run a sort of neck-and-neck race for fortune. But the prize was not for Joseph Perkins. He was at length completely outstripped by Jacob Brownsmith, who, when in sight of the goal, looked back to find his old comrade and rival altogether

out of the running, prone upon the sward, fallen never to rise again. Dying, Joseph bequeathed his only child, Janet, to the care of Jacob, appointing him her sole guardian. Janet was not pretty exactly, but her looks appealed to sympathy. Jacob Brownsmith found himself much moved towards Janet Perkins. Presently he asked her to become his wife. Perhaps he thought he could best fulfil the duties of a guardian by combining with them the responsibilities of a husband. She consented. She did not love him, but she certainly liked him. He had always been very kind to her. She had not repented her acceptance of his suit.

Jacob Brownsmith was fifty, and looked as much. He was rubicund and double-chinned; his figure was rotund; his hair and whiskers were iron-grey. He was, indeed, a person of rather commonplace aspect. Still, he was a worthy and pleasant man, genial and frank; and he was supposed to have acquired his wealth by honest courses, although, as he openly avowed, he had sprung from nothing. He said this, however, with an air conveying that it was rather advantageous than otherwise to spring from nothing, and that, so springing, you were more likely than not to arrive at something. At the same time he admitted with regret that his education—he preferred to call it *eddicution*—had not been what it might have been. He had, in truth, received few benefits of that kind. He understood his business and the City generally; but away from Mincing Lane he was an uninformed man. That he wrote a very bad hand did not matter so much, but he spelt shockingly; and he was profoundly ignorant of many things that are commonly known.

He was all the more resolved that the son about to be born unto him should be fully possessed of the advantages which he had been denied. The boy should be highly educated, both classically and commercially. No expense should be spared. He should be placed at the best of schools and colleges. The

most accomplished masters should be secured and charged to instruct him extremely. He should learn Latin and Greek, possibly Hebrew, and certainly book-keeping by double entry. He should make the acquaintance of the ancient sages, poets, and historians, and should be intimate, nevertheless, with spelter and spermaceti. His morality should be likewise particularly cared for, and altogether he should become and be regarded generally as a superior person.

Jacob Brownsmith was, indeed, much bent upon his son's becoming a Superior Person.

II.

MIDNIGHT and past. The event so long looked forward to in the house of Brownsmith was now imminent. The doctor had been sent for. The nurse had already arrived—a portly woman, who spoke in a loud husky whisper—bringing with her an umbrella, a bundle, a brown paper parcel, a basket, and a large box covered with cow-hide and decked with brass nails. She evidently purposed to make some stay. She was as an army of occupation: there was no knowing exactly when she would vacate the premises.

A subdued and considerate knock at the street door. The Brownsmiths' medical man was in attendance. Lights whisked and flitted about the house. Converse was carried on in whispered tones.

Mr. Brownsmith felt that there was nothing for him but patience; although, under all the circumstances of the case, it was not so easy to be patient. He paced up and down, up and down the dining-room in Harley Street. The thick Turkey carpet deadened the sound of his footsteps. There were many bottles and glasses upon the table; a decanter of very choice port wine was especially to be observed. Mr. Brownsmith thought that possibly the doctor might like a glass of wine, or that the nurse might require support. Moreover, he felt his own need of refreshment; and he had a notion of drinking as soon as he possibly could to the health and long life of his son and heir. Meantime he waited, walking up and down. He lit a cigar, stirred and re-stirred the fire—it was wintry weather—but the

room was already almost intolerably hot. He mixed himself a strong glass of brandy and water.

III.

SUDDENLY Mr. Brownsmith paused in front of his bookcase. His expression was one of vacancy or abstractedness as he glanced at his books, and he permitted his fingers to wander about them, lightly tapping their backs. Usually Mr. Brownsmith was not a man who cared for books. Still, there were books in his house—not many, but some—as there were pictures, china, chiffoniers, and cabinets. He took down one or two volumes, making his selection quite at random as it seemed. He found himself turning over the leaves of a work entitled “The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent.” He hardly knew what he was doing. A more modern production was tucked beneath his arm. It contained, among other things, curious particulars concerning a certain lady named Gamp.

He read of Mr. and Mrs. Shandy, of my Uncle Toby, of the birth of Tristram, and of other matters.

“It is two hours and ten minutes, and no more, cried my father, looking at his watch, ‘since Dr. Slop and Obadiah arrived, and I know not how it happens, brother Toby, but to my imagination it almost seems an age.’” And so on.

By-and-bye he was reading a true and particular account of one Mrs. Harris, related by her most intimate friend.

“I have know'd that sweetest and best of women said Mrs. Gamp, shaking her head and shedding tears, ‘ever since afore her first, which Mr. Harris, who was dreadful timid, went and stopped his ears in a empty dog-kennel, and never took his hands away or come out once till he was showed the baby, when being took with fits, the doctor collared him, and laid him on his back upon the airy stones, and she was told, to ease her mind, his 'owls was organs,’” &c., &c.

“Dear me, dear me!” said Mr. Brownsmith, and he mused over the appositeness of these passages, his own circumstances being considered. He recognized too that there was really more in books than he had been altogether aware of previously.

Then—whether it was induced by the unusual exercise of reading, or by the heat of the room, the strength of his brandy and water, the fumes of his cigar, or the very trying nature of the position in which he found himself, a certain numbness or lethargy stole over him, suppressing his sensations without wholly deadening his faculties. He did not go to sleep—he was quite positive as to that—but some of the earlier symptoms of sleep he admitted he did experience. All the same, as to his mind, he maintained that in the whole course of his life he had never been wider awake, if so wide.

IV.

"TWINS!" Mr. Brownsmith was not quite sure who was the speaker. It might have been the doctor. It might have been the nurse.

The room was dark. The lamp was burning dimly; the flame, a sickly blue in colour, flickered and smoked, emitting an unpleasant odour. The fire had sunk to a dark mass of embers, which glowed feebly but shed little light.

"Twins!" repeated Mr. Brownsmith. "I only expected one. I was not prepared for such a quantity."

He then became conscious that two figures had noiselessly entered the room, and were courteously bowing to him as they drew chairs towards the fire.

"Boys? twin boys?" inquired Mr. Brownsmith; and he peered at his visitors through the twilight of the room, seeking to discern their forms and features.

"We must introduce ourselves, it seems," observed one of the figures in a curious tone of voice, which had about it something of the treble of infancy, something of the tremulous piping of age, "or we might introduce each other. What say you, brother?"

"By all means. This is Castor."

Thereupon the figure thus designated bowed formally to Mr. Brownsmith, and then in his turn introduced his companion.

"This is Pollux."

The figure called Pollux bowed with equal formality, muttering something about the pleasure he felt at making the acquaintance of Mr. Brownsmith.

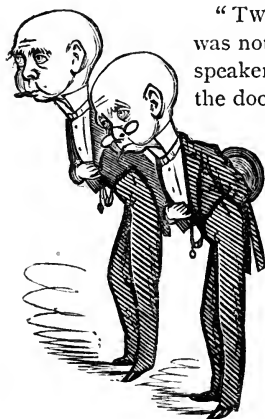
"Castor and Pollux!" muttered Mr. Brownsmith. "Highly classical, I believe. I never thought of quite such ancient names as that. But then I expected only one son. And I had intended to call him after myself—Jacob."

"The fact of our being twins makes a difference," observed Castor. "And there's a sort of etiquette about the thing: it's governed by an unwritten law. There must be some connection or harmony between the names of the twin-born; that is the usual course. You see, if you had called one of us Jacob, you must have called the other Esau. That, I submit, would hardly have done."

Mr. Brownsmith had become more accustomed to the darkened state of the room, or the lamp now afforded more light. He could see his visitors, not very plainly, perhaps, but still sufficiently. And he admitted forthwith the inappropriateness of calling either of them Esau, for really they had not a hair between them: they were as completely bald as very young children or as very old men.

Then he was led to ask himself: Are they young, or are they old? Are they aged babies, or babyish old men? What are they? Infants, boys, hobble-dehoys, adolescents, men, sages, patriarchs, or what? Gnomes, sprites, imps, pixies, effreets, dwarfs, goblins, ghosts, spectres, phantoms, or what?

They had bald heads, protruding brows, and small flattened features. They were pallid of complexion, and flabby-looking, and what is called pasty-faced. Their large goggle eyes rolled and glared in a dazed, vacant, witless fashion. So far they might have been children who had but recently made their first appearance in the nursery. But these heads crowned the figures of lean, shrivelled, narrow-chested, spindled-limbed boys or young men. They wore high shirt-collars, and white cravats tied in the neatest of bows. They were clad in evening dress, making



profuse exhibition of their shirt-fronts; heavy watch-chains swung in front of their waistcoats. Their hands were covered by white kid gloves; lacquered shoes and crimson silk socks adorned their feet. Each carried a Gibus hat. Both, by way of garnish to their mouths, held toothpicks between their lips, although such implements were clearly not required by their "boneless gums" (to employ Lady Macbeth's form of expression). They were surprisingly alike; it was hard to distinguish them. Mr. Brownsmith felt that he should never know them apart, or decide which was which. But there was just this difference: Castor wore spectacles; Pollux preferred a *pince-nez*.

V.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Brownsmith, when he had completed his inspection of his visitors. "I was not quite prepared for this. And you are really my sons?"

"Well," said Castor, with an air of hesitation, "we are not unwilling that you should so consider us, if only out of regard to our mother's feelings on the subject. I think I may say so much, brother?" and he turned to Pollux.

"Quite so," said Pollux. "But we should wish you to view the admission that we are your children as made without prejudice."

"Precisely; without prejudice," echoed Castor.

"Without prejudice to what?" demanded Mr. Brownsmith, with a puzzled look.

"Well," said Pollux, "without prejudice to the wider question as to whether we can consider you as our father."

"I fear I don't understand you."

"I dare say not," observed Castor, shrugging his shoulders, and smiling with a sort of bland contempt.

"We were prepared for this, brother, I think?"

"Fully prepared."

"We will descend to the plainest terms. My brother and myself have always looked forward to our father's being a very Superior Person."

Mr. Brownsmith started. This coincidence of ideas was curious. "I had always looked forward to my son's being a Superior Person," he said, with rather a wild expression of face.

"My dear sir, you may be the father of a Superior

Person, or of Superior Persons. *Non constat*, as the lawyers say, that you are yourself a Superior Person. You agree, brother?" And Castor turned towards Pollux.

"Perfectly. Very well put," said Pollux, with a wave of his Gibus hat.

Mr. Brownsmith had a notion that he was being rather rudely treated.

"I am a plain man," he said sturdily. "I am well known in the City. I am worth a very tidy sum. I've dealt in spelter and spermaceti and other matters to a very pretty tune. My name is Jacob Brownsmith. I sprang from nothing. I've had little or no eddication. But I wished that my son——"

"Yes, yes; we quite understand. But you will permit me to say, my dear sir, that these biographical details, however interesting in themselves, have little bearing upon the question before us. That question—will you state it, brother?"

"That question is," said Pollux, "whether we can recognize you as our father. You see, you are not by any means a Superior Person; you are, indeed, upon your own showing, a decidedly Inferior Person; and as my brother just now stated, we have from our very earliest moments so counted upon our father's being a Superior Person. The result is that we find ourselves placed in a very peculiar dilemma—our disappointment is very considerable. That is so, brother?"

"That is so, without doubt. It's really a very sad thing when sons have reason to be ashamed of their father—when they are constrained, as a measure of justice to themselves, to decline his acquaintance, and, in point of fact, disown him altogether; very sad and very painful. But such cases sometimes occur."

"You mean that YOU disown ME?" cried Mr. Brownsmith. "Why, you ungrateful young monkeys, do you want to insult your own father? Tell me one thing—are you my children or are you not?"

"My dear sir, do not excite yourself. Do not raise your voice unduly. Please to recollect that there is an invalid upstairs—our mother, in point of fact. You would not be so inconsiderate as to disturb her, perhaps even alarm her, at a time when she stands particularly in need of repose and quiet. And do

not misunderstand us. We did not intimate that we had decided upon disowning you. I think you can bear me out in that statement, brother?"

"Assuredly; and, as a matter of fact, we have *not* decided upon disowning you. Quite otherwise. We have been rather endeavouring to find some method of compromise, so to say. We thought it possible to hold our recognition of you in suspense, as it were, giving you meanwhile an opportunity of redeeming your character, or rather of acquiring a new one. We had no desire to condemn you absolutely unheard. We rather thought that if time were allowed you, you might really be able to improve yourself so as to become worthy of your position in our regard. You might instruct yourself or obtain instruction upon a great variety of matters. You might possess yourself of sundry accomplishments. Polish does so much. Why not polish in this case? That was one of the questions we asked ourselves."

"I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks, if that's what you mean," said Mr. Brownsmith.

The twins took no notice of this observation.

"We feel, of course," said Castor, "that many excuses are to be made for you. You are no longer young."

"I am fifty—a good fifty."

"You belong to the past. Yours was the pre-scientific generation. They taught little in your time, and taught that badly. And then you were not in the way of obtaining even that inferior instruction."

"I began life as an errand-boy. I learned my letters at a charity school."

"Pray spare us! You must surely be aware that these distressing details are not inducements to us to recognize you as our father. We would rather regard you as an elderly gentleman of property and respectable social position whose education has been unfortunately neglected."

"But who is now resolute," said Pollux, "as far as in him lies, to make up for lost time."

"What do you mean? What would you have me do?" demanded Mr. Brownsmith.

"Well, there are schools for backward boys; it may be that there are seminaries for backward old gentlemen."

"Do you dare to tell me that I am to go to school again?—at my time of life!"

"Well, it's very essential that something should be done," urged Castor. "I am sure you would wish to be a credit to us—to spare us anxiety on your account. You would not have us blush for you. It is so very sad when fathers fail in respect for their sons."

"And you must be aware that we have grave reasons to complain," continued Pollux. "I will not say much of your appearance: it is not what it might be, or what we could wish it to be. You will urge that Nature made you plain, and you have been content with that dispensation; but, without doubt, Art could have done something for you. You dress disgracefully. I do believe you buy your clothes ready made! You might at least employ some respectable tailor. And there is something rather offensive in the way you wear your hair, and about the cut of your whiskers. You seem to cultivate a sort of John Bull look that's very unpicturesque and altogether odious."

"I am sorry you don't like your father's looks young gentlemen," said Mr. Brownsmith, grimly. "Not that looks, to my thinking, signify much."

"Perhaps not," said Pollux; "but it isn't only looks—your manners are really deplorable; and you have no taste whatever."

"You eat peas with a knife, you know!" and Castor shook his head with an air of reproach.

"You call for beer at dinner."

"You've been seen employing a fork as a tooth-pick."

"You've been known to smoke a long pipe—a churchwarden—a yard of clay, you called it."

"Your favourite supper is tripe and onions. Don't deny it!"

"I am not going to deny it. I glory in it. Why shouldn't I eat tripe if I've a mind to?"

The twins replied only by a sort of duet of groans.

"Have you anything more to say, you insulting young ragamuffins?" demanded Mr. Brownsmith, noisily.

"We are not surprised at this violence," Castor said with composure. "It is only what we might have expected. It results naturally from ignorance and neglect. Sad, very sad! But can nothing be

done to fit you for your situation as a parent? That you will ever become a Superior Person—a father in whom we may take pride—is, I fear, out of the question. May we hope for *any* amendment in you? Will you really try and turn over a new leaf? When will you make a beginning? Let us but see you in a proper state of mind, and really desirous of improvement and instruction."

"We will admit," added Pollux, "that the task before you is one of difficulty. At your age you shrink from change and from effort; and of course your want of preparation is dire—I can use no other word. I suppose you know nothing of the 'ologies'?"

"Not a rap," replied Mr. Brownsmith, sturdily.

"You have not even a rudimentary acquaintance with the classics? You could not even construe Cornelius Nepos?"

"D—n Cornelius Nepos!" cried Mr. Brownsmith. "That is," he explained in a milder tone, "don't wish the gentleman any harm. I don't know him, and what's more, if he's one of your sort, my lads, I don't want to know him."

"I may take for granted, I suppose, that you have little or no acquaintance with modern literature and languages?"

"There's one thing I know," said Mr. Brownsmith—"I shall be using very bad language in a minute or two."

"This is indeed a sad case, brother," said Castor. "Our only course would be to find some good school where old people of neglected education are received as pupils. Or perhaps we might discover a private home for him in the house of some zealous and devout clergyman accustomed to the care of the backward, the perverse, the neglected, or the ill-regulated. Really, you know,"—and he turned from Pollux to Mr. Brownsmith,—"*you can only hope to improve by absence from home, and submission to a wholesome course of scholastic discipline. I think you should have no holidays whatever, and although I am usually disposed to be liberal in such matters, I am rather of opinion that your allowance of pocket money should be made dependent upon your educational progress.*"

"You know," Pollux interposed, "there really ought to be an asylum for cases of this sort."

"What! you would send me to an asylum, would you? That's how you would treat your poor old father, is it? Where's your duty as children? Where's your filial piety? Where's the obedience and respect due from sons to their father?"

Mr. Brownsmith was now very angry indeed.

"The usual cant," replied Castor, shrugging his shoulders.

"It was just a case in which this old-fashioned rubbish was certain to crop up," observed Pollux. "How hard it is to eradicate the defects of early training! What are we to do, brother?"

"There is but one thing for us to do, brother."

"Precisely."

They rose from their chairs.

"This is a hopeless business," said Castor, holding up a minatory forefinger, and speaking *at* Mr. Brownsmith rather than to him. "In spite of all we have said and done, he remains obdurate. We must visit him with our filial indignation. We must disown him. He is an Inferior Person—hopelessly, abjectly inferior. He must never more look upon himself as a father of ours."

"He has made his bed, and he must lie in it."

"He may consider himself as one disinherited—cut off with a shilling. Go, old man; your future is no more an affair in which we have any interest. Henceforward you are no father of ours. We are no more your sons. You will be kind enough to forget that we ever existed. Farewell. We beg to wish you a very good evening."

Simultaneously and explosively they opened their Gibus hats, and moved towards the door.

"Stop!" cried Mr. Brownsmith. "I've listened to you long enough; it's high time you listened to me a little. I haven't much to say; but it's to the purpose. In the first place, you're a couple of worthless and contemptuous young prigs—that's about what you are! Call yourselves Superior Persons, forsooth! Why, the first shoeblack or chimney-sweep or scavenger I may meet in the street, who's got a grateful heart in his bosom, is a better man than either of you, or than both of you put together. *You ashamed of me? It's I that am ashamed of you, as I've good cause to be, and ashamed of myself for being the father of such miserable little*

imps. *You* presume to dictate to your own father, to look down upon and despise him because he's never had the advantages such as his honest industry has obtained for you, because he's a self-made man, of little or no eddication to speak of! *You* talk of sending him to school again because he don't know this or that, or of locking him up in an asylum because he chooses to put his knife or his fork farther into his mouth than your worships quite approve, or because he talks a vulgarer sort of talk—being a plain man—than your lordships are accustomed to! Why, I say that you ought to have been made away with, both of you, in a pail of water or summat as soon as ever you were born, like a couple of kittens or puppies that are not wanted and no one cares to own!"

"We'd really better go, brother," said Castor to Pollux. "It's nouse. There's no reason why we should subject ourselves to this low abuse and gross insolence. The fact is, however we may seek to conceal it from ourselves and from society, our father is a Cad! He never ought to have been our father. He should never have been allowed to marry our mother. Come, my dear Pollux."

"Stop, I say again!" shouted Mr. Brownsmith. "I've nearly done, but not quite. Just one word more. I'll disown you—I'll disinherit you—I'll cut you off with a shilling—a little later, not just yet. First of all I'll avail myself of my rights and privileges as a father. I won't spoil the children by sparing the rod. I'll punish you in the good old-fashioned way, which you may think exploded cant or bygone rubbish cropping up unexpectedly, until you feel it tingling on your bare backs. In plain words, I'll thrash you both, you Castor and you Pollux, within an inch of your scoundrelly young lives!"

Thereupon Mr. Brownsmith plunged passionately forward, with both arms extended, resolved to seize the twins by the collars of their coats, and to administer to them both personal chastisement in its severest form.

VI.

MR. BROWNSMITH suddenly found himself struggling in the arms of his medical attendant.

"Why, my dear friend, what's the matter? What has happened? You've let the fire out, and your lamp's expiring, and you are all in the dark! I see, I see! You've been asleep: over-fatigue—excessive exhaustion—severe trial of both mind and body. We can't overreach Nature, Mr. Brownsmith. We must deal fairly with her or she won't deal fairly with us. You've been asleep and have suffered from nightmare, the result of imperfect digestion and mental anxiety. But first let me turn up the lamp. There, now we can see each other. And let me congratulate you, Mr. Brownsmith. You are a father! I congratulate you most sincerely."

"A father am I? You did not meet anybody going out of this room as you entered it, did you, doctor?"

"I did not, Mr. Brownsmith. You have been alone here sir, quite alone; and, I may add, asleep and dreaming. I think you are hardly awake yet, if you'll excuse my saying so. I repeat my congratulations on your becoming a father, and I'm sure you will be glad to know that both mother and child are doing admirably—going on as well as could possibly be expected."

"There are not two of them, then?"

"Two children? No; only one this time, Mr. Brownsmith. Did you expect two?"

"I shall call him plain Jacob," said Mr. Brownsmith, abstractedly.

"Well, there's only this objection—I don't know what the feminine of Jacob may be—but the child happens to be a little girl."

"A little girl, eh? Then you don't think she's at all likely to be a Superior Person?"

"Well, Mr. Brownsmith, she's a very fine little girl, plump and pretty, and rather over the average size, I should say."

"Is she bald?"

"Not particularly so. Not balder than a baby is entitled to be."

"One question more. Does she wear spectacles?"

"Certainly not."

"Then we'll drink her health, and the health of her blessed mother!"

And Mr. Brownsmith poured out large and full glasses of the choice port wine.

DUTTON COOK.

A GHOST WANTED!

A SLAVE am I to Mystery, a bondsman to Romance;

My days as in a dream go by, my nights as in a trance.

I haunt a magic universe, exclusively mine own,
And sights of earth and sounds of earth to me are
barely known.

Dim shapes along the busy Strand flit onward in a
flood:

I deem them only airy things, not formed in flesh
- and blood.

What boots it that I deem them so?—It makes me
cry almost

When I reveal this bitter fact:—I've never seen a
ghost!

I read no trite or vulgar books, no scientific lore;

But court the supernatural that thrills me to the
ore.

The pulseless novels of the hour to children I
design;

Let "Frankenstein," "Zanoni," and "Le Juif
Errant" be mine.

The tales of Mr. Maturin by heart I nearly know,
And those of Wilkie Collins and of Edgar Allen
Poe,

Mark Lewis, Mrs. Radcliffe, and their fellows by
the host:—

My labour's only thrown away;—I've never seen a
ghost!

The course of diet I pursue is frightfully unfit
For man, for woman, or for child;—that's why I
follow it.

One apparition—only one—was all my end and aim;
But, though I waited night by night, no apparition
came.

On chops and sausages of pork what suppers have
I made!

What ghastly heaps of apple-pie, to lure the kindly
shade!

Welsh rarebits have I revelled in, on thickly-buttered
toast;—

But, though they cost me agonies, I've never seen
a Ghost!

I know 't is rarely they appear 'mid London's giddy
din,

But seek the ivied manor house or haunt the lonely
inn;

And, on the stroke of twelve o'clock—"the very
witching time"—

Reveal some deeply-hidden hoard or nigh-forgotten
crime.

But I have braved the lonely inn, the ivied manor
house,

And suffered but a single fright:—methinks 't was
but a mouse.

I vainly sought around my bed for shapes in ev'ry
post;

But, nonsense!—nothing of the kind;—I've never
seen a Ghost!

Why east and west upon my quest unhaunted should
I go?

Some people see them ev'ry night,—at least they
tell me so.

(I've often heard my grandmamma describe a ghost
she had,—

A lovely one, with saucer eyes, that sent her nearly
mad.)

Alas! my efforts all are lost; my life is thrown
away.

I've little now to brag about upon my dying day.
Whatever few advantages are left for me to boast,
One blot will cancel all of them;—I've never seen
a Ghost!

HENRY S. LEIGH.

NATIONAL PECULIARITIES.

*a Scotchman
doing a 'reel'*



*An Englishman
'breaking' a dog*



*a Frenchman indulging in
a 'bang' on the
Seine*



*An Irishman
going to
'a wake'*



*a Turk
'taking off'
his slippers*



*a German
joining a
band*



NATIONAL PECULIARITIES.



An Italian
"getting his
monkey up"



Pity me I am only
a bash-eye bagout!



A Russian "making a knot of it"

An American Missionary
going to cant on



"I can not sing the old songs
I've no ter-ni-ettee!"



A Merry Swirls Boy who has Notoriously

A North American Indian
making a friend's wig-wam for him



THE MAID O' BONTDHU.*

THE hills o' Dolgelly with honey are sweet,
The bell-heather purples them down to
their feet;
And the sight up the Mawddach is glorious to
see,
But I'll sing you a ditty o' fairy Bontdhu.

A lad from the Westland sped thither one day,
By Chirk and Ruabon, brave, gallant, and gay:
He had heard of a maiden as blithe as a bee,
Sweet Wilhelmy Wynn o' the pretty Bontdhu.

By the deep dykes of Offa he shot like a swift
Or laverock liting away in the lift,
The Vale of Llangollen, and sweet water Dee,
And the charms o' Llandrillo brimfull o' Bontdhu.

Then the broad Lake of Bala he saw in his flight,
But the woods o' Bryntillion enraptured his sight;
For there, by the Mawddach, as fair as could be,
Stood Wilhelmy Wynn, the delight o' Bontdhu.

Her eyes were ripe mazzards,† and raven her hair,
Each cheek a red apple, her forehead snow fair;
A bonny green kirtle hung down to her knee,
And rapture ran wild at the Lyn o' Bontdhu.

Her suitors were many: Smith, Owen, Rob Moore,
Hughes, Evans, Lloyd, Thomas, and Joneses a
score;
With Roberts, MacDonald, and Andy M'Cree,
All dying in love for the Rose o' Bontdhu.

Still he ventured. "Dear lass, I have heard of
your fame;
A sweet little melody rings in your name."
She chuckled, and oh, how bewitching looked she!
"Here's another in love with the maid o' Bontdhu."

Then praising her dimples he strove for a kiss,
When she cropped his young hope in the bud of
its bliss:
"Pray stop, pretty bird, you are on the wrong tree!"
Chirped Wilhelmy Wynn with the pride o' Bont-
dhu.

He hung down his head like a hound in disgrace;
When, with rogue in each eye and a blush on
her face,
She gave a loud laugh, but the ring of its glee
Told a fool was the heart of the Maid o' Bontdhu.

Love will not be balked, so quoth he, "Pretty
maid,
Just fancy myself at the Lyn in your stead,
And that *you* had come courting far over the lea,
What words would you woo me with, Maid o'
Bontdhu?"

She answered in Welsh, but his patience was gone,
For colder than Snowdon she seemed to look on;
'I can't understand what you tell me," said he,
"But love has its lure, pretty Maid o' Bontdhu."

Then he talked of the Bards, and he piped her a
stave,
A soul-melting lay of a love-fettered slave,
When her eyes flashed a light like the ripples at
sea,
That token for rain. Were there tears at Bontdhu?

Every lane has its turning, and Nature will out:
Sweet Wilhelmy chid with the prettiest pout;
But maids are the same by the Dart and the Dee,
So she pitied the lad that had come to Bontdhu.

* Pronounced "Bonthee."

† The black cherries of North Devon.

He saw she was touched, as she coloured and sighed;
Still love must be wilful, so she, in her pride,
Sang, "Heart, play the hero and hold thyself free,"
When a keepsake he asked of the Maid o' Bontdhu.

Quoth she, "I will give you, whenever you leave,
A silver-new-nothing to wear on your sleeve."
"A bargain!" he cried, "and I pray you agree
To seal it at once, pretty Maid o' Bontdhu."

Old Cader had put on his cap for the night,
And the cotter's wee window-pane blinked with delight,

When a couple went cosy as cosy could be
Up the old road to Harlech, away from Bontdhu.

The moon was o'er Duffryn, and Venus hard by
Was seen with her silver love-lamp in the sky;
The stars woo in silence, and silent wooed he,
Life-linked with the beautiful Maid o' Bontdhu.

The hills o' Dolgelly with honey are sweet,
The bell-heather purples them down to their feet;
But the girls by the Mawddach are sweeter to me,
And the sweetest of all is the Maid o' Bontdhu.

EDWARD CAPERN.

THE CAMBERWELL BEAUTY.

A Romance of the Past Century.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRYST.

"'She cometh not,' he said,"

WHEN the Great City the watchmen took
Intermittent repose.

In the picturesque suburbs they had comfortably
settled themselves for the night. Forth from the
dark City came an adventurous lover, and wended
his lone way along the dim winding road which led
to one of the loveliest of the neighbouring villages.

But he was not in search of the Picturesque the
night he set out. Some readers may think this
mark needless, inasmuch as it is difficult to revel
in the beauties of nature on a moonless, almost star-
less night; but little do such commonplace minds
know of the fine frenzy of the Lover. Nevertheless,
it was not the Picturesque which had lured our hero
from the pillow that he loved so well.

His heart beat hard at the thought of the fair fond
one he was going to meet; perchance, also, at the
thought of the unfair footpad who might be coming
to meet him.

However, he reached the village in safety.

Our hero's name was Jacob, a gallant 'prentice lad,
who loved his master's daughter, the fair Mistress
Margaret, sojourning for the summer with her parents
at their rural "Box" among the willow-shaded water-
courses and cabbage-grounds of Camberwell.

Thrice-happy Jacob! he not only loved, but be-
lieved himself beloved. His Margaret—as if desirous
in the same breath to caress and to dignify his name
—never called him aught but her Jacobus.

"My Jacobus!" The words fell like honeydew
upon his ear, and thence dropped, soothing and yet
intoxicating, upon his heart.

What services, however menial, would he not have
performed for her—nay, had he not performed—
when thus addressed?

And now, in obedience to the same sweet sum-
mons, inscribed in a billet conveyed by the driver
of the cart that had brought in a supply of summer
cabbage from the Box for her father's place of busi-
ness and winter residence in the Borough (it was
only by poetical license we erewhile spoke of the
City), Jacob had turned his back on busy Southwark

and reached the rural groves of Camberwell (Camberwell *Grove* at that time had not displayed its brick-and-mortar charms), and panted, partly through his having run good part of the way, but still more in eagerness to perform whatsoever his Camberwell Beauty might lay upon his allegiance.

He gained the top of the garden wall, and there he had to linger for a time, anxiously oscillating astride among the broken bottles, for the yard dog gave more than once a warning growl.

At last the Cerberus that guarded his Eurydice, this Persephone, his anybody beautiful and loved you please, was silent, and Jacob dropped gently from the garden wall, cutting his hands on the broken bottles almost as frightfully as he had torn his breeches. But the footpads had been escaped, the dog was silent, and Jacob felt of heroic strain.

"What are a few scratches? 'Faint heart never won fair lady,'" he said to himself, prudently taking care to keep his remarks quite to himself, and steadily, although stealthily, groped his way towards the back grassplot on which he had been bidden to wait. Even his heart, however, failed him slightly when compelled to crash through sticked peas and beans, and the reawakened Cerberus again began to yelp and growl. But with reckless boldness Jacob plodded across the yielding asparagus-beds.

True, even in the most propitious periods of his progress, misgivings would intrude.

"What," he thought, "would my master and his man do to me, if they found me here? Beyond doubt the gardener would crucify me on his rake, my master impale me on his spud. But I must persevere."

So he persevered, and walked into the little fishpond. Fortunately it was not deep, but nevertheless it was damp, and he fancied that he felt the gold and silver fish, which he had roughly awakened from their slumbers, feasting on his calves, although they were not fatted. The dew was falling fast; so, could he have seen it, was the mercury in the thermometer nailed against the wall beside the back parlour window.

But if Jacob could not see the cold, he felt it, as he stood, dripping and shivering, waiting for the back bed-room window to be opened, according to promise.

Which was the back bed-room window whence his instructions were to issue he had not been told, and Jacob feared to cast up carefully-selected small gravel, to arouse his peradventure oversleeping-herself Goddess, at the panes of any. His master's bed-room might perchance be at the back, and Mr. Figgins—such was his name among his equals, by rude shopboys irreverently called Old Figs—was Jacob knew, of a nature at once timorous and fiery. Disturbed in his snores by a rattle on his windowpanes, Old Figs would doubtless, ere ostrich-like he buried his head in the bed-clothes, answer with a blunderbuss.

One or two stars had for some time been blinking now they began to wink at one another in so marked a manner that our hero could not resist the conviction that, whatever might be the case on earth, he was mocked by heaven.

Such was his love, however, that still he waited.

But still she came not.

Longfellow then was not born, nevertheless Jacob quoted from him in unconscious anticipation.

"She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
She sleeps!"

our hero muttered in surprise, not unmingled with bitter scorn, when Aurora had laid her rosy fingertips upon the curtains of the night, and yet there was no sign of Mistress Margaret's having flung back those of her mahogany four-poster.

In the Arcadian times of which we write, the beds of France and of Araby (although the latter may be found in every desert tent) had not been wafted to our shores in painted iron or of gleaming brass. It was necessary for Jacob to retreat.

He had gained the top of the garden wall, and was preparing to manœuvre through the passes of the broken bottles, when, alas! the yard dog, which after a troubled night, had come out to refresh himself by a stroll between the raspberry-canes in the morning twilight, sprang at the clinging climber.

With one bound our hero leaped into the lane outside, but he left a considerable portion of the remnant of his Sunday breeches in the possession of the yard dog, unsatisfactory spoil, which Keeper proceeded to worry with a disappointed growl.

The nodding "driver"—seated on the shaft, with nose ever and anon attempting to kiss his knees—of a wain, high-piled with the vegetable produce of our fair, fertile land, bound for the Borough Market, made no objection when the weary Jacob solicited a lift. Perchance the driver did not hear him, but 'tis always well to think the best of human nature; we have no other on which we can personally fall back.

However this may be, Jacob clambered up among the bean-baskets, and fell back among the peas. Their shucks felt smooth to his beardless cheek. Like the oblivious lady of his love, he slept—a sleep so deep that he did not even dream of her.

But he was rudely awakened when the wheeled couch on which he had slept so soundly reached its destination. Dragged by the collar from his resting-place, he was propelled by a kick, fortunately not whither he was verbally directed by the irate driver, the snowy purity of whose "turmetts" he had stained with his heroic life's blood.

"For thee I have endured all this, cruel Margaret," moaned Jacob, as he stealthily unlocked his master's private door.

He re-locked it, hung up the key where it was wont to hang, and crept to his pallet in the garret.

On his poor bed he flung himself, without disencumbering himself of what was left of his raiment—turning in, as our gallant sailors graphically, although somewhat illogically, express themselves, "all standing."

Again he slept; again he was roughly roused from his slumbers.

Like the oblivious lady of his love, he had overslept himself.

It was his turn to take down the shutters. The spells of Morpheus prevented him from doing so; and Prometheus, in the form of the foreman, brought him back to consciousness with a shower-bath from a bucket.

Worse still. When he sent up his plate for fried bacon at breakfast, the foreman reminded him that he had already had *cold pig*.

CHAPTER II.

SUSPENSE.

"Hang it all!"—*Old Play.*

THE days went by, but no word came to Jacob from Mistress Margaret. At first he thought that his master looked strangely at him when he came in to business; but this feeling passed, and with a thirsty heart he longed for tidings from the Box.

Whether summoned or not, he felt that he could not much longer refrain from going out to make inquiries, or at least observations; to discover whether, after all the evils which he had experienced from it, hope yet remained for him in the Box, as in Pandora's. He was ever reminded of it.

Mr. Figgins, as has been intimated, was in the habit of supplying his town establishment with produce from his country seat, and at this season his Borough household was liberally supplied with the same. Let us do Figgins justice. He was a free-handed man. Too free, thought his 'prentices, whose ears he smacked without stint.

To return. The eggs and bacon at breakfast, the pork and fowls at dinner, the peas and beans, the cabbages and carrots, the parsley and potatoes, the gooseberries and currants of the week-day puddings, the cherries of the Sunday pie—all these came from the grounds in which Margaret wandered, but from which Jacob had been by Keeper ignominiously expelled.

However, he swallowed his emotions, and with them, sensibly, his full share of the Box's bounteous provender.

CHAPTER III.

THE ISSUE.

"She loves and rides away."

BUT at last Jacob heard from his Margaret again. Once more she sent him a billet by the driver of the cabbage cart—nay, rather, call it cornucopia.

"Jacob," the missive began; no fond "My Jacobus." The artful beauty would not own to the prosaic fact to which we have already alluded, to wit, that she had overslept herself, but laid all the blame for the frustration of the projected interview on Jacob.

He had been too timorous to await her coming, she hinted,—had fled on slight alarm; and that in so clumsy a manner, that her father, enraged at the damage he had done, had been more than ever stern with her, and kept her a close prisoner—all through *him*.

Jacob burst into a flood of bitter tears—a cascade turned into a cataract by his elevated Grecian, *i.e.*, Socratic nose; and beneath his tears he saw his drowning hopes gazing upwards with despairing eyes.

But with his own dim eyes he read on, and soon glowing hope, like a rainbow, spanned his tears. More than one Iris played about the—well, if not tip, the top of his most prominent feature. At one time she had thought of never thinking of him again; but—*but*—*BUT*--*BUT*—

She had made all arrangements. At midnight a chaise and four would be waiting within a furlong of the blue back garden gate: nearer the house of her stern parent, vigilant as a spider in the centre of its web, she durst not suffer the equipage to approach. Within it she would await her Jacob's coming; but a few minutes before the clock struck twelve he must be at the back garden gate, to help her maid—who was to be the companion of her flight—carry her boxes to the carriage. She could not flee without her boxes, because they contained her dresses. Abigail could not carry them by herself, and the post-boys could not leave their horses. He, Jacob, only could be trusted.

"You will not fail me, my Jacobus?" was the pathetically-affectionate conclusion of the epistle.

"Fail thee!" exclaimed Jacob, in the garret to which he had retreated to read her letter, dropping upon one knee, and raising both his clasped hands to heaven. "Fail thee, divine darling! And thou hast done all this for me! I should have made these preparations for our flight to Paradise!"

Betimes, but not too soon, lest he should awaken suspicion, Jacob arrayed himself in his Sunday clothes. The new breeches which he had ordered in the stead of those which had met with catastrophes had arrived in the nick of time. How he wished that he had ordered an entire new suit! He set out for Camberwell, and reached the blue back garden

gate. Abigail, who had begun to fear that he would not come, was so pleased at his arrival that she would fain have embraced him. But Jacob, loyal to the mistress of his heart, chastely refused the proffered salute. Nevertheless, in other respects he was very gallant to Abigail.

He did almost all the carrying of the boxes, and the cording of them on to the back of the carriage. Most gallantly he assisted Abigail into it.

"Put up the steps, my Jacobus!" said the sweet voice he knew so well—heard for the first time that night.

Jacob obeyed; and prepared to leap into the carriage with the alacrity of a lamplighter—in the day in which lamplighters ran up ladders instead of carrying lazy magic wands. But the carriage door was slammed to, and a rough hand thrust him back.

"Thank'ee, lad," said the voice of one of his own sex—a voice gruff indeed, and yet not altogether unkindly. "There's a guinea for thy trouble. Make haste back to the shop, or thou'lt catch it."

The coin was dropped upon the ground.

"Drive on, boys!" shouted the deep voice.

The postboys cracked their whips and started at full gallop.

"Farewell, my Jacobus! Good bye, dear, trustful Jacob!" were the words that came back to our hero in silvery accents, on the night wind.

It was her last farewell.

By the light of the rising moon he had recognized in the face of the male speaker the features of a young blood whom, more than once before, he had seen, with green eyes of jealousy, in Mistress Margaret's company.

And now, far clearer than the struggling moon-shine, the whole truth beamed upon him. He had helped his Beauty—at any rate, her boxes—out of the Box into his rival's arms.

Again he fell upon his knee—his knees—and, raising his frantically-clenched fists towards the between 12 p.m. and 1 a.m. skies, he solemnly swore: "By yon pale orb of night—by moon and star—by cock and pie, and by my mother's grave! I vow that I will be avenged! He, she, hath robbed me of my bride!"

"So *you*'ve been in it!" shouted old Figs, in his

night-shirt and slippers, suddenly pouncing on the disconsolate lover, with a horsewhip in his hand. "You've lost your bride—have you? Well, I'll give you a drubbing to make up for her."

And the master cruelly chastised the 'prentice. Had even the faithless Margaret beheld his writhings she must needs have exclaimed in unfeigned compassion, "My poor Jacob!" Then the tyrant haughtily commanded his indentured slave to return to his servitude in Southwark.

Jacob hastened to obey.

Ere he went, however, he picked up the guinea that had been cast him, hissing between his teeth that it should wreak his vengeance.

His intention was to purchase a second-hand blunderbuss, and with it blow out the brains of his Beauty, her bridegroom, her father, her Abigail, and then his own.

But he changed his mind.

For a time his fellow-'prentices taunted him with the cry of "Who carried the boxes from the Box?"

But he held his peace; and ere long they wearied of their satire.

Meanwhile and afterwards he practised a revenge more profitable than that which he had at first designed.

Instead of a blunderbuss, he purchased a butterfly net, with which on holidays he haunted the willow groves of the fair Surrey village in which his heart's happiness had been wrecked, capturing specimens of the Camberwell Beauty (*Vanessa antiopa*), deftly nipping them in the net between the thumb and finger, and selling their fair corpses to the naturalists for sums that kept him comfortably in pocket-money.

Thus did Time prove the Great Consoler.

As Wordsworth beautifully observes—

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved"

to get something out of her of some kind: if not a Camberwell Beauty of one species, then numerous more remunerative specimens of another.

RICHARD ROWE.

NO MORE!

I.

HOW did Love sleep? The sweet moon sailed
In robes of dusky gold last night,
Until her tender glory paled
Before the ruddy dawn of light;
Love's shrine in bridal bowers,
And scented the sweets that come and go
From far-off fields—from all the flowers
That blow.

II.

How did Love wake? The early beams
Had pierced the rose-leaf where he slept,
And rising from his perfumed dreams,
Into the dewy world he leapt.
Singing, soared upward into light—
"For day is but a little pain,
And then 't is night, with soft delight
Again!"

III.

So Love returned when twilight fell,
And found his flowers dying—dead;
The queenly rose he loved so well
Lay in his arms with drooping head.

"Ah, Love!" she cries; "thy kisses burn:
But Death has wooed my lips before;
If Love once flies—he may return
No more!"

LAUNCE LEE.

ON COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

WITH SOME HINTS ON WIFE MANAGEMENT.



Ancient Roman on hearing that there is cold mutton for dinner.



Greek System—Marry a Statue (Galatea, or any other gal), and warm her up when required. She can be petrified and re-wived *ad libitum*.



Assyrian Swell taking his wives for a walk in the Park.



Mediaeva hubby going to business, and leaving his wife to manage herself,

ON COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

WITH SOME HINTS ON WIFE MANAGEMENT.



Too bashful to reveal their love; they fought like cat and dog after they were married.

Here is another bashful couple. She was a sweet thing of sixteen when he first adored her, and he hopes soon to pluck up courage to propose.

"Oh, Mary Hann! wilt thou be mine? I'll never use nothing on yer thicker than these 'ere."



Bucolic Courtship. The Silent System.

"Quite too awfully glad, if I may have the pleasure. We can get divorced as soon as you like afterwards, don't you know?"

HOW OLD BUFFLES TRAINED DOWN.



“WANT to get your weight off, old man? very proper too. I’ll tell you what: look at me; you recollect what I was a year or two ago. Not up to your figure exactly, but good for eighteen stone at least. And what am I now? Eleven twelve, sir; nice comfortable weight, enough for any reasonable man. How did I

do it? Easiest thing in the world, dear boy: tell you all about it some day, too long now.”

“Very—kind—sure. Any—day—half an hour—spare—glad to—see you—crack a bottle—er?” and old Buffles, having laboriously panted out the foregoing disjointed sentence, eked out his meaning with a feeble flourish of his hand, and subsided with an unctuous smile. For Mr. Buffles, I should explain, had lately waxed exceedingly corpulent; so much so, that the slightest exertion or expenditure of breath distressed him greatly.

“Thanks, dear boy. Always happy,” said De Creasey cheerfully. “Meantime, instead of telling you the story, I’m going to do better than that for you. Fact is, you wouldn’t believe it, but it’s my butler keeps me under. Invaluable person, regular scientific trainer; just the man for you! I’m going to lend him to you for a few months, and depend upon it, if you only put yourself in his hands, you’ll be—ah, by Jove! you’ll be able presently to keep up with O’Leary and that sort of fellows for a week or two.”

“Oh, lor!” gasped Buffles, and then was heard to murmur, “Thanks—so much—most kind—shure you—but—ah—er—couldn’t deprive you—useful—servant. Tell—me—system—try it—self—e—r.”

“Don’t mention it. Capital fellow: I don’t deceive you, I shall miss him much at first, but I want to see if I can’t go on without him for a bit; and if I can’t, why, I shall know where to find him. I couldn’t part with him altogether, but I’ll lend him to you, Buff, my boy; and do you take my advice, and don’t bother yourself about his system, but put your own confidently into his hands and leave the rest to him. I’ll send him round to-morrow, and believe me, Buffy, in a week or two you’ll bless the day you saw him.”

What could be more generous, more disinterested, and self-sacrificing than this proposal of De Creasey’s? What could be plainer than that he was touched by the pitiable condition of his friend, with whose sorrows his own experience taught him to sympathize, and impelled him to this liberal offer for his relief? What could the obese Buffles do but again wheeze out his thanks, and weakly gesticulate his blessing upon the obliging De Creasey?

And when the butler came, and his late master, with the kindest forethought, sent with him his footman and his valet to assist in carrying out the butler’s system efficiently—since the butler, as De Creasey explained, could not be constantly overlooking that particular duty—what else could Buffles do but engage the trio of domestics on the spot, and summarily cashier their predecessors? It was done; and although Buffles felt that the force of the De Creaseian charity could no further go, yet when that Samaritan presently sent his cook and his coachman, with the assurance that they were indispensable auxiliaries to the success of the butler’s ministrations, Buffles, as well as his obesity would permit, could only bow him to the dispensation, and open his doors and his arms to these messengers of

mercy. After this the De Creaseian page, thrown in as a makeweight, was a mere trifle, to which it would have been simply ungrateful and churlish to object; especially as De Creasey was willing to place his housemaid and kitchenmaid at his friend's disposal, but said he thought Buffles would now get along very well, and would soon be sensible of a great reduction in his bulk. It will be seen that De Creasey's ideas of reduction were conceived in a trading spirit, and embraced the commercial principle of taking a quantity; but no one can reasonably contend that this in any way detracted from the excellence of his intentions or depreciated their value.

It would, therefore, have been flying in the face of De Creasey for Buffles to have scorned the sympathies and services of these delegates, particularly as they had not been long established under his roof ere the martyr to adiposity began sensibly to feel the benign effects of their presence.

It was the footman who began the cure. I must premise that the capacious Buffles, although so

services of the new footman, but that majestic menial did not, on his part, see any occasion for his attendance. If ever there was a man and a servant in a chronic state of stoical unconcern about the wants or wishes of his master, that man was De Creasey's quondam Jeames, now enjoying his ease in Buffles' kitchen, studying his master's "Times," and totally ignoring his master's bell. What time the elephantine Buffles was panting and wheezing, and pishing and pshawing, and regularly wearing himself away in his abortive efforts to win to his side this supine and unsympathetic vassal.

It was too true. Buffles already began to diminish under this harassing irritation alone. Imperceptibly, but surely though slowly, he began to fine and shrink away; and no wonder, you would have said, had you seen him plunging about his apartment, tearing at the bells, flinging open the door to wheeze or whisper stormily downstairs—he couldn't shout for the life of him—and then coming back and plumping doubled up in his chair—a very picture of exploded wrath and *débris* of misery.

But how about the butler? It was his office, we hear the reader complain, to get off Buffles' superfluous weight; not the footman's. Just so; but this being a deliberate kind of person, and deputing his duty in the first instance to his subordinate, we have been obliged to observe first the effect of *his* system.

When the butler, after settling himself comfortably down in his new berth, condescended to interview and inspect his magnified master, it was with a grave but supercilious curiosity, much as if he were some overgrown animal,—in not the prime condition after all,—offered to him on easy enough terms of purchase, of which, however, he didn't quite see the advantages. He prodded and poked the unwieldy gentleman as if he were a prize ox; and having looked him over with mild and well-bred insolence, pronounced that he wanted "tone." It was no use attempting to bring his weight down until his system was thoroughly prepared and fortified to meet the exhaustion consequent upon the reduction. That should be his first care, and he would begin at once; but Mr. Buffles must not calculate upon any sensible effects of this treatment. The effects would be apparent only to the operator,



patiently enduring and mildly melancholy before his friends, was, in his domestic relations, a somewhat testy individual. Indeed, some of his dependants had been heard to say that he was "a deuce of a temper," and others, that when he was in his tartrums, "a wild elephant was a fool to him!" He had occasion very many times a day for the

and need be no concern of the patient—indeed, the less the latter knew about what was going on with him, the better. The “toning” and the reduction might be going on together, or alternately, without its being either necessary or competent for the patient to know where one began or the other ended.

So Buffles put himself, meekly and unresistingly, into the butler's hands, with more docility, certainly, than he submitted to the footman's dispensations. I don't know so well how the reduction went on under the butler's treatment, but I'm clear on the point that this functionary applied himself with much zeal and success to the pleasant task of reducing his master's stock of wines and liqueurs. This would have been all very well if he had permitted their rightful proprietor to share in this exhilarating diversion; but this was the very thing tabooed above all to Buffles. Some wine, of course, was indispensable to the “toning” process, and if you could have had the hardihood, which I wouldn't have envied you, to taste the “mixture” the butler laid down for and presently gave his governor, you would have understood all about the toning and the reduction going on together. Buffles was “toning” down beautifully.

Then there was the coachman. The butler-trainer's system embraced plenty of carriage exercise, and accordingly the devoted patient went out daily, driven by the first-named official. I despair of conveying anything like an adequate idea of the kind of ordeal this was for the unhappy Buffles. Suffice it to say that from the way in which he diminished during the hour or two of anguish while he was at the mercy of the coachman, I should say that Buffles fairly oozed out under the carriage doors. His panels were spitted by omnibus poles, and he himself only escaped skewering in like manner by being projected from the back seat to the front by a vagrant pole entering the vehicle from the rear. His wheels became involved with other wheels, and with tramway rails and other matters, in the most incomprehensible confusion; and it may be fairly calculated that this agony and

mortal terror took it out of Buffles in treble the proportion that jockeys are said to lose weight in a strongly-run race. That lasts only for a few minutes, and as Buffles' sweating was protracted into hours, it is easy to conceive the rate at which he wasted. His evaporation went on swimmingly; there is really no other word for it while it is allowable to speak of people being bathed in perspiration.

I am half afraid to say anything about the page or the valet. How Buffles sweated and shrank every time he submitted his extensive chin to the razor wielded by the man, and how he subsided like treacle oozing from a leaky can, or foamed and fizzed away like soda-water, under the infliction of the *diablerie* of the boy—to attempt to record this with anything approaching to truthfulness would ruin my credit for ever. I must even fall back upon the cook—no unsubstantial thing to fall upon, even for a Buffles in his pristine portliness; but I cannot venture to say so much for her dishes and *consommés*. Bless you! they were as poor and thin as—as Buffles himself would have been if this sort of thing had gone on much longer.

What he would have come to by this time, or how it would have ended, I'm sure I couldn't tell you, if, just when he was reduced to a shadow of his former self, and was beginning to wonder what on earth had become of him, or where he had all gone to, Buffles hadn't opportunely woke up from an after-dinner nap, and found himself of the same princely proportions as when he dropped off, but conscious of certain interior sensations that warned him that his repast had not agreed with him so well as usual. But the best of it was that he awoke to the full enjoyment of his own well-appointed and well-ordered household staff, and had never had fathered upon him the worthless minions of a De Creasey—in fact, he had never even heard of that arch-dissembler at all.

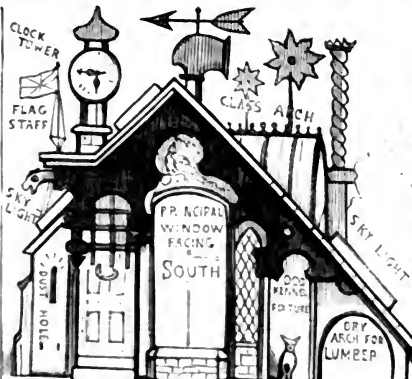
Since then Buffles has gone on making weight as if nothing had happened; and I am afraid, after all, that the title at the head of this paper is a misnomer. But, then, he certainly lost a lot in his dream; so, I think I will let it stand.

VICISSITUDES OF AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

APARTMENTS



Should you be tired of apartments for your studio, build one of your own.



You consult with your architect, who supplies you with something tasty in design, and informs you it will be finished in three months.



You get married, and go on the Continent; you return;—there has been a strike in the building trade.



In the lateness of time it is, however, completed; it's a little damp, perhaps, but no matter, it's your own.



You likewise find the benefit of skylights, when weather sets in.



Then you have the advantage of answering your own door, to models—



and to beggars.



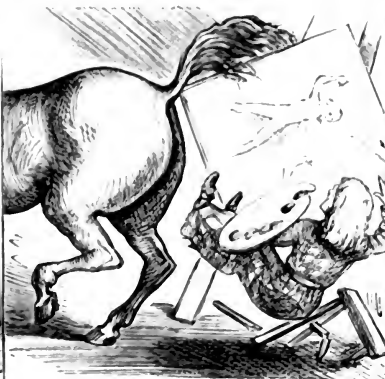
not to mention the Tax-Collector.



Then there is the fun of working in a forcing-house in summer's scorching rays:



A patent stove, which consumes tons of coal, and throws all its heat up the chimney; keep on your ulster, lean on the stove, and you've not much to complain of.



And again,—your studio being mistaken for a stable varies the monotony of study.



When the thaw sets in, your skylights leak, and your pipes burst,—



You let it for a synagogue, and cast yourself once more on the mercy of the world.

—Matt Staben

LONG-HAIRED LETTICE.

I.

O H, do you know Letitia Lane,
Called likewise Lettice, to her bane ;
The girl who had that curious whim
Founded upon a tale in Grimm ?

The tale of Lettice with the hair
So long it served instead of stair,
And thus the King's son used to climb
The tower, to court her many a time !

Letitia Lane said to herself,
"I have pomatum on a shelf ;
I know a boy whose name is King ;
My hair it grows like anything.

"I have explored the neighbourhood,
And found but one King,—which is good ;
Because if there is only one,
His son of course is *the* King's son."

She knew her grammar, Lettice did,
She used to learn as she was bid ;
She knew the Articles all right,
Definite and Indefinite.

But now, which made her parents stare,
She gave her mind to growing hair ;
Her father said, "What can our daughter
Be at with all that rosemary water?"

Alas ! the secret soon was out :
Beside her window ran a spout,
And one day they beheld the girl
Measuring what should have been a curl,

And heard this murmur from their pet,
"Not long enough by six feet yet,
But still it makes a nice long shower ;
O happy prince, to climb the tower!"

At first they thought it was her fun,
But maids gave notice one by one ;
They said, "We cannot stand it, ma'am,
Circassian cream and rosemary balm ;

"And hair of this unusual length ;
It is too much, ma'am, for our strength."
But soon the parents came to share
Themselves their daughter's pride of hair.

"Lady Godiva had a head
Of long, long hair," the father said.
"And who else had, my dearest life?"
"Boadicea," says the wife :

"There was the beggar maid beside,
Whom King Cophetua made his bride ;
Saint Dorothea ; Judith. There,
We will not cut Letitia's hair."

II.

Now, when the girl's hair had run out
The full length of that water-spout,
Letitia took the tale in Grimm
To little King, and showed it him.

Says she, "You see, it all comes right ;
My room shall be the Tower of might ;
My name is Lettice, my hair is long,
You are the King's son, and are strong.

"You come and sing, 'Let down your hair,
That I may climb without a stair.'
You clutch my locks, and then, oh joy !"
This greatly pleased King's little boy.

One night when it was dark and dense,
He entered by the garden fence,
And underneath Letitia's room
He sang that rhyme amid the gloom.

Letitia said, "Who calls outside?"
"I am the King's son," he replied.
Ten feet of hair she then let down,—
The hair was soft and golden-brown.

And King the younger seized the same,
And pulled and pulled it, as it came ;
Lettice sighed, "Oh, oh !" and such ;
Her poor eyes watered very much.

The more he pulled the more he hurt,
But Lettice only squeezed her skirt,
Not liking to appeal to him,
Because that was not put in Grimm.

But as he tugged and tugged amain,
At last she could not bear the pain,
And gave ten screeches, loud and clear,
And so the maids ran out to hear ;

Likewise the parents, and some friends,
Who rapped the lover's finger-ends,
And did not much attend to him
When he kept saying, "Grimm! Grimm!
Grimm!"

For by this time Letitia Lane
Was almost fainting with the pain,
And two policemen, loud and large,
With bullseyes, asked, "What is the charge?"

Of course the friends hushed up the case,
Because they dreaded the disgrace ;
But poor Letitia, pale of cheek,
She had her hair cut that day week.

And *now* the parents keep an eye
Upon the children's library ;
Admitting science, psalm, and hymn,
But angrily excluding Grimm.

AUTHOR OF "LILLIPUT LEVEE."

FIRST APPEARANCE OF JOHN JONES, COMEDIAN.

TO quote the words of several competent judges (notably my good mother and the family nurse), I was a born actor.

From the moment of my entrance upon the Stage of life, I indulged in tricks and conceits rarely met with on this side of the footlights, my antics being so eccentric that they invariably provoked the remark that "it was as good as a pantomime to see me."

At the age of seven I was a perfect master of Skelton's Acting Drama (the penny plain and twopence coloured arrangement), and before I was seventeen had trod the boards of the amateur Electric Theatre, and enacted the part of *Horatio* in consideration of the payment of five shillings in advance, fully believing that this character was *below* my genius, but knowing that the assumption of the Prince of Denmark was considerably *above* my means, the fee for murdering *Hamlet* being two pounds at the very least.

Thus step by step my passion for the stage and its attractive surroundings had increased, till finally I became a positive slave to Thespis, and had no delight in anything or anybody unconnected with the "profession."

My frequent performances at the "Electric" were

crowned with the most flattering success, the applause of my friends (?) on each occasion being so overwhelming as to leave no doubt in my mind that, could I but obtain an appearance, my fortune would be made, and the dream of my life realized. Thus imbued, I set to work and plotted and schemed from morn till night to secure my desired *début*, and at length succeeded in obtaining an introduction to a well-known tragedian, Mr. Mortimer Montmorency, then "starring" at the Theatre Royal Cottingham.

The interview was satisfactory in the extreme: the great man being so pleased with my appearance and manners, that he determined to secure my services at once, to support him in small but important parts, at a correspondingly trivial salary. Here was joy indeed! It really seemed too good to be true; but all doubt was removed when the man of many parts bade me be present the following morning at the eleven o'clock rehearsal, adding, "By-the-bye, will you play under your own name, Mr. Jones, or will you have a *nom de plume*?" "Oh, no! I must have a *nom de plume*," I replied; "I cannot play under the name of John Jones for family reasons. Mr. Herbert Granville," I added, "would suit me, if there were no objections." "Certainly," acquiesced my patron, "Mr. Herbert Granville be it."

The play selected for my first appearance was "Richard III.," and the character with which I was to be entrusted was a "Flying Messenger," who is supposed to rush on to the battle-field and announce that "A gentleman, who calls himself Stanley, desires admission to the Earl of Richmond!" having repeated which sentence several times to the satisfaction of the stage manager, I was pronounced "all right," and rehearsal was at an end.

It must be admitted that it was galling in the extreme for one who had revelled in *Claude Melnotte* and *Romeo* to be ignominiously destined to speak one solitary line. However, there was no help for it now, and the only thing to be done was to try and deliver my words in such a manner as to astonish, if possible, the manager and audience, which I determined to do, and spent the whole of the afternoon in practising my speech and studying the effect I desired to produce.

The visions I had originally pictured of my opening night—vainly imagining myself the hero of the hour—were somewhat rudely dispelled when I reached the theatre in the evening, and found myself unnoticed and uncared for, and my courage—which had been so grand in the morning—followed the example of the redoubtable Bob Acres, and "considerably oozed out."

As the hour approached for me to go on—time after time did I return from the stage to the dressing-room to have yet another look at my warlike appearance. I have a distinct remembrance of getting in everybody's way on this eventful night, and being the recipient of many a strangely-sounding blessing, which increased the nervousness that had now strongly set in.

I can hardly fancy a more intensely wretched feeling than that which took possession of me at this time, while waiting for my cue—an empty, sinking sort of sensation, as though I had nothing in me—an expression which might have been very truthfully applied to my acting capabilities. How I longed for my time to come! or, rather, how I longed for it to have gone! and what would I not have given to have been released from my responsibility?

Over and over again did I bother the prompter to

know whether it was near my time—fearful lest I might not hear my cue. In fact, such a nuisance had I made myself to that necessary but much-abused worthy, that in despair he besought me to get anywhere out of his way; which request I complied with by getting to the extreme back of the stage at the very moment I was wanted, from which place of retirement I was seized by him and literally pushed on, in anything but a dignified manner.

My memory does not serve me sufficiently to recount from personal recollection how I disported myself during the short time that I had possession of the stage, but those who were present on the memorable night affirm that they can never forget it. According to all accounts, my nerve must have entirely forsaken me; for, instead of rushing on in a state of wild excitement, which would have become the scene, I walked quietly up to Richmond, and, being short-sighted, eyed him up and down, as though to make sure I was addressing the right man, and then drawled out in the slowest and swellest of accents, "A gentleman—who calls himself Stanley—desires admission—to the—Earl of Richmond." Thus carrying out my idea of astonishing the manager and audience, though hardly in the way that I originally purposed.

What the audience thought of my *fiasco* I know not, but what Mr. Montmorency said I remember very distinctly; it was this:

"Granville, I love thee, but never more be officer of mine," after which short but characteristic dismissal, he placed his hand kindly on my shoulder and said, "Never mind, my boy, it might have been worse; for I remember once, when playing *Hamlet* one night, being completely nonplussed by the *Rosencrantz* of the evening. It was in the second scene of the second act, which should be as follows:

"*'Hamlet.* What news?'

"*'Rosencrantz.* None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.'

"*'Hamlet.* Then is doomsday near."

"Instead of which, after my inquiry, 'What news?' the playful *Rosencrantz* replied, 'None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest and doomsday is near.'"

H. G. SOMERVILLE.

THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

(BEING SOME EXTRACTS FROM A "SOCIETY" JOURNAL; WITH EXPLANATORY ILLUSTRATIONS.)



"SPRINGING OF POOR OLD GENERAL SIR A.B.— 'OLD BEN' HEDGED TO CALL HIM.
REMEMBER, WHEN WE WERE AT THE OLD A.— CLUB TOGETHER. HE L&L."



"TEPBRIBLY FAT HIS GRAVE OF C.— GETS, BY THE WAY; HE CAME
VPTOME† IN PALL MALL THE OTHER DAY AND—L&L."



"I HAD JUST TAKEN S.A. GARNET'S ARM— L&L."



"FATHER! OLD BOY" SAID HIS LORDSHIP TO ME (LITTLE MISPRINT:
FOR "RATHER OLD, BOY!")



"POOR DEAR OLD TIM— AS WE ALWAYS CALLED THE LITTLE MARQUIS IN OUR SET—
TIM (D A BUTLER WHO) WAS ALWAYS A GREAT CROOK OF MINE"



"OUR DEAR
FIELD MARSHALL— WAS ALWAYS CHARMED
WITH MY COMPANY"

A BREACH OF PROMISE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IN WHICH OUR HERO "HAS IT" AT LAST.



TUDWAY GREEN
"had it" at last!

Many a long year had he been struggling for it—now toiling a long way behind it, now having it almost within his grasp, again losing sight of it altogether; but, never daunted and always pressing onward with renewed vigour after each defeat, until now he really "had it" at last.

Tudway had been a discontented man—unreasonably discontented, his friends thought. He had (said they) everything a man could desire—a large estate, an ample income, a splendid cellar, a magnificent cook, a perfect digestion, a beautiful face and form—no! even the most sycophantic of his friends couldn't credit him with a beautiful face and form. The politest of them thought that his eyes "might have been a leetle more—eh?" "His back, perhaps—?" and his hair "Just a shade or two—um!—don't you think so?" But I won't dwell upon these matters, as Tudway may see this, and I have no desire to wound his feelings. We all regard our imperfections through a diminishing-glass, as it were, and persuade ourselves the world does the same, so I dare say Tudway calls his outrageous squint "a slight cast," considers his hair "a sort of a pale auburn," and supposes his hump imperceptible "unless he stands sideways." Such moral blindness is a wise dispensation—how would some of us bear our own hideousness else? I speak feelingly

on this point. But I am wandering away from what was considered Tudway's crowning reason for satisfaction with his lot. He was engaged to be married to the young, witty, beautiful, and accomplished Miss Kitty Pyrke.

I am not going out of my way to describe Miss Pyrke in detail. I've given her four decently comprehensive adjectives, and no young lady, however exacting, could expect more. Enough that she was beloved by Tudway, and, doubtless, in return loved—his riches. She *may* have loved his person, and yet—but who can fathom a woman's fancy?

Still, even his love was subordinate to his one unsatisfied longing, the cause of his discontent. This misguided young man, rolling in riches and destitute of poor relations, yearned for fame—literary fame! He had no desire, mind you, to "wing a lofty flight" (this has the ring of a quotation, so I have placed it in inverted commas; but I believe I have invented the phrase myself, all the same); he merely aspired to the position of a comic writer. He was considered by himself and friends to be "awfully funny," and they all said he ought to "get on" a comic paper. To do him justice, he tried hard; but editor after editor politely declined his productions, even when he offered them for nothing. Meantime, he utilized all his "good things" in letters to his friends, and the more "comicalities" he sent them, the more they wished him on a "comic." Naturally his "best things" found their way into his Kitty's letters, but all this brought him no nearer his desire. He could have printed at his own expense, of course, but that was not what he wished; he wanted his things to appear in some periodical where the public would be bound to see them—they might ignore a book—and he had tried every paper he knew of without success, so he was in despair.

But the tide had turned at last. Sitting over his study fire this evening, and brooding over his ill success, a sudden thought darted through his brain,

and electrified him. Starting to his feet, he slapped his thigh joyously, and exclaimed, "*I have it!*"

Then, with a happy light in his eye, and a merry chuckle—where should a chuckle be? at the root of his tongue? Well, say at the root of his tongue—he put on his hat and sought Miss Kitty's abode.

—

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE PLAN.

MISS PYRKE resided, with her papa and sisters, in a new house in that district of London which unblushingly calls itself "*West Kensington*," although "*Hammersmith*" is written in every feature of its face as plainly as ever Bill was in those of Mrs. Witton's page, high Adolphus. However, this please Hammersmith, I suppose, and doesn't hurt Kensington, for there is no more to be said on that point.

Tudway, on his arrival, made straight for the room in which his Kitty was usually to be found—and he found her. He wasn't quite satisfied with the state of affairs, however, but it was not his usual time for calling, and if lovers will call at unusual times, they must take the consequences. Still, he thought he had grounds for complaint. He wouldn't have objected to finding her surrounded by the family, neither would he have objected to finding her alone; but she was pursuing a middle course, of which he didn't quite approve. She was very nearly alone, but not sufficiently so. Of course he didn't doubt her, but he thought her one companion too young and too male, and they might just as well have had the gall light, then he could have been *quite* certain whether it was a knee his Kitty started from, or only the sofa. He was too excited with his new idea, however, to do more than make a mental note of the circumstance for future comment, so as soon as the young man (he was plaguy good-looking, confound him!) had slunk away, and Kitty had lit the gas (for which he couldn't see the necessity *now*), he said,

"I say, Kitty, do you object to my jilting you?"

Now, why Miss Pyrke should get red and con-

fused, and assume the expression of one about to vehemently assert her innocence, passes my comprehension. Tudway didn't notice it, however, but went on.

"Because I've got such a splendid idea. You know how I'm always yearning for fame? Well, look here: suppose I write to you and break off our engagement—you bring action for breach—my letters, with all those funny things in them, read in court—printed in *all* the papers—roars of laughter—publicity—fame—happiness! You and I make it all right afterwards, of course."

After all, there is no doubt she must have been fond of him: her eyes sparkled with delight as he unfolded his plan; at last he would be happy—she was thinking of that, no doubt. She grew nearly as excited as he was, and gave his scheme her unqualified approval.

"Go home, there's a dear boy, and write me the letter at once. And I say, Tuddy," she called after him as he hurried down the front steps, "I'll go in for immense damages—for fun."

"Bless her heart!" cried Tudway, as he trotted off, "how she enters into the thing!"

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CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE RESULT.

THE contract thus entered into was faithfully carried out. The next morning Miss Pyrke received the following note:—

MY DEAR MISS PYRKE,—I have just decided never to marry. I therefore beg to release you from your engagement. I shall be glad if you will retain my presents, but please return engagement ring by bearer, as it may be useful, should I again alter my intentions. I am, yours cheerfully,

TUDWAY GREEN.

Upon this Miss Pyrke promptly brought her action, laying the damages at £100,000. The case was "set down for trial," and in due course came before a judge and two rows of enlightened jury.

Tudway was mightily amused with the whole thing.

Knowing it to be a sham, he found something irresistibly comic in the grave severity of the judge and the shocked expression of the jury as the counsel for the plaintiff opened the case, describing him (Tudway) as a "mouthing Mephistopheles, inebriated with the exuberance of his own callosity, and disturbing the pure waters of a budding consciousness with the insidious insincerities of a fictitious affection," and detailing the "whole course of love" from the first "slight attentions" through the proposal scene (which he described with surprising accuracy, Tudway thought) and long correspondence, until the climax was reached in "this heartless—this *gross*—this FIENDISH letter."

Oh, it was a rich joke! Tudway thought; a rare joke—perhaps the best he had ever made. He tried to catch Kitty's eye in a telegraphic glance of intelligence as she entered the box, but she kept them both cast down, and gave her evidence with a quiet self-possession which elicited a compliment from the learned judge (what an eye for beauty they have, those old fellows!) and nearly sent Tudway into a fit.

"How well she does it!" he said to himself with intense enjoyment. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! This day will be the death of me."

His own conduct in the box, however, in consequence of his struggles to retain his gravity, drew forth anything but compliments, the judge characterizing it as "disgusting flippancy," and threatening to commit him; while the plaintiff's counsel described it as "consistently brutal."

But now they reached the point to which Tudway looked forward with such hopes. The counsel lifted the first of his letters, and asked, "Is this your handwriting, sir?" The reply being in the affirmative, the clerk proceeded to read it. "Now," thought our friend, "for a sensation;" and he prepared himself for the look of surprise, the pleased smile, and the final roar of laughter each of his witticisms was to draw forth. But there seemed to be something

wrong; the letter was read calmly through—not a smile was visible! Could they have heard it? The judge was quietly taking notes; the jury sat attentive, but solemn. Tudway couldn't understand it. The second letter made no better impression than the first, nor did the third, except that the judge asking an explanation of a passage containing one of his "best things," and receiving it, remarked contemptuously, "Oh, some stupid joke!" He grew bewildered, his laughter all died out of him, and he answered the rest of the questions put to him like one in a dream. Like one in a dream he heard the judge sum up, the jury give a verdict for the plaintiff—without leaving the box—and for the whole damages claimed. Like one in a dream he heard the judge deliver a long lecture on his "dastardly conduct," and pronounce "judgment accordingly, with costs." His consciousness was benumbed to everything but a sense of gigantic failure; his last hope had left him, and fame was never to be his. Sad and sorrowful he sought the presence of the late plaintiff.

"Kitty," he said, sadly, "I have not treated you well. I have been wrong all along. I have wasted time that should have been devoted to you in the pursuit of a chimera—an *ignis fatuus*—a will-o'-the-wisp. But I have received a lesson: from this moment I give up fame and devote my life to your happiness. Let us be married to-morrow."

But she received his advances coldly.

"No, Mr. Green," she replied; "you have jilted me cruelly—shamefully. I didn't know how cruelly and shamefully until his lordship made that beautiful speech. We meet no more. I go to wed another—the young man you surprised me with the other night, in point of fact—we are going to set up on this hundred thousand pounds."

And she left him.

I don't think I can do justice to the rest of Tudway's career.

JOHN W. HOUGHTON.

SOME RAILWAY PASSENGERS.



1. The Man who never travelled in a train before.
2. The Old Party who wants the window shut.
3. The Young Party who wants it open.
4. The Man who always finds a corner with his back to the engine.
5. The *Habitue*.
6. The Man who can afford first-class, but always travels third.

7. The Man who can only afford third, but always goes first-class.
8. The Young Lady who doesn't mind the smoke in the least.
9. The Old Lady who does.
10. The Old Woman that always gets in the wrong train.
11. The Man who always invites a very stout party into a very full carriage, with the remark that there is plenty of room for a little 'un.

A FELINE TRIAL.

"DON'T stand staring in that imbecile way, my good man," said the magistrate; "you hear what the complainant says."

"Yes, sir,—yes, your Worship, I mean; but——"

"Yes, yes, yes! you have said that before," he cried, and he brought his hand down so viciously on his desk that the perspiration stood in bigger drops than ever upon my head and brow, tickling me horribly as several of the drops got married, and joining themselves into streams, ran down my nose and behind my ears.

It was very dreadful, and I was so innocent, and somehow people would titter, and I could see a dreadful little man of a plump and rosy aspect in the reporter's box, smiling as he watched me through a pair of the shiniest spectacles I ever saw, and every now and then, after making notes, he kept staring at me as if he were learning me by heart.

Once or twice he turned and whispered to a fair young man beside him in the box, and he whispered back, and blinked rapidly, and made his fair hair stick up all over his head, as he, too, watched me through another pair of dreadfully shiny spectacles; and he also seemed to be learning me by heart; and what's more, just as I was making up my mind to deliver a very powerful bit of defence, this dreadful young man smiled, made his spectacles glimmer, and then seemed to play a tune on the piano about me, all over the front of the reporters' box, with fingers that looked like a phantom *cheveux de frise* in rapid motion.

It was those two reporters at that dreadful police court at Bow Street that upset me, so that I could do nothing but perspire, till my clean collar was quite limp, and I did nothing at last but gasp like a goldfish in a globe.

"You see, sir," said the solicitor, smiling, "there is nothing to be got out of the defendant. As my client the complainant instructs me, this man is a stubborn kind of personage, with a craze for cats,

and the neighbourhood has become of late perfectly unbearable."

"With the nocturnal nightingales' notes?" said the magistrate, smiling.

"Exactly so, sir; ha, ha, ha! very good. Excuse my laughing, your Worship," cried the solicitor, wiping his eyes, while all the people tittered; somebody called out "Silence!" very mildly; and that plump little man bent over his book, and I am sure, from the way his spectacles twinkled, he wrote down the words, "Roars of laughter."

"My client, sir, asks for nothing unreasonable; only that, say, fifty of the cats may be destroyed."

"Roars of laughter" written down again, and the demon young man with the straight-up hair played a flourish with one hand, and brought down his other as if playing a big chord.

"There—there are only nineteen!" I cried at last, for I was so exasperated that I was obliged to speak.

"Oh! only nineteen, Mr.—Mr.——" said the magistrate, referring to the charge-sheet before him.

"Yes, your Worship: nineteen, including the kittens," I said, wiping my face.

"Roars of laughter" written down again, and I felt as if I must throw something at the little man, and something else at his son.

"Well, but, my good man," said the magistrate, now speaking blandly, "don't you think you can abate this nuisance? Cats are very well in their places, but nineteen or ninety-nine are too many to make the vicinity pleasant for your neighbours."

"My client advises me, sir," interposed the solicitor, "that there has been quite a plague of cats for the past twelvemonth."

"Yes, yes, yes! so I have heard," said the magistrate, testily. Then turning to me, "Now, this is a nuisance that I must leave to your common sense to abate. I shall dismiss the case on your promise to get rid of the animals and not annoy your neighbours any more. If you do not, proceedings will

doubtless be taken against you by the local authorities. Stand down. Call the next case."

"But—but—but, your Worship," I exclaimed.

"Stand down, sir! The next case!" said the magistrate; and I was hustled out of the box where I had been standing, and hurried out of the court amidst a burst of titters, while one ribald wretch said, "*Miaou!*"

Some one else said "*Miaou!*" outside, and the policemen laughed so, that it was with a feeling of mental agony that I leaped into the first hansom cab—stay, I will be accurate: I never leap now—and sank back exhausted.

"Where to, sir?" cried the cabman.

"Cats, my man, cats," I said, feebly.

"Where, sir?"

"Cats—I mean Forty-seven Raven Street, Strand."

Judith opened the door to me, and about seven cats began to rub their heads against my legs as soon as I was on the mat, but I had not the heart to kick them, and hurrying into my room, I sat down to wonder how I was to abate the nuisance.

I gazed into the garden, once so neat and pretty, though certainly peppered with soot, but always cheery with its ferns and the little fountain; now it was scratched by cats and besprinkled with broken missiles that had been thrown from neighbouring windows. In these few square feet you could see the old, very old, boots; a worn-out hair-brush; the *débris* of a washhand-jug—blue Sophonisba pattern; two halves of the lid of a tooth-brush tray; some dreary pieces of soap—sizes various; a slipper; the bare stump of a shaving-brush; half a scuttle, at least, of nubby coals; some pieces of tile; twice as many scraps of slate; a broken broom-handle; the foot of a rummer—the top being in splinters too small to count; the remains of several hot water-jugs; dozens of medicine bottles; many pomatum-pots, and their lids; half a brick; two old hats—chinnepots, which was probably why they were thrown; a Bradshaw's Guide, in a very wet and sordid condition; a thin old bent poker; the pan of a fire-shovel; a tin shaying-pot; a small flat bachelor's kettle; a French roll, that had swollen horribly since it lay there; a champagne-bottle, three hocks, and about nine of the small cheap

shilling clarets; a half-quartern cottage loaf, in as bad a state as the roll; while the blank wall was all over dabs of putty, that had flattened there consequent upon the young solicitors at forty-five making practice at the cats with a long blow-pipe.

These are a few of the articles with which the furry creatures had been pelted; and while my neighbours reviled me about the matter, I hasten to place myself right with the public, and to say that it was not my fault, for I did not like to keep the cats at all, but they would not go.

I lit a pipe, and mused—please mark, good reader, I do not try to make a pun (*muse*—*meus*) out of that word, like some ribald writers—and just then Judith entered the room.

"What would you like for dinner to-day, sir?"

"Cats," I said, absently.

"Lor bless the man! what's come to him?" she muttered. "I said, what would you like for dinner to-day, sir?"

"Dinner? oh, anything, Judith."

"Please, sir, I forgot to tell you when you was going out, that the big tortoiseshell had kittens in the waste paper-basket in the night—nine of 'em, sir. I never see such a litter afore!"

"Nine more!" I groaned: "then there are twenty-eight. But which big tortoiseshell—that one Jeremy's asked me to take care of while they went to the Isle of Wight?"

"Yes, sir."

"And it has only been here a week!" I moaned feebly, as I followed Judith into the front room, where, as soon as I entered, the tortoiseshell Tom—no, stay; I am so confused with that police court bullying and those two reporters, that I hardly know what I say: it couldn't have been a Tom, of course; I might have known that, as tortoiseshell Toms are so rare—the tortoiseshell Tibby began to purr; and as I sat myself down, manufacturing dire plots for the destruction of her offspring, if she did not come and rub herself against my legs, and then go back to the waste paper-basket, and take hold one by one, by the skin at the back of their necks, of the nine little faintly-squeaking kittens, with their blind slits of eyes and scrubs of tails, and lay them at my feet, giving each one a lick as she did so; and when she

had got them all in a heap, if she did not look up at me and seem to say,

"There! wouldn't you be proud if you had nine kittens?"

Now, here is the way it began: I am a mildly-disposed bachelor, nearly fifty, and live alone, saving my servants, in one of the quietest streets in town; and because one day I was at a friend's, and stroked and admired a fine white cat with blue eyes, of which he was very proud—it seemed for no other reason than that it was as deaf as a post—he sent it to me next day as a present.

The very next week, another friend, who had been to my house in the interim and seen the white cat, said, "I say, old fellow, you're fond of cats. You shall have the big old Tom."

I protested that I would not rob him for worlds; but he insisted on being robbed.

"He's the heaviest Tom in London," he said; and, in spite of all, he weighted me with that cat.

Then, like the wind, it was set about that I—Birley—Christopher Birley—was fond of cats; and Mrs. Martin came over one day with something in a basket, and said that they were going to live in the country, where they would have no use for a cat; so, as I was so fond of them, and would be so kind to it, she had brought me her Cleopatra.

I couldn't help myself—I was obliged to take it; and then, at a horrible rate, people brought me their cats to take care of while they went for their autumn trips; and, when I objected, it was always, "Oh! it's only one more, and you won't notice it!" or, "I wouldn't trouble you, Mr. Birley, but people are so cruel, and I don't think it's right to go away and lock up one's house with the cat left in it to starve."

And that was not the worst of it: the cats themselves got to know of it; and they came from far enough and settled themselves upon my establishment, walking in at back door or open window, or coming down through the pavement with the coals, if there was no other part open, so as to get into what they evidently looked upon as a kind of a Cat Paradise. One great black fellow broke an attic window to come in, and another black and white came down the chimney; so that at the end of a year I really believe there were seventy cats in the house,

and the people around said I was mad. I couldn't go out without some ribald boy shouting "'scat 'scat!" and the neighbours began to complain.

And now all this had resulted in my being summoned to Bow Street for causing a nuisance in the neighbourhood—just, too, when, by some series of fatalities, numbers of the cats had died, and I had filled the back garden so full that I did not know where to bury the rest.

There was nothing for it but to obey, so I took Judith into my confidence.

"Well, sir," she said, "there are certainly a few too many, but don't go poisoning the poor things—it makes 'em that ill that I can't abear to see 'em."

"Oh, no, certainly not," I said, with a shudder, for I saw in imagination a series of poisoned cats haunting me, and yelling 'Murderer!' "But don't you think, Judith, we might—er—em—er—consign that litter to a—er—em—a watery grave?"

"Drown 'em in the pail, sir? Well, yes, that would be nine the less."

So we settled that we would begin with these nine, but not in broad daylight. A deed so dark needed the flavour of night, so at the witching hour of nine I tucked up my sleeves, and coaxing Tibby into the back room with a bit of meat, I shut her in, and, taking the nine infant cats, like a middle-aged Herod as I was, I bore them in the basket down below.

Judith was already filling a pail at the tap in the back kitchen, and this half full she set down in the middle of the floor and then looked at me.

"Hadn't you better empty them all in at once, Judith?" I said, hesitating, as I looked up at her from the helpless progeny of the mother cat.

"Me—me put 'em in, sir!" she stammered. "I thought you'd like to do that."

"Er—er—no, Judith," I replied. "I have brought them down, you must commit the mur—I mean drown them."

"Lor-a-mussy, sir, no, I couldn't do it! can't abear even to kill a fle—I mean fly."

"Suppose," I said, with a brilliant idea flashing through my mind, "suppose we both take the basket and empty them in?"

"Well, we might do that, sir," she said, unwillingly.

And we did : literally pouring the nine furry babes, as they feebly squealed a protest, into the pail.

"Miaou !" said a cat just then ; and, starting in horror, there stood twelve cats, like a jury of the kittens' countrymen, come to sit in inquest upon the little bodies ; and, directly after, in came Tibby herself, looking wide-eyed and wondering, to scamper round the kitchen, and then look up at me as if to say, "Where are my bairns?"

It was too much for the feelings of both Judith and myself, and kneeling down, we picked the nine kittens out of the pail, and began to wipe them, efforts ably seconded by Tibby with her tongue, while, as she finished them, she carried them off one by one and dropped them into the basket.

The wiping of those kittens took some time, and evidently afforded a good deal of satisfaction to the cats, with which the back kitchen was now pretty well filled—a satisfaction which they evinced by rubbing their sides against my legs, and then commencing with one ear, pushing their bodies right along to the root of their tails, turning round and repeating the action on the other side. As I had only two legs, and the rubbing process had to be gone through by fifteen cats and kittens at once, some availed themselves of the corner of the sink, others of the wash-stool, while others again tried the pail, and got horribly in the way.

The little kittens seemed none the worse for their immersion, and it was with a sigh of relief that I saw them snugly settled amongst their mother's fur. So, rising from my knees, I walked upstairs, followed by a procession of cats, to my study, where the first of the party placed himself on my knees, another leaped to the back of the easy chair, two more settled themselves on the arms, and the others found comfortable places about the room.

I had come upstairs to place myself face to face with my difficulty ; but I ask an enlightened public how it was possible for me, a quiet, modest, easy-tempered man, to sit there and plot the destruction of a set of animals who, one and all, placed the most implicit confidence in me, and in their smooth, purring way, seemed to say, "All right, old fellow, you won't hurt us!"

I aroused myself, and as it was a most suitable

time for such a business, I rang for my big fishing-creel, persuaded Joseph, one of the biggest Toms, to go in, and, pegging him down, placed the strap over my shoulder.

It was not pleasant, for as soon as Joseph found himself in prison, and with no chief baker and butler to keep him company, he began to swear. Finding swearing of no effect, he howled ; and, as this was no better, he thrust one claw-armed paw out of the square oblong hole where fish were thrust in—when caught—and tried hard to get out the peg. Then he tried the other paw, with no better result, and ended by calling me something very horrible in cat, and curled himself up.

By this time I was in a hansom cab and being driven towards Westminster Bridge, over which I had myself taken, and away into the wilds by the "Elephant and Castle," where, as we were going down a dark street, I cunningly held the creel on the window, drew out the peg, and the lid fell down ; I cried, "Sh, cat !" when there was a leap, and Joseph was gone.

"One less !" I said ; poking up the trap, I cried, "Raven Street ;" and the cabman turned his horse.

That cab would cost me about three shillings, I argued. Three shillings a cat would not be dear. I could manage three or four a night that way, and at that rate free my house in little more than a week.

I reached home in the highest of glee, returning by Westminster Bridge, so as to avoid the Waterloo Bridge toll, when, as I entered my study, I stopped and rubbed my eyes, for there sat Joseph on the top of the arm-chair.

It was damping, certainly ; but I was not beaten ; and during the next week I drove out in cabs and went by trains considerable distances, and lost the whole of the full-grown cats ; though I might have saved myself the trouble, for they all came back at intervals of from two hours to four and five days, and in the most matter-of-fact way.

I worked hard at my losing game for a fortnight, and then gave it up in despair ; and, after due consultation with Judith, came to the conclusion that there was no help for it—we must have a Borgian feast, to save me from another summons to that dreadful court.

So I visited the chemist's, and purchased several ounces of the horrible mineral known as arsenic; and Judith prepared a savoury mess—a kind of fricassee or curry of chicken, in which the curry-powder was a diabolical poison, and this when cold was placed on the back kitchen floor, and the cats all locked in—to die.

I say all; but Tibby did not go, as her maternal duties kept her in the waste-paper basket. Her turn was to come.

We listened at the door, and heard the doomed animals partake of the atrocious compound; and then, to get away from the death-shrieks that I knew must soon be heard, I went out into the back garden, spade in hand, and raking aside the missiles, proceeded to dig a great deep grave.

Four poor skeletons did I exhume in the process; but when the grave was deep and wide enough, I placed these sad remains at the bottom, covered them thickly with earth, and then pausing to wipe my face, I—ah!

Some one had sent a putty bullet at me, with too good an aim, for it struck me on the cheek, and glancing angrily on in the direction I suspected had given it birth, I hurried indoors, for there were ten different heads at as many windows, and I found that I was being watched.

"Are they all dead, Judith?"

"Not one of 'em, sir," said Judith. "I peeped in at the window, and they're all a-sitting a-licking of themselves, except them as is gone to sleep."

"Then they have not eaten the—the—the——"

"Pison, sir? Yes they have; the dish is as clean as if it had been washed."

"It has not had time yet to act," I said, frowning, "or else we've given it to them too strong."

Judith stared and shook her head, and then we waited for the first cries of pain, looking guiltily one at the other, till after about an hour the first loud "miaou" began, and then came a chorus which lasted for a full hour, when there was the noise of a breaking window, caused by one of the cats knocking down a broom, which made an orifice large enough for the whole party to march out one by one, apparently quite well, thank you; and after a good deal of purring and rubbing, they all settled down to

a comfortable snooze, except three or four kittens, who played with their tails, the table-cover, and anything they could find.

I saw the chemist about the strength of that poison, and he confessed to giving me powdered gypsum.

"You see, sir," he said with a smile, "we have to be so particular about selling poison now."

What was to be done? Poison was not to be thought of now. I could not decapitate them, nor drown them, nor employ another vicariously to the task; and if I did not get rid of the cunning creatures I should be hauled before the judge and bitterly amerced. There was nothing for it but to leave the settlement of the difficulty to chance; so with a sigh I took up my paper, glanced at it, and set it down, to take up another sent me by a relative, the "Great Midland Gazette."

"Hum!" I read, "Theatre Royal. Sales by Auction. Houses to Let. Great—eh? what's this? bless my heart! Great Cat Show!"

I am very stout. I cannot help it. I might go in for Banting, but I prefer nice food. All the same, though I perspired profusely, I got up and waltzed round the room, waving that newspaper like a flag, till it was so much in ribbons that I could hardly read it. But read it I did. Great Cat Show: entries to be sent, carefully packed in baskets, to the secretary, with legible directions. The greatest care would be taken, and the animals properly fed. Owners of pets might rest assured that their cats would receive the same treatment as at home.

"Right fol lol de riddle lol de rido!" I sang that three times, and threw down the newspaper; and that night I went to bed and slept in peace, for here was the way out of my problem—my feline maze.

"Twenty-five baskets, Judith!" I cried before breakfast the next morning; and all that day we were busy packing and directing cats, taking them to different booking-offices, and paying their carriage to Great Irontown.

The last few baskets bothered us, for we could not take more than two to the same booking-office, and consequently had to hunt out offices in all sorts of out-of-the-way places. But perseverance is its own reward, and at eight o'clock I got out of a cab

five pounds lighter in pocket, but without a cat; and as soon as I was in the passage and the door was closed, I threw my arms round Judith's neck and hugged her.

A week, a second week passed; and then, from an advertisement I saw in the *Great Midland Gazette*, I found that I must have omitted to fulfil all the rules exacted of senders, and not given my address for the return of the cats. In fact, the secretary was advertising to say that if Numbers So-and-so were not fetched away by a certain date, they would be sold to defray expenses.

But the other advertisement said that owners of cats might rest assured that their pets would receive the same treatment as at home.

Ha, ha, ha!

I say, don't ask *me* to take care of your cats when you go out of town, I'm too tabby now.

By the way, I wonder whether either of those cats took a prize.

If so, I give it or them, with my compliments, to the secretary.

GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

AN ANSWER.

To My Mother-in-Law.

MOTHER, dear, we got your letter;

It was long, but very nice.

What could possibly be better

Than your heaps of good advice?

Need I say it gave me pleasure,

When my Florry read it through?

None can tell how much we treasure

Such a dear old pet as you!

'Tis no fond illusion, is it?—

(Best of beings, answer *No*!)—

That we may expect your visit

In about a week or so.

Rapture! We shall be in clover

All the while that you are here.

Can't you stop a month—or over?—

Answer quickly, mother dear!

Ere the honeymoon was ended

(Happy month—'t was ever May!)

Florry and myself intended

Asking you to come and stay.

In a close confabulation

We were striving how to frame

Lines of pressing invitation,

When your kind epistle came.

Both of us are happy, mother,

Happy as the day is long;

Oh, so fond of one another,

Far from Fashion's giddy throng!

Still, our life is rather lonely

In our tranquil suburb here;—

You could wake us up, if only

Just a little, mother dear!

You shall saunter with us daily

On the lawn and on the lea;

Or shall sit and prattle gaily

In the shade, beneath a tree.

Should the skies be unpropitious,

Cards will while away the time.

Single dummy is delicious;

Penny points are not a crime.

When may we prepare to greet you?

Tell us, for we long to hear:

(Could we send a cab to meet you

At the station, mother dear?)

Drop at once a line to Florry

(Pillar-box—not after five);

I should feel intensely sorry

To be out when you arrive!

HENRY S. LEIGH.

HE LAUGHS WHO WINS—A LEAP FOR LOVE; Or, She Would Have a Horseman.



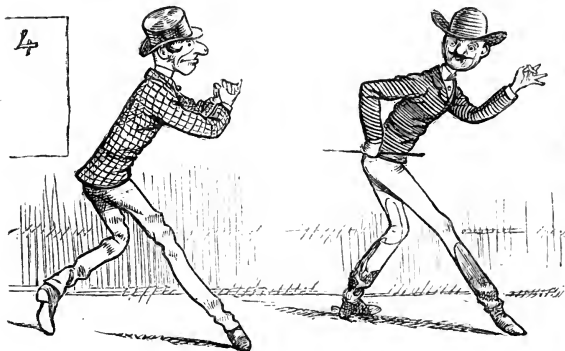
The Heroine.



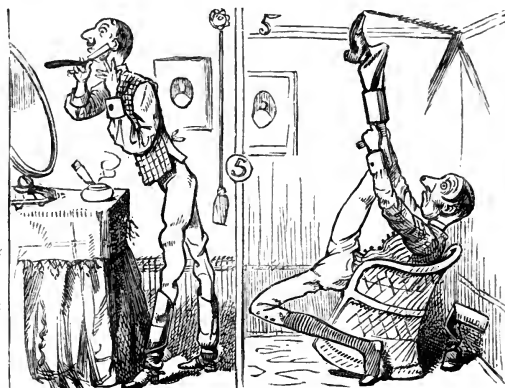
Suspicion dawns on the Heroes that they are bound on the same errand.



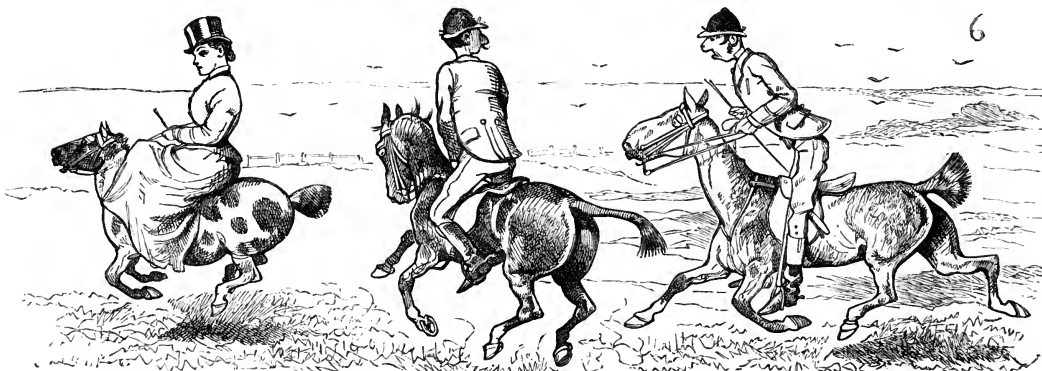
"You must decide by contest. I *must* have a horseman."



They depart, each confident of his superiority over the other.



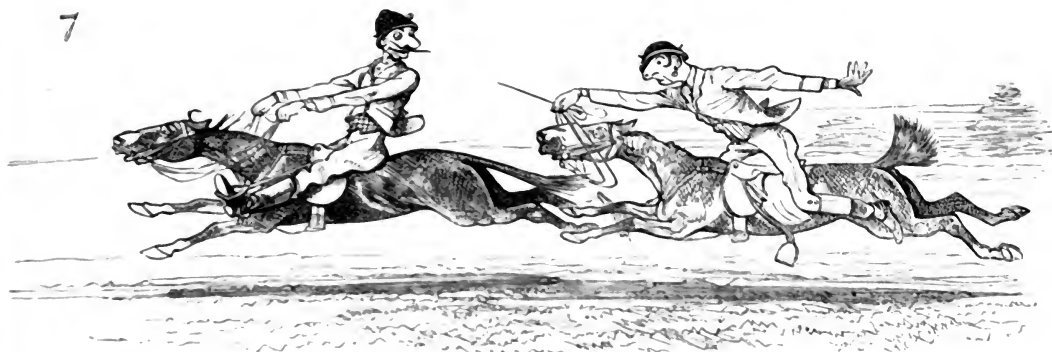
They prepare for the struggle.



En route to the course.

HE LAUGHS WHO WINS—A LEAP FOR LOVE; Or, She Would Have a Horseman.

7



"They're off! The run.



The leap.



Carrying off the prize.



The Parish Beadle cuts after the naughty little boys, who won't be quiet during the marriage service.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

BOB RATTLEPATE was hard up; not that there was anything very unusual in this circumstance, for with Bob "hard-uppishness" was a chronic ailment; but at the time in question he was uncommonly hard up. He had anticipated his weekly salary of thirty shillings for a month in prospect; on the preceding evening he had lost a match at billiards for a sovereign; his watch and chain had been confided to the care of a certain obliging relative; "Greased Lightning," whom he had backed as a "moral" for the St. Leger, had walked in with the crowd; and the exemplary patience of Mrs. Mangold, his good little landlady, was almost exhausted.

"I think I'm the unluckiest beggar in existence," he grumbled, re-lighting a clay pipe and placing his slippers on the tea-table; but his reverie was interrupted by a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of Mrs. Mangold.



"Now, Mr. Rattlepate," that lady began, "I really can't have no more nonsense; my husband an' me has to work too 'ard for our livins to let lodgins to people whose money we don't see the colour of for months an' months at a time. I'm getting quite tired of asking you to pay me my bill."

"And I'm just as tired of being asked," replied Bob; then, seeing a storm imminent, he added in the most coaxing tone he could assume, "I'm really awful sorry, Mrs. M., but I'll try and raise the

wind somehow this week, if you'll only"—he was going to say "have patience," but even Bob's cheek was not equal to that—"if you'll only give me another day or two."

"That's what you've said all along, Mr. Rattlepate; but me an' my husband's got to live, and a grown-up daughter to support in the bargain."

"Quite right," answered Bob, "and a remarkably handsome young woman she grows too, Mrs. Mangold; the very picture of you, ma'am; you'd pass for sisters anywhere."

This last remark had its intended effect: soothed by the compliment, Mrs. Mangold retired from the attack, leaving our friend to resume his brooding over the unkindness of Fate in general, and with regard to himself in particular.

"I wish I'd never been a lawyer's clerk," he mused. "There's that Dashington De Vere, with no more voice than I've got, only a lot more cheek, earns more in one week singing a few paltry songs than I do slaving away at a confounded desk for a month. But what on earth am I to do? I can't raise the wind any more to the tune of a solitary tanner!"

Suddenly he started up, a wild, desperate light in his eyes. "It's my last card," he exclaimed, "and I'll play it!"

An hour later he left the house unperceived.

Next morning Mrs. Mangold, upon taking her lodger's breakfast upstairs, was surprised to find his room tenantless; a minute after her husband, startled by her screams, rushed upstairs and found her seated in Bob's easy chair in a fit of hysteria; an open letter was in her hand; snatching it from her he read as follows:

"DEAR MR. AND MRS. MANGOLD,—Since I cannot meet my liabilities, I have resolved to escape them, and to pay the only debt in my power—that of nature. My body will be found in the canal.

"Yours respectfully,

"ROBERT RATTLEPATE.

"P.S.—Best love to Polly."

Bob Rattlepate's body was not found in the canal, but a hat, marked inside with his name and address, was discovered next morning by a bargee, who conveyed it to the Mangolds. They, tender-hearted souls! were too grieved for the fate of the unfortunate Bob to think of the money he had owed them; but still more affected was their daughter Polly, who had cherished a sneaking kindness for the good-for-nothing lodger, and who shed many tears over the postscript of his note. Lodgers came and lodgers went, but Polly went on mourning the fate of her loved one long after it had been forgotten in the neighbourhood: in vain the baker's boy invited her to share his humble cottage, in vain the nearest butcher proffered her his heart; she gave the local greengrocer "turnips;" she advised the love-lorn milkman to "walk his chalks;" like Ariadne bereft of Theseus, like Calypso deserted by Ulysses, the heartbroken Polly wept for the loss of her parents' young-man-lodger."

II.

BUT worse misfortunes were fated to overshadow the house of Mangold. Some twelve months after the date of the foregoing chapter, Mr. Mangold, acting under the influence of certain friends, invested his hard-earned savings in "The Utopian Island Gas Works Company, Limited," which concern, after an existence of six months' duration, went into liquidation, thereby leaving poor Mangold a ruined man. A further call was made on the shares he held, which he found himself unable to meet, and absolute beggary stared him in the face. At this juncture an unexpected friend appeared.

No one was more surprised than Mangold himself when Mr. Erasmus Skinner, a neighbouring auctioneer, offered to advance him the sum of one hundred pounds, free of interest. Mr. Skinner was a churchwarden and a great parochial authority, but owed his chief reputation to his habits of "sharp practice" and his avarice; still, his offer was made in such apparent good faith that Mr. Mangold, after some hesitation, gratefully accepted it, whereupon Mangold, taking the hint, handed his disinterested friend bills for the amount advanced.

But, alas for Samuel Mangold! just before these

bills came due another unexpected call was made upon those terrible shares, which satisfied, he found himself unable to repay his obligation; whereupon Mr. Skinner's motive came to light.

He was a bachelor, and had for some time regarded Polly Mangold with as much admiration as he considered consistent in a man holding the position of a churchwarden; as soon as he found her



father in his power, he lost no time in declaring his affection, and soliciting Polly to become Mrs. Erasmus Skinner.

Then came Polly's hour of trial. She could not love her new suitor, for he was old, pompous, and notoriously selfish; besides, there was something repugnant in the idea of this cunning auctioneer knocking her down, like a table or a sofa, to his own bid; but then she thought of her father and mother, both stricken down by sorrow and years; so, with tears in her eyes and a heavy heart, she asked him to wait a little longer, cherishing, like a maiden Micawber, a secret hope that something would "turn up."

"But why should I wait, Mary Anne?" asked Erasmus. "Procrastination is the soul of bus—I mean the thief of time. I'm punctual in my dealings, and" (here his voice deepened into a harsh grating tone), "I expect others to be the same in theirs. Listen! To-morrow is Christmas Eve, the day on which your father's bills fall due; to-morrow

evening, therefore, I shall present my hand for your acceptance or those bills for payment."

Christmas Eve arrived, and so did Erasmus Skinner—an engaged ring which he had bought in cheap at an auction in one pocket, the awful bills in another. Entering the sitting-room, he found Samuel Mangold standing with his back to the fire between his wife and daughter. Mangold's face, always of a "warm tint," was more deeply flushed than usual; the smile, too, that in cloud and sunshine usually lit up his chubby face, for once was wanting.

Erasmus Skinner cleared his throat, and posed himself in the attitude he usually adopted at vestry meetings, preparatory to making a speech.

"Samuel Mangold," he began, "perhaps you have observed the growing regard with which I have lately beheld your daughter, Mary Anne. I think I may say, without egotism, that a marriage with myself would be, socially and morally, advantageous to that young person; should she, however, be so ill advised as to reject my offer, I shall have no other alternative but to present these bills for the amount of one hundred pounds. Now, Mary Anne, what are you going—going—going—I mean what are you going to do?"

Then the storm that was gathering in Sam Mangold's heart burst out, as Mrs. Mangold afterwards described it, "like a wolcaner."

"Mr. Skinner, look 'ere! I ain't a man of eddication; but I'll say this o' myself, what I won't of you, I'm a man with a 'art. You come to me when I was in trouble as a friend, I believed you, and I took the money you offered to lend me; but what I thought was friendship was on'y cunning. You knew an old man like yerself could never expect to get the love of a fine young gal like this, so you thought you'd buy her. You infernal villain! you can sell up every stick I've got, and turn me and my old woman into the street without a 'ome; but our child's our child, and while I've got a right hand to work with, I'd sooner chop it off with my left than sell my flesh an' blood to a varmint like you!"

"Brayvo, old son! them's my sentiments to a T."

What voice was that? Was it a ghost Polly beheld in the doorway, that she swooned and sank in her mother's arms? No; ghosts don't usually go about in window-pane patterned ulsters, wearing crimson neckties, and smoking Intimidads. It was Bob Rattlepate in the flesh, not the spirit, who advanced into the room, and, taking Polly from her mother's arms, brought the colour back to her lips with a hearty kiss.

"But what does this mean?" chorused the Mangolds; "we thought you were drowned in the canal two years ago."

"No fear!" answered Bob; "not such a muff: that was only a slant. You see, I was awfully down on my luck, when an idea struck me that if I could get clean away, I might do well in some provincial town as a comic singer; so I wrote that note, chucked my tile in the canal, bolted off, and—to cut a long story short—you now behold 'The Champion Topical and Comic Provincial Vocalist.' But I often thought about you, Mrs. M., and you, old boy! and what genuine bricks you were. And I never forgot little Polly here. So I made up my mind that, when I'd saved enough money, I'd come back, pay off old scores, and ask you to let me marry Miss M., and settle down in some respectable business. I've kept my word so far. I let myself in with the latch-key I had when I bolted. You'd have heard me knocking at the door here, if you hadn't been kicking up a row with this amiable-looking party. As for you, old Kneck-'em-down, you'd better skedaddle while you're safe, and send round in a couple of hours for your money."

"But can you, and will you pay him, Bob?" asked Polly, who had quite recovered from her fright—assured that no ghost could rattle out as quickly as the new arrival had been speaking.

"Can I?—Will I? Of course I can and will. Haven't the old folks here done me many a good turn in old times? Yes, Polly, my pet, one good turn deserves another. I've got the pieces, and as my last song expresses it—

"I only want my darling little Polly!"

H. T. JOHNSON.

OUTSIDE THE FRAY.

"Mon petit coin,"—BÉRANGER.



THE bleak tide of battle goes surging along,
The foemen—how fiercely they fight in the fray!
Down crushed are the weak by the hand of the strong,
Loud cheers and deep groans greet the close of the day.

This battle of life, all so ruthless and hard,—
Now this way and that,—now joy, singing, or moan,—
For this bustle and strife take who will the reward,
If you leave me to sit in my corner alone.

Though tinsel and trick in each corner be done,—
Though pledges are broken and treaties are torn,
Great battles are lost and great victories won,
And dynasties vanish like mist of the morn;
Let those go who care for the rush and the roar,—
The slaughtering of thousands to build up a throne!
I'd rather be picking up shells on the shore,
Or sit in my quiet cool corner alone.

Some fight the rough elements in their career,—
The mad raging ocean with lightning aglow;
Some dauntless press forward—though danger is near;
Some climb to their summit great mountains of snow.
And some,—well, there's some made of different clay,—
And candour insists that at once I should own

I rather would be quite outside of the fray,
And sit in a cool little corner alone.

There build me a castle high up in the air,
And guard the poor toilers that live down below;
I'd give rich reward to the good and the fair,
And silv'ry bright streams through the meadows should flow;
The flocks and the herds, and the lowing of kine,
The ripe waving corn ere the summer has flown;
All hearts should be glad, and the joy would be mine
While building my castle and sitting alone.

Oh, there should be never a sorrower seen,
No wailing nor weeping,—no tattered nor torn,
But gladness and joy in each corner I ween,
And charm of song-singing to welcome the morn.
The kings that are ruthless I'd thrust from their throne,
No cruel oppression or wrong should be there;
And this is my vision while sitting alone,
Dream-building a castle high up in the air.

GEORGE DALZIEL.

THE MUDDLETON MOUNTED RIFLES.



1. Mr. Muddleton, alarmed at our responsibilities in the East, discusses his resolve to form a Corps of Yeomanry with his friend and neighbour Mr. Popkins. — 2. While Mrs. Muddleton discusses bonnets with her fair sister-in-law. — 3. Mr. Muddleton, assisted by Mr. Popkins, who produces the national ensign at a telling moment, meets with enthusiastic support. — 4. Through the interest of Sir Timothy Toddlerot, — 5. The Corps are permitted to select their own uniform. — 6. Having obtained the services of Sergeant Slasher of the Cavalry Depot, — 7. The Muddleton Mounted Rifles commence to ride without stirrups; — 8. And the officers practice tent-pegging; — 9. And lemon-cutting, with startling results. — 10. Having procured a rifle range, they exercise thereon. (N.B.—The annexed design is a facsimile of a portion of the range after the first day's practice; also an engraving from a photograph of the target, taken at the same time)

THE MUDDLETON MOUNTED RIFLES.



1. The ladies employ their fair fingers in preparing a banner to lead the Corps to future victory.—12. Major-General Sir Softly Sawder, commanding the district, inspects the regiment, and is received in a somewhat unusual manner by the commanding officer.—13. Lieut. Popkins as he appeared trotting past.—14. The mounted band playing "God save the Queen."—15. The M. M. R. wheel into line.—16. The M. M. R. charge by troops.—17. The M. M. R. perform the pursuing practice at speed.—18. Close of the inspection. Major-General Sir Softly Sawder (*in situ*). "Much gratified; smart appearance; patriotic movement. With a *little* more attention to dressing, gentleman, and one or two minor points," etc., etc., etc.—19. Lieut. Popkins' steed having disappeared, he returns in a manner quite agreeable to his feelings.

THE LAST AFRICAN EXPLORER.

MY travels have not perhaps been so extensive, or so well advertised in the papers, as those of Mr. Stanley and Captain Burnaby; but they have been much more select, and are extremely interesting. I neither travelled to puff a couple of newspapers, nor to work miracles with patent pills upon the wretched barbarians; I hate thirteen-penny-halfpenny physic, and I despise the penny papers. I disdain to fill pages and columns with desultory descriptions of my voyage and adventures to the scene of discovery. Suffice it to say that after a most fatiguing journey I found myself by chance in a remote and hitherto undiscovered region in the centre of Africa, but having inadvertently left my keys and other scientific instruments on the mantelshelf of the private boarding-house where I was lodging in Surrey Street, Strand, am unable to define with exactitude the latitude and longitude of the place. However, I knew it must have been Africa, because I had walked into it from Alexandria. I had walked many miles out of Alexandria, and lost my way, and walked on for some years to find it; but instead of finding my way, I found some other people's ways, which seemed to me so much more surprising than my way, that I propose to dwell upon their ways rather than on mine.

Everybody knows that Central Africa is a wild and untameable region, a sink of savagery, full of naked natives with poisoned arrows, and greasy canoes, and spears, and old firelocks, and beads, and feathers and things. But I saw none of these things in the region to which chance so fortunately directed my wandering steps. By a singular coincidence, I had been completely versed in the original Aryan tongue by Professor Max Müller, and it was a charming surprise to me to find that the natives of the country at which I had arrived spoke no other language. It sounded to my ears like ancient music, and I felt myself at home with them directly. I was

agreeably surprised at the intelligence of the inhabitants. I have an incessant thirst for statistical information, and I am accustomed to believe no other. And as soon as I had said in pure Aryan, "How do you do?" and "What a fine morning it is, to be sure," to the first person I met, I asked him gravely to give me full particulars of the statistics of the criminal population of the country.

The man looked at me in a highly curious way, and shook his head. (Don't suppose he was a black man with wool on his head. He was an average specimen of the inhabitants—his complexion a delicate copper-colour, his hair and beard silky and red-brown.)

"I have *heard* of such things as criminals," he thoughtfully said, "but I have never seen one. We haven't a single specimen in our country; but if you require information on extinct species, you had better go to the King, whom you will find affable and approachable. He always awaits the audience of strangers in his kitchen-garden of afternoons; but the common people are not allowed to give official information on abstruse topics, or to enunciate opinions unlicensed by the Crown and its Ministry."

"You have a Ministry, then?" I asked in surprise. "I thought you were a race of savages."

My companion replied, "Monsieur is incredulous upon insufficient information. We do not consider ourselves savages, and we are quite indifferent to the consideration of outsiders. But on these matters you had better consult the King: we citizens never discuss subjects of the kind; we pay men to do that, and should never keep dogs if we had to bark ourselves."

The man then directed me to the residence of the King, and took his leave with a studied and respectful bow.

I found the King's palace an unpretentious building of thatched red brick. His Majesty was in the

back garden, sitting on a rail, with a short pipe in his mouth. The expression of his countenance was one of imperturbable benignity. (I afterwards learnt that that was what the Kings of this country were chosen for.)

His Majesty asked me to be seated, and gracefully offered a share of the rail. *Je m'assis.*

He asked me as to my nationality and my business. I told him I was a member of the Royal Jollyological Society, of London, travelling for pleasure, and in pursuit of statistical information.

The King said he had heard there was such a place as London, and believed it was in England; but that he and his people had too many more important subjects to engage their attention to neglect the cares of State for the study of a science so paltry as Geography. The proper study of mankind is man, not territory. He repeated that he had heard of England in general, and London in particular, and were it not that he disagreed with the principle of missionary enterprise, and thought it wiser to let people mind their own business, he should have long ago sent missionaries to England to expose the defects of its Constitution.

I then proceeded to ask his Majesty some questions as to the nature of his own Government. He refilled his pipe, partook of a tankard of excellent beer, silently handed it to me, wiped his long beard with a lawn pocket-handkerchief far softer than silk, and began:

"Our chief Ministers," said the King, "are paid magnificent salaries to do nothing but think. They have nothing to do with the executive. They are only allowed to think of one thing apiece, and when they have thought that particular thing clean out, they open their mouths and speak it; and if it is approved, it is written down into law and preached to the people by officials who are paid to preach and *not* think. But a Minister only speaks once, and goes out of office as soon as ever he has spoken his precept."

"But why do you only get a single thought out of each man?" I asked.

"Well," said the King, "it is more than the average you can get out of a man, and more than you can get by your plan; and our thoughts *are* new.

A man has but one wisdom-tooth to pull. We are," the King continued, "of course, in advance of your ideas. We go entirely for the encouragement of the species. We assist Nature in promoting the survival of the fittest. We never suppress human nature wherever we find it, and the consequence is that crime is, with us, an extinct phenomenon. We have extinguished crime, sir. Nothing more simple. The old penal system was very expensive and excessively disagreeable; and at last it occurred to one of our professional thinkers, that, just as dirt is only matter in a wrong place, so crime is only moral ardour developed in too circumscribed a field. So, instead of insisting that all men and women should be brought up to pattern, we offered official encouragement to what are called 'criminal tendencies'—and had, I must say, very remarkable success in developing varieties. Take murderers, for instance. What do *you* do with them?"

"Hang 'em," said I.

"We never do," said the King. "We *use* them. In fact, we use all our waste. Murderers are, of course, necessary to the State. You spend millions a year in training men to the artistic trade of murder—you have whole army corps of them; you arm them with the most powerful and ingenious weapons of murder that you can devise; yet you no sooner find a man in whom a natural aptitude for murder is developed in a superior degree, than you go and hang him. Do you not see what an idle waste of material you involve? Whenever *we* find a murderer—a man, that is to say, who without any scientific training shows a true instinct for killing, we make an army officer of him at once. For if an untrained man can kill, in an amateur sort of way, with a stick or a stone, how much more will patriotism inspire him to do, when scientifically trained to weapons of precision, and well paid for following his natural bias? Persons merely convicted of violent assaults we sentence to the ranks, where their robust inclinations may find every gratification in assaulting the enemies of the country. This plan saves prisons and warders, besides judges and juries, and provides the best possible army at no cost to the country besides clothes and victuals. Ours is the most terrible army in the world. Nothing can touch

battalions in which every soldier has a natural turn for violence."

"And what do you do with your thieves?" I asked.

"Same principle," replied the King. "Thieving is a slightly exaggerated desire to acquire, which, however objectionable when manifested in a narrow sphere, is highly valuable in a corporate or official capacity. Governments and corporations have to rob the public, to put their hands deeply into the pockets of individuals, and they require pocket-pickers—acquisitive agents. The truly earnest acquirer—opprobriously described as a thief—thieves for thieving's sake, and not for selfish ends, and will always make, if not an efficient Minister of Finance or a surveyor of taxes, at the very least a finance agent or a rate-collector. We utilize all phenomenal developments of the sort in the service of the State. We give our people line. If a kite wants to fly, *we* give it string: *you* cut it."

"But you must have law courts, for the adjustment of debts?"

"Not so," said the King. "We simply enact that no debt is recoverable by law. The result is that all trade is done for ready money. Nobody makes bad debts; bankruptcy is impossible. That is the encouragement of the creditor."

"How do you deal with drunkards?"

"Well," said the King, "we encourage them, as we do all our subjects. A great number of drunkards rise to the assault classes, and are drafted off into the army, where discipline flogs it out of them. But where men manifest true original genius for drink, and must and will drink, we do as I say, we encourage them. The State provides them with drink free, and urges them to drink themselves into their graves as quickly as they can. They are exhibited to the public in glass houses, where they have the free run of the spirit-taps during the progress of their self-extinction; and they form a spectacle which I can assure you is no temptation to the public to follow their example. Liquor should not be sold to drunkards, but provided for them at public expense; it clears us of them quicker, and is much the cheapest and most benevolent plan."

"Do you adopt compulsory education?" I inquired.

"Certainly not, sir," said the King; "no more than we adopt compulsory feeding. We provide the fodder and encourage its consumption, but we do not prod children up to partake of it. We offer every encouragement and give every facility for education, and we reward with distinction all who acquire high attainments."

"But you must still have a good many uneducated persons?"

"We have," answered the King. "The capacity for imbibing education is very varied, but we allow people to follow their desires and assist them in their development. The dunce is a necessary ingredient to any truly happy population. Our dunces have frequently attained to the greatest eminence in other walks than literary, simply because we do not stuff them with uncongenial diet. We regard dunces as a most valuable element of the Constitution. They are your practical men, who work and don't dream, and don't keep saying 'Why?'"

"And what about sanitation?" I asked.

"The same system of encouragement," replied the King. "If the waste is properly utilized, sanitation follows as a natural consequence. The only thing we punish is disease, and in the case of all persons not dying a natural death, their property is forfeited to the State—because they *ought* to die a natural death; it is *unnatural* of them if they don't; and any State worthy of the name provides the means of their doing so."

"But how about the economy of Nature?" I demanded. "How do you get over that?"

"By humble imitation of it," said the King. "Instead of grumbling at the summer heat, and complaining of the winter floods, we store the sunshine for our winter's fires, and we store the winter floods to alleviate the burning drought of July. *You* have only got as far as drying summer grass for winter use. *We* utilize everything, and encourage everything, and recognize the natural principle that what you mistakenly call evil is undeveloped good."

I could stand this doctrine no longer. It was statistics I wanted, and the King calmly but firmly declined to produce any statistics. I cannot endure the assertion of arguments and principles with which I do not agree without getting very angry. I was

shocked at every detail of the King's Government—although, I must confess that his kingdom appeared to me to be a very quiet place to live in, as every person seemed to be happy and to have property. But the ideas of this monarch were so unstatistical, so contrary to propriety, so shockingly bold, that I determined at once what to do. I said,

"I really must leave you. I have an important engagement. I do not feel well. This wholesale disturbance of all my native ideas is deeply painful to me. Lemme go. Show me my way out."

"Very good," said the King. "I believe you said

you lived in an antiquated place called, I think, London, in a country which I have seen described on the map as England—but it is a country with which I am totally unacquainted. I will make a note of it."

The King then ordered his coachman to drive me home; and, after a long and monotonous journey, in which nothing occurred worth mentioning, I returned to my lodgings in Surrey Street, Strand, and was fortunate enough to find my keys and scientific instruments on the mantelshelf in the very place where I had left them.

EUSTACE HINTON JONES.



REAL LIFE.

ROMANCE has all fled from our lives,
Used up in sensational novels!

From John o' Groats down to St. Ives
Each thought in a money-bag grovels!
In coining our souls into gold
We labour from Sunday to Sunday;
Then gather fresh vigour to hold
The very same course upon Monday.

We care not for friendship or love,
Unless it conduces to profit;
We help falling friends with a shove,
If we can make merchandise of it;
What use is the heart but to keep
Our bodies alive by pulsations?
What harvest from kin do we reap,
Excepting in money relations?

There is but one use for the brain—

The finding out ways to make money:
For man not to think about gain
Appears inexpressibly funny!
What value can politics be
Except as affecting the prices?
For what exhortations care we
Except correspondents' "advices"?

So day has its labour for gold,
And night has its visions of Mammon;
Existence for lucre is sold,
And honesty bartered for "gammon!"
'Tis money alone makes the man,
And fortune the feminine witches;
And happy the end, if we can
Meet death in the odour of riches!

C. H. WARING.

A RUM PHILTER: In Four Chapters.



CHAPTER I.

Beside the swiftly-flowing river, reflecting the full moon, sat Sir Guy and the Lady Eveline; he sang of love, and his melodious power mingled with the ripples of the water; but they were watched by the eye of jealousy, for the Lady Rufus also loved him.



CHAPTER II.

She hastened to the dark woman, a reputed witch.—“Give me,” she muttered, “a burning, consuming love philter.”—“I will, shrieked the witch.

A RUM PHILTER: In Four Chapters.



CHAPTER III.

One day Sir Guy called at Rufus Castle; he left when the golden shades of evening were flickering round.—The lady clashed the draw-bridge down. "Stay one moment," she murmured; "accept this phial, drain it to the dregs, and you shall be for ever happy."



CHAPTER IV.

And the effect was rum—very rum! So Eveline gave him soda-water.—"That fearful potion, ah! this dreadful headache. Oh! 'he groaned, "I will for ever despise the Lady Rufus."—The lady heard him, gave one terrible shriek, and fled.

THE REFORMATION OF SHERE BHADN:

A Tradition of Benares.

SIVA is mighty, and destroys. The Nawab Odeah Omi Ogooroo was to die, for had not the holy water of Allahabad been brought to him, and had he not washed in it, and after that drunk it? And had not the Brahmins offered sacrifices for him? And what other medicines are known to man? So his relations, grieving sorely, took him by the head and by the heels and carried him down to the holy Ganges, and laid him on the bank, and took mud and filled up his mouth and his ears and his nostrils, and they poured over him great quantities of cold water, and built a great pile of wood, and laid him on the top to dry. Then all his relations, who did not shrink from the path of duty, went to fetch his widow with much holy rejoicing; but she had hidden herself in a secret hole, and they sought her many days until they found her. Then they carried her gently to the pile of wood, and brought torches, and invited her to mount and take her part in the ceremony, for they said, "Duty is irksome, but shall we not take our parts also?" for their parts were to light the fire and to look on. But the widow of the wealthy Odeah, alone of all his relations, shrank from the path of duty, and hesitated. And they argued with her this way and that, showing how they shrank not from their part, which was to look on; and they coaxed her, with many tears, and called her many names, and swore.

And there was a distant relation of Odeah who scoffed at the rest, and counselled her to neglect her duty; and she, being perhaps biassed in her mind, listened to him, and shamefully declined to ascend the pile; then they lifted her gently by the hair and by the ankles to the top of the pile, and set fire to the bottom with great haste; but she slid down on the farther side and went her way. So she became a shameful thing and a byword. But the relations of Odeah, who were willing to do their parts and would not be disappointed, fetched a beggar of the lowest caste, and put him on the top of the pile with

Odeah (who was now sufficiently dry), and lighted it at the bottom, and looked on with much interest.



Now, he of the wrong counsel had come from distant places, and none knew whether he was of any caste; but he cared not, and so was an impious man. And his badness was such as none could measure, for he took the gods of the faithful—the little wooden gods decorated with blue and vermilion and yellow—and made them more round even than they had originally been made, by knocking off their little sacred noses and their other projections; and he played "bowls" with them, which is the profane game of the English. Nay, he shot with peas at the holy monkeys of Hunimaun (to kill whom is worse than death!) and gave sly pinches to the fat bulls of Siva, and kicked them from the steps of his house, twisting their respected tails; and he killed in his house all the fleas, and the insects which it is not lawful among the English to mention, for there are many superstitions among them.

And this man, who was named Shere Bhadn, said, "I will marry the widow of Odeah Omi Ogooroo, for she is wealthy;" yet she, lamenting for the de-

ceased Odeah, was averse. And this was a great fault in her, for though it is meet that a woman should grieve deeply for him who is departed (the more particularly if he have been masterful over her), yet it is not meet that any mere woman should hesitate to comply with the suggestion of a man, who is a superior being, and, however wicked, cannot by nature and by the sacred laws be so wicked as she. So Shere Bhadn—and in this thing he was justified—fetched her by force, and made great rejoicings, letting off many fireworks; and hired dancing girls; and paid for all this out of her money; and married her. And when she appealed to the judge, he was inclined at first to listen to her; but when he found that she had refused to accept the suggestion of Shere, he saw that compulsion had been a necessary thing. So the judge let her go easily, and with but a slight rebuke and much good advice, and received the presents of Shere Bhadn gracefully, for he was not just only, but of good manners. Then Shere Bhadn built himself a fine house with the wealth which he had acquired, and shut up his wife in a small room at the top, together with some other wives which he had. But he was a wicked man, nevertheless, and continued to kill all the flies, and the fleas, and other insects, so much that soon there was no insect to be felt in that house, except in the room of the widow of Odeah and of the other wives; for the widow of Odeah would have felt it a great sin to slay even the meanest of the insects which the English foreigners do not mention; and many insects fled to that part of the house for safety; and they were very thick in that part, which was blessed. And Shere Bhadn gave himself up to all manner of wickedness, inasmuch that he took the sacred water brought from the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna, the water of Allahabad, and mixed it with "gin," which is a forbidden thing, and known to the English; even going so far as to make it hot, and to put with it lemon and bits of the sugar-cane, for Shere had learned many evil habits from the English.

And there were three men, who were much afflicted at this wickedness in Shere; and these three men were Phattaz Bhutter the Brahmin, and Owkhouddee Blee Dhurteer the holy Fakir, and Strangh Ghlum,



a Thug, and the chosen devotee of Kali, who is most terrible and loves blood.

Now these three, who were fast friends and most holy men, communed together concerning the immorality of Shere, and resolved to try to bring him into the paths of the faithful; for Phattaz Bhutter the Brahmin was greatly grieved that he had not given to the Brahmins any gold, nor any fine raiment, nor rich feasts, nor any like things which the gods require. And the grief of Owkhouddee the Fakir was brought about by the thought of the wickedness of Shere in the slaying of all those insects; for great was the affection of the Fakir, as indeed it was meet that it should be, for fleas and other insects, the more particularly for the other insects, which loved him and stayed with him always. And the soul of the Fakir was grieved, furthermore, by the cleanliness of Shere's house, for it is right that men should humble themselves in the dirt (as the Fakir did), and in every variety of dirt; and to be cleanly is to be presumptuous and incur the anger of Brahma, of Vishnu, of Siva, and of the eighteen thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine lesser gods, who are blue and green and yellow, and have many hands among them, and even of the Great Brahm himself!

But the griefs of the Brahmin and the Fakir were as nothing beside the great indignation of Strangh Ghlum the Thug that the widow of Odeah had not been sacrificed to Kali, but had lived; for Strangh Ghlum was the chosen of Kali, who delights in death; and many were the victims that the holy man had dispatched from this world in her honour: so much so that he had made empty and unoccupied

the houses of all his nearest neighbours, and was compelled to go into the next street for fresh offerings. And now Strangh pined for longing that he might offer to Kali her who had been snatched away.

Then Phattaz the Brahmin went to the house of Shere, in the city of Benares, where they all dwelt, and reproved him. And Shere received the priest with much politeness, inviting him to take a mat, and served up a sumptuous repast for him (for Shere did not eat, seeing that it would not have been lawful for the priest to eat with one whose caste was unknown). And Phattaz ate of many strange dishes (but believing the word of his host, that they contained not the flesh of any animal or any such food as it is unlawful to eat), and enjoying them greatly. And in particular there was one dish of great savour, with onions and much pepper, and well known to the English, as Shere said; and drinks there were too, the more especially one which was named "Old Tom" among the English, but which the Brahmin (being many times assured that it contained nothing of that which intoxicates and is forbidden to the faithful) drank of with delight, feeling afterwards very happy, and in great high spirits; so much so that, when he had taken a hearty leave of his entertainer, he fell over three of the sacred bulls of Siva, one after the other, from very elation and gratitude to the gods.



About this time there was missed, from wandering to and fro in the streets, and lying across them in the shady places, one of the most sacred of those bulls which are the delight of the mighty Siva; and great consternation was in the city; and all the

people made a great search after him, but he could not be found. So the people gave up the search and were troubled, especially Phattaz the Brahmin.

But of all those who were troubled, none was so troubled as Strangh the Thug, the servant of Kali; for he was so troubled that he took no rest until he had made empty and unoccupied two streets—one on the right of his abode and one on the left, and paused only because of the exceeding shyness that prevailed, insomuch that, when he approached, all the people would make with great haste round the next corner. And presently there was missed another bull, but the people said, "It is the doing of Siva himself," and were less troubled.

Now Phattaz the Brahmin continued to wonder greatly about this circumstance, but he was grateful to the gods—both to those that were blue and those that were red, or of other colours; and there remained in his mind the curious repast of which he had partaken at the house of Shere Bhadn; and there came within him certain doubts whether Shere had said truly that there was nothing forbidden in those things of which he had eaten and drunk; so he went again to the house and partook of them again, that he might be the better able to decide whether his doubts were justified; and he did this many times, but could not be certain; so he continued to do this. Shere had received the Fakir also with much polite-



ness, and taken him into his inner courtyard, and had made his servants scrub him with many hot waters and with hard brushes seven times a day for seven days, until he was almost clean, and had put on him clean garments and sent him forth.

Then the unhappy Fakir, happening to catch sight

of a part of himself, had perceived his skin, which he never had perceived until that day; and had not known what it was, and had given a great scream of fright, and wept, and hurried unto the bank of the Ganges, to that part where the mud is the muddiest; and had rolled himself in it many times until he could not be seen for muddiness; and he had vowed to stick pins into himself every day until he should be covered like a pincushion, to expiate the sin which he had done in being scrubbed clean.

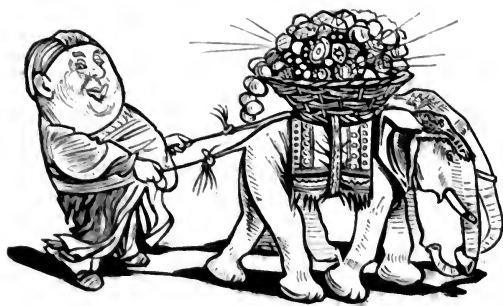
Strangh Ghlum the Thug also had been received with great politeness by Shere; but when he had asked that the widow of Odeah should be given up to him to strangle, Shere had put him off, and given him three female babies, which had somewhat comforted and appeased the Thug; but he was resolved to try again for the widow, and was still uneasy in his mind; for it was a selfish and impious thing for Shere to refuse the request of the holy man; but then Shere was an impious man in all things.

And from this time one holy fat bull was missed about every seventh day, and, by a coincidence, about every seventh day Shere invited many of the faithful, and gave them a great feast of many kinds of viands which were new to them; but they (being assured that the viands contained no flesh or other forbidden thing) enjoyed them.

And Phattaz the Brahmin went often, and ate and drank heartily, to make himself sure that there was truly no forbidden thing in the viands; and he grew most friendly with Shere, and stayed and learned to play at the pastime of "bowls"—little knowing that he played with the little sacred gods, for these had become so worn and round as not to be recognized.

But Shere had soon spent all his wealth, and owed much; and Phattaz did not know this.

So Shere took him aside one day, when they had drunk much "Old Tom," the drink of the English, and said, "I have a purpose in my mind to bestow a great and valuable offering upon the holy gods, through your hands. But it is seemly that I should feel that you have confidence in me before I give so great an offering; therefore I would have you give in my hands all the gold and the other treasures which are in your sacred temple, and let me go round the corner (so to speak) with them."

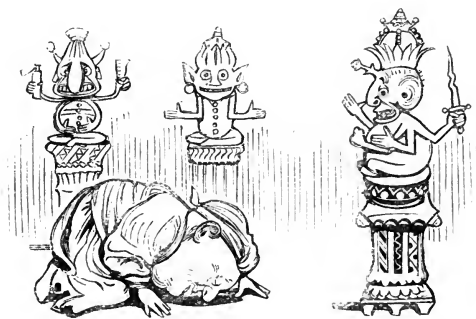


Then Phattaz the Brahmin was very joyful at this, and went in haste and loaded two elephants with the treasures from the temple, and gave these into the hands of Shere, and went home in great expectation.

And the next morning he went early to the house of Shere to receive the treasures of the temple, and also the great offering, taking three extra elephants in case of necessity; but it so chanced that Shere was not at home that morning; so Phattaz went away, and returned that evening, but Shere was not at home even yet.

Then, when he had called many days, Phattaz began to grow uneasy, and went to inquire of the gods in the temple about the intentions of Shere; and the gods, one and all, stared blankly at him, as if they were doubtful about it; so he grew more uneasy, and presently went again and inquired of the gods, who this time stared blankly at him, as though everything did not look right; and he went a third time, and then the gods stared blankly at him as if all were lost. Then the despair of the Brahmin was great, and his eyes were opened to the badness of Shere, and he went out in his rage and killed three Sudras, who are men of the meanest caste. And for this thing he had afterwards to do penance, for the gods are considerate of the Sudras, to kill one of which is as great a crime as to kill a flea or any insect. And Phattaz the Brahmin went and banged violently at the door of the wicked Shere, and demanded that the treasures should be returned; but Shere was not even yet at home.

So after Phattaz had exhausted all the power of persuasion and of threats, he was forced to have re-



course to a thing which is the fear of every man who has done any injury to another, and very crushing to him; for it is the custom for one, when another owes him a debt and will not pay it, to sit mourning at the door of that man, taking no food or drink, nor moving away, until the debt shall have been paid; and if it chance that he who sits mourning shall die so, then the sin of his death will be upon the head of the other; and this is very terrible to that other!

So Phattaz went early the next morning with no clothes, and sat down in the sun at the door of Shere in the most uncomfortable attitude which he could find, and ate and drank nothing all that day and night; and when Shere, not being yet at home, looked out of window next morning, there he was.

And Shere, who was an impious man, laughed within himself; so Phattaz called all those passing by and made them sit down and mourn with him, to increase the sin of Shere; and about half of the people in that city sat down in the most uncomfortable positions they could invent, and mourned.

But that evening Phattaz the Brahmin grew tired of it, and slipped away in the darkness, and when the morning came, all the people who sat there saw that his place was vacant, and said, "Brahm has taken him to himself, and this thing will make it very hot for Shere!"

Then, on the fifth day, Shere Bhadn looked out of the window again; and suddenly his conscience smote him heavily, and the whole force of his sinfulness terrified him; and he became from that moment a changed man and very pious; and he thought at first to go quickly and give back the treasure to

Phattaz and perform a great penance; but then he said, "No; there is only one punishment which is bad enough for me, and it were impious in me to attempt to avoid the doom which the gods have willed for me; therefore I will let these people sit, and the sin of their deaths shall be upon my head, as it is meet."

And he sat at a window, whence he could see the discomfort of those who mourned, and smiled patiently, for he was become a righteous man.

And those who sat without died off, a few at a time; but he bore this thing meekly.

Now, as he cast about how he might make reparation for his crimes, it occurred to him to deliver up the widow of Odeah to Kali, whom he had unjustly robbed of her; and he was at first minded to give her to Strangh Ghlum the Thug, but then he thought how it would be more edifying to sacrifice her as she should have been sacrificed at first. So he built a great pile of wood in his courtyard, and gilded it, and sent upstairs for the widow of Odeah; but again she had hidden herself away (having some suspicions) in a secret hole, and they had much ado to find her. Then Shere said to her, "Rejoice with me, for I have resolved to do that which is right, and you also shall assist me in that humble way which befits women."



Yet she did not see the thing in his light, but slipped away round many corners in succession, and

was hard to catch. But they caught her, and placed her on the top of the pile, and lighted it at the bottom before she had time to slip down, and Shere smoked at great peace with himself.

But Strangh the Thug, when he heard of this thing, was so enraged at the slipping of the widow through his fingers, that he took no rest until he had emptied seven more streets; but after this a great crowd got him, and dug a hole, and placed him in it with his heels highest, and filled up the top of it with clay, and sat upon it for some days, until they were quite sure.

Now when Phattaz the Brahmin had gone home, tired of sitting, he had in some way found out how those missing bulls had been killed and made into curious dishes by Shere; and Phattaz knew that he himself had eaten of those bulls; and he found out moreover that "Old Tom" was indeed an intoxicating and forbidden thing; and he also found out how he had played with the little sacred gods themselves, in the shape of bowls; and the wildness of that Brahmin was like the wildness of a whole city-full; and he went off with great leaps, though it was night, and sat down in his old place at the door of here, being resolved that he *would* die this time, or his hatred of Shere. And when Shere looked gain out of the window, Phattaz smiled a dreadful mile of satisfaction: so they both smiled.

Now there was one sin more than all others which grieved Shere, and this was the knocking off of the sacred little noses of those gods who were bowls. And one night he dreamed that all those little great gods came to him and told him that he should die, and that for his sins his soul should pass into the bodies of this animal and of that, and that all that treasure, and the wives which he had, and the remainder of the "Old Tom," should come into the possession of Phattaz the Brahmin. Then Shere prayed one thing: that his soul might be put into the body of one of the sacred alligators of the Ganges, for he had a certain design in his mind. And the gods promised him this pious wish.

Then when Shere awoke, he was filled with a new and most pious resolve, and built another great pile of wood, and gilded it; and sent upstairs for those wives which he had there, and set them all on the

top of the pile. But they said, "There is some mistake! We ought not to presume to be burned until we are your widows. We will wait." But Shere said he would excuse their haste, knowing the piety which prompted them, and set fire very quickly to the pile, and was filled with a holy satisfaction. And by this time all the people who had sat mourning at his door had succumbed, excepting only Phattaz, who had again tired of it and gone home.

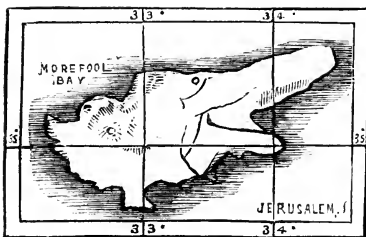
So Shere, being satisfied with the amount of his punishment (for it is a selfish and presumptuous thing for any man to want all the punishment that exists, robbing others of their share), sent for Phattaz, and gave to him all the treasures of the temple, together with more wealth which he had borrowed of others, and caused new noses of gold to be fitted to the little gods, and painted them with many colours. And Phattaz was so full of delight that he forgave all that affair of the meats and of the drinks, and they were great friends.

And that night the soul of Shere left him and went into the body of a sacred alligator; and the soul was full of a great plan; and that alligator loitered about that part of the bank of the Ganges nearest to the house of Phattaz the Brahmin, as if it watched for some one.

Now it chanced that Owkhoudee Bhee Dhurteer the Fakir wandered one dark evening on that part of the banks, seeking for mud still dirtier than that he had yet found. And he had covered himself completely with one coat of pins, and the dirt upon him reached up to their heads and covered them, so that he had begun to stick on an outer coating of pins in the mud above the first coating. And the kinds of dirt which covered him were dirtier and more various than ever before. And as he walked along there was joy in the eye of that alligator, as if of expectation. But when it had opened its mouth very wide, so that the Fakir walked into it in the darkness and was swallowed down, the alligator knew that it was the wrong taste; and there came over it a feeling of nausea and into its eye a disappointed melancholy which never departed from it. And Phattaz lived, and was protected by the little gods with the new noses of gold.

JAMES F. SULLIVAN.

CYPRUS.



IMPROVED MAP
OF CYPRUS



PROPOSED COINAGE
FOR CYPRUS



A PAIR OF GARTERS
'CYPRIAN'
'PATTERN'

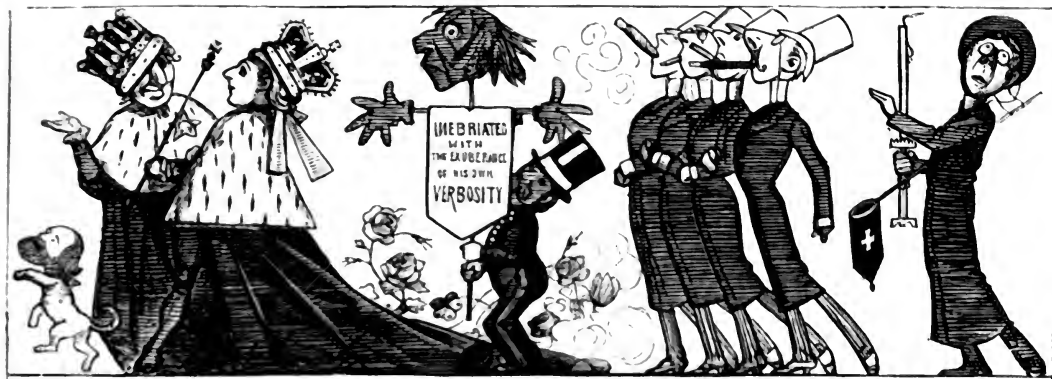


JINGOES
WORSHIPPING THE
CYPRIAN VENUS

CHEAP
EXCURSIONS
CYPRUS
AND BACK
(FEVER PERMITTING)
(RETURN TICKET)
AND A PILL 3/0



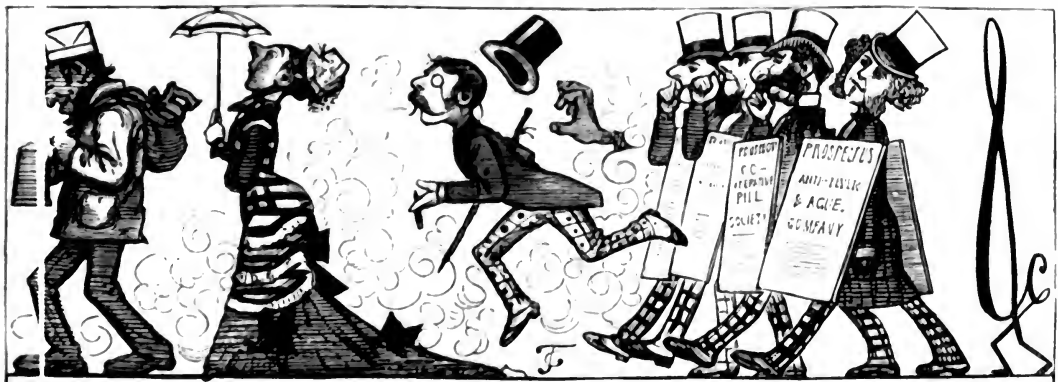
PROCESSION TO CYPRUS.



King Dizzy's "little wee dog"—Her Gracious Majesty going to see her new property—Bogey to frighten people into Dizzysm—Young Gentlemen who have tried everything here and failed, going to Cyprus to do likewise—Missionary, to enlighten the Cypriotes.



Distinguished Painter, to establish a "Royal Academy of Harts"—Members of London Mob, to teach politeness and the manners of good society—Sensation Loveliness, to show what *English Venuses* are like.



British Workman, because he hears that nobody works there, and that the drink is so strong—Matilda Seraphina, to see if the gentlemen of Cyprus have better taste than those of the British Isles—Tymkyns, to see what *he* can pick up—Tymkyns's Tailor, to pick up Tymkyns—Promoters of Joint-Stock Companies, Solicitors, Quacks, etc., etc., etc.

MAGNANIMOUS MATCH-MAKING.

NOW, had it not been for a Christmas card, these lines had never been penned, because it was by means of one of these Decembral extravagances they made her acquaintance. No; I'm wrong. A Christmas card was the medium that developed an inter-knowledge of the relative existence of such persons into a fateful friendship. Thus Jack Dawes and Percy Vere were introduced to Miss Ilfra Coombe, known familiarly in domestic and other circles as "Tots," at a quadrille party given by a mutual friend, where, in the following out of the programme and their destinies, both these gentlemen waltzed with her.

Well, after the ball the two young fellows lost sight of Tots for some time, till one day in the beginning of December, being at the house of the gentleman by whose means they had been brought together, her name (oddly enough, no doubt) chanced to be mentioned, and a few leading questions soon elicited her address. Walking home, Percy said to Jack, "I say, let's send Tots a Christmas card."

Jack agreed; and accordingly on Christmas Eve a highly-coloured production, the work of Mr. Percy, with appropriate verses by Jack, was sent off in an expansive envelope, addressed "Miss Coombe, Beau-rivage, Sunbury."

When Tots received it she was hugely amused, and shortly after, showing it to the son and heir of the aforesaid mutual party friend, learned from him its originators. Now, Miss Coombe was a young lady who delighted in originality. She was original herself, and liked to see it in others (though, of course, she didn't *know* it when she did see it, and didn't *know* she liked it); so a couple of not altogether objectionable young fellows who showed so much idea of their own as to indite, draw, and otherwise manufacture a Christmas card "out of their own heads," as she termed it, naturally induced her to make such inquiries concerning them that the mutual friend's serviceable son volunteered

to bring them down with him some day, to which, I need scarcely add, she assented. However, what with one delay and another, it was not until a sunny morning in May that he looked up Dawes and his chum at their chambers, and telling them to put some "flannels" in a bag, added that he was going to take them for a row with a couple of nice girls—Tots had a sister. The inquiries as to who they were being satisfactorily settled, the "flannels" duly ensconced in the bag, the three friends alighted at Sunbury Station on an eventful 22nd of May, about the hour of two p.m. Taken to Mr. Coombe's house and introduced to the family, they all went out for an afternoon's lounge on the river.

I will pass over that and many like visits, river picnics, water-parties, great and small, until these two young fellows came to be regarded as regular friends of the family. They went down there when they liked, stopped there when they liked; in fact, as far as the Coombe household was concerned, did as they liked. Mrs. Coombe was a second mother to them, as Beau-rivage was a second and much more comfortable home. This state of affairs went on all that summer, nor did winter cool their acquaintance. They all used to go skating together, or would take the girls up to town to theatres or concerts, so perhaps on the whole the winter was as pleasant as the summer had been. *Hier* passed, as did the spring, and by the time July first made moonlight rows practicable, Mr. Jack Dawes made to Mr. Percy Vere the extraordinary revelation that he thought he had fallen in love with Tots, which startling avowal was met by an equally surprising announcement on Percy's part that he too believed himself to be in much the same pretty position!

Here was a chance! A duel *à la mode*! Six-shooters! Goodwin Sands at low water! One mangled corse, and a semi-murderer coming back after a time and kneeling at the toes of a weep-

ing Tots! But then I'm afraid she would have spoiled all romance by being so irritatingly matter-of-fact as to lock the dining-room doors on the outside, and to send for the police. No, they didn't do any of those things; they didn't even have a row and fling dumb-bells at each other! Percy had spoken last, and Jack simply remarked, "The devil!"

"Why," suddenly exclaimed Percy, "we're rivals. Oh! come on!" and he took up a foil.

"Well," said Jack, "if you're in love with her——"

"No," put in the other, "I didn't say I *was*, I said I *thought* I was."

"And so did I," cried Jack; "I'm not sure, bless you; neither are you. Oh, it's all right! We'll wait till we are."

And that very afternoon they went down to Sunbury arm-in-arm!

Of course the upshot of all this was that Jack and Percy did not take very much longer to decide they were *quite* in love with Tots. That was a settled thing. And it must also be confessed that though Miss Ilfra was strictly impartial with respect to our friends, she seemed to like them *together* far better than the other men of her acquaintance. And so it went on, each having his encouragement to fall more deeply in love with her. It had always been a rule between them never to spoil sport in any case, and the present formed no exception to the principle they had laid down and adopted.

One night, as they were returning home, extended as comfortably as a South-Western smoking-carriage will permit—both quiet—thinking, I suspect, of "the girl they'd left behind them"—each doubtless aware of the cause of the other's silence—when, to their intense disgust, some one got into the compartment they occupied. Oh, how in their hearts they cursed that unconscious youth! They couldn't, with him there, indulge in those "sweet thoughts far away" they had been previously enjoying. The presence of that young man seemed to break the spell of sympathy which had laid down an electric current of association between Beurivage, Sunbury, and first-class carriage 152 B.

But the strange part of it all was, that though they couldn't revere of Tots as before, owing to a *third*

party being present, yet they knew each other's thoughts were identical. Maybe you'll advance that they couldn't have loved her very much, as there is no true love without jealousy in some degree, and knowing each other's feelings as they did, had they loved her as they imagined, it would have led, not exactly to a desperate struggle, but at least to a coolness between them. But they *did* love her, and they didn't quarrel; they were just as good friends as before—perhaps better, as now they had one common love, pursuit, and adoration! The intruder got out at Twickenham, and Dawes was just settling down to another "think," when Percy observed,

"Jack!"

"What?" he inquired.

"Do you think if you—if you asked Tots to be your wife, she would consent?"

Jack looked up at him for a moment, and then said, "Yes!" After a pause he added, "And if you asked her the same question, Percy, what sort of an answer do you think you would get?"

"Yes!"

It was some short time after this conversation that one evening Percy was busily engaged on a "block," when, on looking up, he observed Jack staring out into space with a most alarming expression of thought upon his countenance.

"Why, what on earth are you thinking so hard about?" he inquired.

"I was thinking that if you or I married Tots, what the lucky one would keep her on."

Percy jumped up, breaking the point of his pencil, "Jack, I never thought of that," he said, very seriously.

"No more did I till just now. Pleasant, eh?" "Mr. Coombe—In return for all your kindness to me I ask you to give me your daughter, that I may show my love for her by reducing her from comfort and elegance to a position little better than that of a servant-of-all-work, with more responsibility—herself, a large husband, and the possible contingency of a small family, on £200 per annum!"

"What are we to do?" faltered Percy.

His friend smoked a short time in silence; then, half inquiringly, "Give up going down?"

Percy laughed an odd sort of laugh.

"'Tis as hard for me as you," replied Dawes; "I'm

just as hard hit as you are, but I see no other way out of it. Look here, Percy! if we keep up our present terms of relationship at Beaurivage, that girl, although she may not have shown it yet, is sooner or later bound to mark her preference for one of us. That she already likes us two better than the other fellows, I am sure. Well, the *happier* in that case will, in a moment of—what shall I say?—oblivion, get saying something serious to her. She will take it as meant, which *meant* in one sense it will be; but when it turns out to be altogether hopeless, think how jolly awkward it will be. See?"

"Ye-es! But what *are* we to do?"

"Well, I've just been thinking. If we continue our visits, we must take precautionary measures."

"What do you mean?"

"In this way. When one of us sees the other hanging too much about Tots, or misses him and her at the same time for long together, he must go in search, and on finding them remain in such a manner as we once should have called 'spoiling sport.' Thus, you see, one of us may have the opportunity of preventing the other making a fool of himself, and of stalling off Tot's chance of discovering which of us she likes best till she will naturally gradually lose that dual preference which seems to cost us so much anxiety."

"Ah!" said Percy; "a sort of Anti-Tots Mutual Protection League, Limited!"

And here were two strong big men binding themselves together in a bond of defence against a poor little harmless creature, whose coronet plait brought her on a level with the top button of my waistcoat, and who acknowledged to being tired after two turns round a moderately-sized room to the strains of the *Themselieder*, or any other waltz you may like to mention.

I have been lingering somewhat over the state of Jack's and Percy's feelings, with scarcely a word as to what Tots thought of them. Of course she knew they were fond of her; for the matter of that, so were all the fellows—but then she *owned* to being fonder of our two friends than all the others put together.

I think, after all, we had better ask her sister.—Will Miss Mabel Coombe have the kindness to disclose anything her sister may have confessed con-

cerning the state of her feelings with regard to Messrs. Dawes and Vere?

Miss Katie Coombe will have much pleasure.

In the first place, Tots had repeatedly admitted she liked the gentlemen in question "best of all." Secondly, Vere was a prettier name than Dawes, and Ilfra Vere didn't sound at all badly. Thirdly, she thought Percy did not give vent to quite as much playful sarcasm at her expense as Jack did. Fourthly, that Jack seemed to think more of her—to show her more little attentions than Percy did. Fifthly, Percy was the better looking. Sixthly, she thought *Jack* would make the better husband—one who would let his wife have more of her own way. And, seventhly, she didn't *love* either—but she thought she liked Jack a tiny bit the better, but she was a stupid little thing, and wasn't quite sure, and she wouldn't show it!

Will Miss Mabel accept our most grateful acknowledgements for her important communication?

With their diabolical plan in their heads, the two friends visited Sunbury for the next month, and it worked with gratifying success. Although, sometimes, when one found himself looked after so assiduously, a shade of annoyance might have just passed over him, he directly understood all about it; Jack, or Percy, was never alone with Tots for long but the other was sure to come upon them. One never went on the water with her without the other, and neither went to Sunbury *solus*. It was an odd sort of arrangement on their parts. They couldn't bring themselves to give up seeing her, which, I suppose, under the circumstances, was selfish and wrong; and yet they were not so selfish but they endeavoured to take steps that their gratification should not be fraught with danger to the origin of it.

However, one afternoon, while at Sunbury, Percy had a telegram requiring his presence in town, and Jack, who had wisely determined to accompany him, was, by the united entreaties of the "Tots" family, but too easily, prevailed on to remain. As he was leaving, Percy said to Jack,

"If you go on the river to-night, mind! there's a moon; so be sure you take Mabel with you." And then he left him to his fate.

They *did* go on the river, and there *was* a moon, but they took Mabel with them. When they came off she went indoors, and Jack busied himself putting the sculls and cushions away, while Tots waited for him on a rustic seat placed under a weeping ash, a seat solely and wholly "for talking age and whisp'ring lovers made." After he had locked up the boat-house, instead of insisting on their following Mabel's example, he went and sat down also, saying—he blames it all on the moon—

"As water finds its own level, Tots, so I find my way back to you."

"Always on the water," she exclaimed. "But how romantic you are! Why! I thought you considered yourself immeasurably superior to me."

"Love levels all, if I did," he whispered.

"Levels!" she echoed. "I thought the course of love never ran *smoothly* under any circumstances!"

"What a grand institution moonlight is," he said. "And the river! I think the only poet who came nearest describing Elysium was he who wrote

"With indolent fingers fretting the tide,
And an indolent arm round a darling waist!"

"How many darling waists has your indolent arm been round in its time?" she murmured.

"None!"

"Where is it now?"

"Oh, Tottie dear!" he said, squeezing her closer, "I wish I had a thousand a year."

"Why?" she archly asked.

"Because then I'd marry you."

"But I wouldn't have you," she said.

"Yes, you would! Yes, you would!" And just then Mabel came and told them tea was ready.

When Jack saw Percy the next morning he made a clean breast of the affair, but his soul did not derive that benefit from the confession the proverb might have led him to expect. He admitted the justice of Percy's reproaches, but denied all responsibility for his action. It was all the moon!

"Oh, Percy!" he cried, "I wish you'd marry her; I could shake hands with her as your wife."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," returned his friend; "but unfortunately I can't. Indeed, after the unfortunate occurrence of last night,

I doubt if she'd have me. But to the point,—did you make her a *bona fide* offer?"

"No!" replied Jack, brightening at what seemed a glimmer of hope—(strange thought to brighten at!)—"no! I only told her I should like to, and—and—she didn't say she wouldn't."

"Well," said Percy, "you furnished good advice on a former occasion, which *was* followed by the recipient; it is now my turn. You have probably noticed, Jack, how all the eligible *partis* who used to go to Beaurivage have fallen off in their visits during the latter part of our acquaintance there. Now, what is the cause of that? *He* are the cause. Some of those fellows went there with certain ideas, but, fancying from the manner *we* were received they stood no chance, have honourably taken themselves off, leaving us a fair field, not unaccompanied by a considerable amount of favour. We, who with similar ideas, owing to circumstances, are unable to put those ideas into tangible form—you follow?"

"Go on!" said Jack.

"Now, look here," resumed Percy: "if we continue our visits, which it seems beyond our moral power to forego so long as Tots' name is Coombe, we keep all others out. Does not that strike you as a jolly shame? The girl might go on, aimlessly circled by you and me, till she have no chance of being married at all. Say what you like, marriage is woman's mission, and Mr. and Mrs. Coombe, though of course not anxious to part with their dear little daughter, would, in her own interests, like nothing better than to see her fulfilling her destiny, and happily and comfortably settled. So, my boy, as matters stand, if only in return for their great kindness, it devolves upon *us* to find some one who *can* make her happy and comfortable, and who can take this load off our hearts. We're the moths and she the candle. As it is useless striving to keep the moths from the light, the light must be taken from the moths. In other words, we must find Ilfra Coombe a husband."

"What!" cried Jack. "Turn matchmakers! Oh! *Ex luce lucellum!*"

"Matchmakers or not, as you will. That is what in all honour and fairness we must do."

"Yes; but don't you reckon without your host?"

Suppose she doesn't take to the husband found for her, whoever he may be. What then?"

"That is as it may be. We must take our chance of that. What I maintain is that we must do our utmost to repair the—I was going to say, injury, but let the word pass—caused by our—our—terms are so difficult to find!—our selfishness. Come, do you think she could be brought to give you up with out dying of decline?"

"I dare say," said Jack, in all modesty.

"Then this is what I propose doing. There's Tommy Hawkes, one of the best fellows living. Good-looking, plenty of money, and a brick! Well, we'll get him to come down to Kingston for a row, go up as far as Sunbury, then land at their garden, telling him we'll introduce him to some jolly people. They're sure to ask him down again, and he is as sure to fall in love with Tots—every one does, you know. ("Yes!") And then we must play our cards sufficiently well as to make it a case of—of 'no cards.' In fact, to get him to marry her, and *vice versa*. What do you think of my plan?"

"It is all very good—*too* good—and I suppose we must adopt it," said Jack, moodily; "but really, in my heart, I don't think I should grieve to see it fail."

"No, hang it!" cried Percy. "That *is* selfish. I'm just as much singed as you are; so cheer up, work with a will, and we shall perhaps have the gratification of seeing our stratagem successful, and of two weak minds doing a magnanimous action."

So Mr. Hawkes went with them to Kingston for a row; he was taken to Beaurivage and introduced; he was asked to come again; and he went away raving of Tots, to the mingled gloom and satisfaction of our male matchmakers.

Tommy, after that, became a constant visitor at the Coombes', Jack and Percy doing all in their power to bring about what they had set their minds upon. It would have been rather amusing for any one cognizant of the plot to have watched the little manœuvres the pair had recourse to in the furtherance of their dark design. They commenced by leaving their unconscious victims alone together, and doing all they could to keep them so, for any length of time; always talking of both in the same breath, coupling their names in a sort of off-hand

natural manner, until people, supposing them to be of course well posted up in the family arrangements, began to take it for granted that Tots and Tommy were destined ere long to become a unit. This idea, as it imperceptibly took hold of and pervaded the minds of all, was inevitably insensibly communicated to Tots, till *her* mind became vaguely imbued with some such similar though undefined notions, causing her after a bit to deem it as a not impossible contingency, and in time to drift gradually into taking it for granted that things were so ordained and so to be. Another point in favour of it was that she, mindful of and piqued at Jack's gloomy and graduating quasi-coolness, attributing it, of course, to anything but the real cause—she had been certain of her *preference* since that eventful evening—at first solaced her woman's soul with the conventional woman's solace under such circumstances, viz., taking up with another in order to bring the first back to his sterner sense of duty; and as *Jack didn't return*, in comforting herself with Hawkes she grew to like him very much indeed,—he was a capital fellow. The two schemers worked upon *him* too in a manner which led him to believe that he was not regarded with total aversion in the little quarter where he long deposited his rather impulsive affections; but they never tackled Tots personally. At length Mr. and Mrs. Coombe, though somewhat surprised it had not been Jack or Percy, cheerfully adopted the views conveyed to them by people who had been tampered with by the conspirators, and a sort of tacit engagement between the young folks was agreed upon by the outside public. All this had its consequent subtle influence upon the mind of one of the most interested parties, and Percy's kind arrangements for her future were prevented from failure by Tommy's proposing to Tots, and her unconditional acceptance of him.

They were now formally engaged, and to all appearance transcendently happy—Jack and Percy being proportionately dismal. They tried to comfort themselves, however, with the assurance they had done right, and that it was all for the best, but still they *were* dismal. They didn't go to Sunbury so often—they even passed the campshed occasionally without landing. But if Jack and his

friend absented themselves, Hawkes was there, and their conclusion was they would only have been in the way, and they never spoiled sport. One day, when they went down, Tots had gone to London to have something "tried on." That was enough. They suddenly recollected important engagements at the Foreign Office, and left almost directly. They went back to their rooms feeling very low-spirited, and had just settled down to a lugubrious pipe, when Jack discovered a blue-enveloped letter addressed to himself. He opened it in a listless manner, which changed as he read the contents :

"1001 GRAY'S INN SQUARE,
"15th Sept., 187—.

"SIR,—We much regret to have to convey to you the sad intelligence of the sudden demise of our much-lamented client, your late uncle, Mr. Thomas Davies, at his station near Bhurtwar, in the Punjab. At the same time we hasten to inform you, you are left residuary legatee and sole executor under his will, some time confided to our keeping. We know of no other document of a similar nature bearing a more recent date, nor do our agents out there, from whom we have received this information per Indian telegraph. We shall, no doubt, have fuller details by the next mail.

Awaiting any instructions you may be kind enough to honour us with,

"We are, Sir,

"Your obedient servants,

"NARRAWAY AND STRAIGHT.

John Dawes, Esq."

He threw the letter over to Percy; then, folding his arms upon the table, drooped his head upon them. Percy read the news, and seeing what was coming, was in a terrible fix. He didn't speak for some time, while something very like a sob shook poor Jack's frame. He pretended to be reading

over the letter: his usual readiness failed him. What should or could he say? At last, in sheer desperation, he blurted out,

"Why, Jack! this is your Uncle Tom, who quarrelled with his family when quite a boy, and went out to India."

"Oh, Percy!" groaned Jack, "why didn't I know this six months ago? It is too late now."

"Come, come, Jack, be a man! I thought you were getting over that."

"I thought I was perhaps in a fair way of doing so, but this has brought it all on again. Oh, why did I ever take your advice?" Advice again!

"Jack," said Percy gently, "that is unkind."

Jack looked up and took his hand.

"That's right!" continued the other, "why, you *began* to get over it, and if you could do that then, surely you can do it again now. Come, cheer up! Comfort yourself with the assurance that however it has turned out with regard to yourself—a result no one would have ever dreamed of—you did a right and good action. You were very fond of that girl; there was no possibility of your marrying her yourself, so you sacrificed your own feelings to the future welfare and happiness of the woman you loved. 'Tis a love to be proud of, and its own reward!"

And Jack did cheer up after a time. They have both got over their disappointment now, and though when Tots was married, the uncle's affairs had *inopportunately* called Jack abroad, and Percy accompanied him, they conjointly sent her the best and most useful present she received.

Mrs. Hawkes, *née* Coombe, never understood how it was that Jack seemed to diverge at an obtuse angle from her after that pleasant evening in the moonlight, and no one ever knew but that her wedding came about in the most ordinary manner possible; little dreaming it was all owing to the machinations of our *Magnanimous Matchmakers*.

CYRIL MULLETT.

MY OTTER HUNT.

One morning in July last I received the following:—

"MY DEAR ESAU,—Mr. Thingumbob's otter hounds meet at Whattycallum Bridge next Monday morning at 4 a.m. Come and join in the fun.

"Yours truly,
"NIMROD."

I went, I "joined in the fun," and I recorded my experiences, and these are of them:—



I prospect the weather. Quite a new sensation to me to see how the world looks before being properly aired.



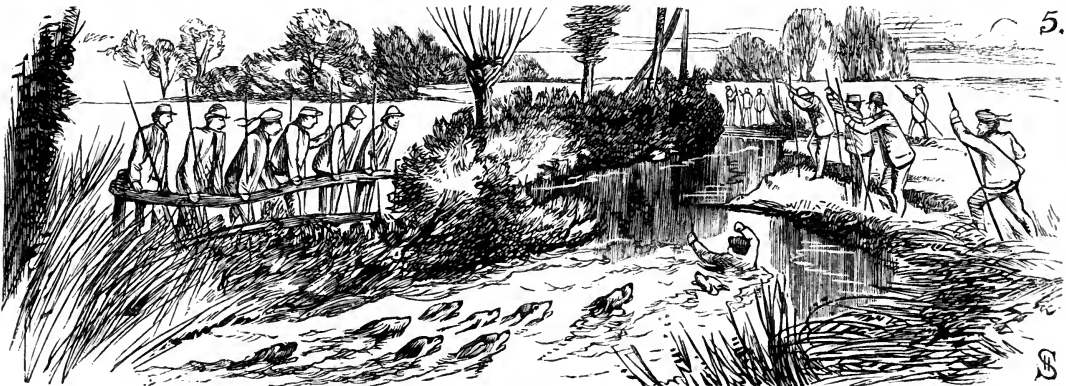
I get myself up, "according to Cocker," and fancy myself the considerable Stilton.



Study of fortification; not unnecessary under the untimely circumstances.



A leaf out of my sketch-book at the "meet."



After a weary paddle up a wet ditch for a mile or more—

MY OTTER HUNT.



A "find" is proclaimed; what the long-haired hounds have found beyond a gutter-hole in the bank I fail to perceive.



Crowbars, spades, and pickaxes are put into requisition; but, as my education in the manipulation of those tools is, to say the least, elementary, and I being, as some of my friends tell me, one of the numerous tribe of the "Go-ons,"



I betake myself to the shade of a friendly tree for forty winks,



Out of which I am electrified by maniacal yells and shouts from man and dog—"BOLT!!" His gaze!!! Bow-wow!!!!



Having read of the pleasures of "tailing" an otter, I essay the performance,



To the irritation of one of the hounds, which "tails" me in return.



Comment is needless! The scenes transacted

within these portals are too horrible for representation!! Cauterization is *not* a matter for joking!!!—P. S.—I shall not be prepared to go out a-hunting the wily otter again for a time.

QUILTER CHAFFERS.

His First Effort and his Last Chance.



THE father of Gentle Chaffers, as he was called, was a tailor; and he very naturally expected his only son would follow the same honourable calling.

The boy's name was "Nero," or more properly, "Jasper Nero," and by these names his father, when he wished to be very correct and proper, always addressed him. Now, Jasper and Nero, though there may be some difference of opinion on this point, are really in themselves very good names, and when combined do not sound badly; yet, by some strange round-about way which it is impossible for me to describe, not being good at puzzles, they became, in this case, corrupted into "Gentle," and the boy was known to his friends

and acquaintances by that name.

When Gentle Chaffers approached man's estate—by the way, I may as well now inform the reader that Gentle Chaffers was the father of my hero: pray

pardon the parenthesis—as Mr. Chaffers approached man's estate, he gradually contracted rather strong political opinions, and became addicted to attending meetings where "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" were freely discussed and advocated; he now "mixed," as he termed it, "unreservedly among his-fellow men." His views became very broad, and one fine morning, with the object of carrying out his pet theory, I suppose, clandestinely married Miss Clarissa Thumps, the daughter of a noble-minded gentleman who at this time happened to be the ruling genius of a small tavern in the neighbourhood of Clare Market. This is how Quilter's father and mother got married, and in due time Quilter Chaffers was born.

Now, there is an old adage which says "It is the clothes that makes the man." As in this sense Quilter's father had spent all his working hours in "making men," and his mother had spent all her working hours in drawing—beer, what more natural than he should wish to be an artist?—an historical painter? His great ambition was to paint some grand work, "showing how great deeds of valour had been done by brave men dying in their country's cause."

This may be a convenient place to mention that the star of Mr. Quilter Chaffers had not been one of the first magnitude: the fact of his father having married without *his* father's sanction or approval, that gentle, timid democrat was thrust from the paternal roof to fight his way in the wide world as best he could; nor was the staunch and sturdy parent of his darling one whit more tender. When Mr. Thumps became aware of the fact that his charming Clarissa was now Mrs. Gentle Chaffers, his wrath rose to its maximum height, and after giving utterance to a variety of very carefully-selected words, more weighty than polite, he called into prac-

tice some playful athletic movements, in which he exhibited considerable skill. The consequence was that the floor of the room where they were discussing this interesting family matter appeared to rise up, and come in sudden and very forcible collision with the back of Mr. Gentle's head.

The next morning his face showed strangely out of shape, and about his eyes were many colours; his vision also was slightly affected for several days: as it happened, his mental vision recovered by a more rapid process than his physical, and so he quickly found, to his dismay, that he was fairly out in the cold—deserted by his own parents, disowned by those of his newly-married wife, this poor little Republican with a big soul, this Jasper Nero Chaffers, found himself in a rather awkward position; and what was worse, found very few people, if any, that would carry out the principles of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" when it came to the practical part of helping a friend that was down. Yet with all this against him, he met his fate like a man, and did his best in the trade that his father taught him to make provision for his wife and child.

But it is not our business to record the domestic history of Mr. Gentle Chaffers, and we have only gone thus far to show that the home and early life of our hero was little calculated to foster the burning genius of a great soul like that which animated the little body of Quilter. I do not hesitate to express my own belief that Q. C. was a born artist, and, had he possessed fair advantages, might have climbed the ladder of Fame with a tolerably firm step, and a true eye as many of the *good* men of our day. This, Fortune had decreed, should not be his lot.

Though his soul scorned all other occupation, Art—only Art—could he bear to contemplate! Yet was he compelled every day to endure many hours of labour as an errand-boy to an Italian warehouse—whatever that may be! His only school for study was the print-shop window, his only means of practice was making sketches of his father or mother as they sat at work. Although every available shilling was spent in purchasing materials to prosecute his studies, yet he lacked, and yearned for sufficient means to purchase A LARGE CANVAS, whereon he might paint a grand historical picture.

He only wanted the necessary materials: he already possessed the genius! Quilter *never* doubted that. "Give him the wherewithal to show his power and success was certain."

Thus several years passed by—hoping! fearing! yearning! desponding!—yet always full of self-confidence. "When his chance came, would not he let them see what stuff he was made of!"

At the close of a long summer day, which he had spent rambling about Hampstead Heath, and the adjacent fields that lay, at that period, between the high ground and mighty London—moody and discontented with himself and everything else in the world—he reached the main road on the south side of Regent's Park. A few steps, and he kicked aside what appeared to be a piece of dirty paper lying on the margin of the pavement. Some feeling of curiosity induced him to turn and pick it up; to his amazement, he found this dirty bit of paper to be a five-pound note! The first question—"What was he to do with it?"

This knotty point gave him much anxiety, and at least two sleepless nights; the distressing question came again and yet again, What was he to do with it? At length, with a fine sense of right, he resolved, and, to his honour be it told, he went every day for seven days and stood upon the very spot where he had found the money, for seven hours in each day, with the note carefully folded in his pocket, ready to give it up to any one who should prove satisfactorily that the note was his; but no one did demand it of him, nor did he, he declared, see any during all the time that looked as though they had lost anything of greater importance than their own brains.

During the interval of watching, he came to the conclusion that there were more empty skulls than empty pockets in the world, which sage reflection shows that our hero was not entirely without brains himself.

After this laudable and unsuccessful endeavour to find the rightful owner of the treasure, he considered himself fairly entitled to keep it; and this he did for a time, but only for a very short time. What was he to do with it? Ha! now was his chance; now would the yearnings of his heart be satisfied! Now

would he purchase a large canvas, paints and brushes, and astonish the world with his grand historical work ! He'd paint a picture such as man had never yet set eyes on. As to his success, it is not necessary here to express an opinion ; the public at large, to the best of my knowledge, never had an opportunity of expressing theirs.

It may be interesting to the reader of this brief sketch if I give some idea what this great work was like. I confess to approaching the subject with diffidence, yet the reputation of poor Chaffers demands this much of me, that those art critics who choose to take the trouble may be able to say whether it ought, or ought not, to have found a place in our National Gallery.

The principal incident was intended to represent the triumphal entry of the Allied Sovereigns into Paris ; the most prominent figure was meant for the Duke of Wellington, but the painter's model for this had evidently been his own father while he was busily plying his needle and thread, and this man, in the flesh was about as like the "hero of a hundred fights" as his dwelling was to Apsley House, except, indeed, that they both were short men ; but what was the poor artist to do ? If he could not get the best, he must needs use the best he could get ! This group, the Duke on horseback, with two or three attendant Generals, occupied almost the entire length of the picture ; as accessories he ingeniously introduced on one side a grand conflagration, intended to represent the burning of Moscow ; on the other side was a fierce battle, with a superabundance of smoke : this was intended for the Battle of Waterloo ; while in the middle distance was a male figure standing upon the edge of a rock, his arms folded across his breast, apparently watching the sun as it sank in glowing red below the horizon of the sea : this, the reader will easily understand, was intended for Napoleon at St. Helena.

As we well know these circumstances did not all occur at the same moment of time,—and I am not by any means certain that the last-named incident ever did occur in the way here represented,—yet is it not admitted by all great minds that the true evidence of real genius is shown in its triumph over petty literal facts and small details ? and in the

poetry of painting, as in the poetry of language, the author must carry the work to consummation according to the design of his own lofty intellect. I ought to mention in this description of the picture that, in the sky, the painter had introduced some strangely formed and as strangely coloured clouds, which he said represented "the guardian angels of the world, bearing crowns of laurel wherewith to deck the manly brows of these, the gallant and the brave !"

Mr. Quilter Chaffers was very much surprised and very wroth when informed that it would be necessary he should put his picture in a gilt frame before it could be accepted for exhibition at the Royal Academy. Poor little man ! he chafed himself to fury under the restriction, or, as he termed it, "insult to genius," until he boldly declared "he would himself carry his noble work *unframed* to the gallery," and "beard these purse-proud lions in their den"—what he meant by this form of expression the writer of this brief history is altogether unable to explain. "He would carry his picture into their noble halls, and let them reject it *if they dare!*" He did leave his picture, "unframed," at the doors of their "noble halls," and spent the intervening time until the "opening day" in a state of restless anxiety.

At length the all-important morning arrived, and Quilter, "drest all in his Sunday best," full three long hours before the doors were opened, bent his way with hurried steps, that he might be among the first to enter the gallery, in the full assurance that the high place of honour would be given to the great picture he had painted.

Poor Quilter Chaffers ! fatal was the hour when he picked up that five-pound note—fatal was the day when he purchased the "large canvas and brushes"—and still more fatal to him was that first Monday in May, when the doors of the Royal Academy opened to receive its visitors. Chaffers entered the first room with as much indifference as he could command, and, with a single glance at each wall, saw that his picture was not there. He did not expect it would be ; for in that room the place of honour was not. He passed quickly on to the next—not there !—and so to each room of the gallery, with the same result. As he reached the

last, his poor heart sank within him—*his picture was not there!* The place of honour was filled with a small picture: the portrait of a monkey cracking nuts, surrounded by a large gilt frame. Again and again he went through the rooms, each time making closer inspection, lest his eye should have overlooked his work amid the “blaze of gilded nothings.” No! it was not there! Sick at heart and nearly fainting, he leant for a few moments against a doorway. This fainting was quickly followed by a mental phrenzy, that for a time deprived him of all self-control. He rushed from the room, and demanded of the doorkeeper—“Why his picture was not hung?” This man, with perfect indifference, referred him to the porter at the receiving-door. Here again, in high-pitched voice, he repeated the question—“Here, you fellow! why has my picture not been hung?”

The man he addressed was a good-hearted fellow, and doubtless had seen many a disappointed youth come nervously seeking for the picture that had “not been hung.” He now said a kindly word to Quilter, which soothed him slightly, and went away to look for the work. With little search he found it. When brought forth, Quilter again demanded to know—“*Why* it had not been hung upon the walls of the exhibition, when there was not a single picture there at all to be compared, for true artistic sou to this rejected gem?”

This kindly-hearted man seemed puzzled for a moment; at last he looked his questioner in the face with a gentle conciliatory smile, and said,

“Why, it arn’t got no frame. You see, sir, we never hang no pictures here what arn’t got ne’er a gilt frame on it.”

Happy thought! thrice-happy thought! Poor Quilter Chaffers clung through life to that theory. His picture was rejected not from want of merit, of that he was himself well satisfied, but it had been declared to him by the representatives of the Royal Academy—a real Royal Academician, for aught he knew to the contrary—that it was rejected because it had not got a gilt frame.

This was Quilter Chaffers’ first venture: we have told you how it failed; we will now relate his last chance.

“The youth whose aspirations all were bold,
Now shrinking down the shrivelled man and old.”

The gap that lay between these epochs of his life—these wellnigh four decades of years—had more of pain than pleasure, more of homeless wanderings in the dark night, than plucking roses in the sunny day. There was an even downward tendency, and though he tried his best, and manfully fought against the adverse tide of fortune, he could not roll *his* barrel up the hill.

One cold wet day—he had now become sadly down in the world—after wandering about the streets for many dreary hours, he stood, with wistful look and hungry eyes, before the window of a “ham and beef shop:” how long he could not tell. At length, with a weary sigh, being perfectly sensible of the empty state of his pocket, he turned away, and had taken scarcely half a dozen steps, when he became conscious that a face which recalled long-past days was standing before him, and a clear, cheery voice cried out,

“Why, it’s Chaffers! Quilter Chaffers! Quilter, old boy! how are you? How are you getting on? You don’t look very jolly. But come along with me, old fellow, and tell me all about your doings these many a day since we have met.”

Before poor bewildered Quilter could reply, or thoroughly understand what he was about, the stranger hurried him into the eating-house, ordered some food, which he insisted upon Quilter doing justice to before he spoke a word. When the hunger was satisfied—the poor fellow had been very hungry—these two men sat a long hour in earnest, quiet talk, Quilter relating the “story of his life,” his fitful success, his constant failure, the gleams of hope, his bitter disappointment, and all the ills he had endured since they were thoughtless boys at school together. That night he slept on a softer and a warmer bed than he had known for many a day.

This friend of his schoolboy days, now, in his almost hopeless adversity, proved himself a good and true friend indeed. He found him employment, poor and humble enough in all conscience. Yet it was with great joy that Quilter entered upon a situation as runner and general drudge in the paint-room of one of our principal theatres, where he had

many opportunities of relating his strange adventures during a long and chequered life in this wilderness of London, and his many shifts to keep body and soul together.

He had always been a sort of hanger-on about the outskirts of Art. He was well versed in the practice of lithography, having at a certain period of his life drawn much upon stone, but his works in this department of art were never printed—unless, indeed, the boots of the passers-by might have taken rough impressions of these “gems” after he had retired from the scene of his labours for the night.

It must in candour be confessed that Quilter sent forth a frequent and by no means a timid growl against society, and especially against that part of society known as the Royal Academy, which institution he never forgave for having rejected his grand picture of “The Entry of the Allied Sovereigns into Paris,” simply because it had not got a gilt frame: he maintained it was a corrupt combination of men who professed one course of action and pursued another; that, every man, on being elected an Academician, bound himself by solemn vows, he would, for the remainder of his life, take every opportunity of crushing youthful genius, whenever and wherever he might find it; at the same time avail himself of every chance to proclaim with a loud voice that the doors of the Academy stood ever open, ready to admit all who pleased to seek instruction there; that it was the true guardian of all Art interest: everything that had been done, and everything that ever could be done for Art in this country, was and would be entirely owing to the noble and disinterested efforts of the Royal Academy.

“Fostering true genius, forsooth!” Quilter would exclaim, with wild gesticulation, after uttering fierce denunciations on the Institution—“foster rising genius, forsooth! Look at me! look at me!” dashing his hand rapidly through his hair; then throwing his arms about in a frantic manner, he repeated over and over again, “look at me! look at me!”—each time his voice growing more shrill and wild—“look at me! Here’s an instance of their fostering care! Ha! ha! very tender fostering care indeed!—Only look at me!”

Throughout the greatest part of his struggling life, Quilter picked up occasionally a few shillings by sitting as a model to what he called his “brother artists;” but his head was of the decidedly eccentric class, so he was not in very great demand, moreover his vehemence and loquacity rendered him a rather restless sitter, a defect which told considerably to his disadvantage.

There is a characteristic anecdote told of the late Duke of Wellington when sitting for his portrait: the artist, a painter of some considerable eminence, did his best to entertain the great man with a little agreeable conversation, in which he could not help observing the Duke took no real interest; this the artist, with a praiseworthy humility, attributed to his own dullness in not hitting upon some subject that would elicit the sitter’s attention. On the second day he prepared himself with one or two anecdotes, which he felt sure would prove agreeable: opening the conversation with some general remarks, he soon drifted into anecdote number one, when he was abruptly “pulled up” by the Iron Duke observing, “Sir, I come here for you to paint my portrait, and not to listen to your chatter; be pleased to proceed with your work.”

And so it was with Quilter Chaffers, who had often to be reminded that he came to sit as a model, and not to act as a mountebank.

Notwithstanding his many defects, he was very generally represented in some character or other in the Exhibition of the year; so, to use Quilter’s own words when referring to the Academy, “Though his own works were not destined to adorn and add to the attractions of the Exhibition, yet he had done in other ways as much, or perhaps more, to fill the hungry coffers of that corrupt body than any other single individual living.” For Quilter always maintained that those years when he was most frequently represented by the artists who might introduce him in their pictures were all the best and most profitable years the institution ever knew.

Poor Quilter Chaffers! he hugged his grievances closer than a brother; it was to him meat and drink and consolation under every conceivable circumstance; he was in his own eyes a living evidence that the age of martyrdom had not yet passed away,

and that whenever the history of Art in this country should be written, full justice would be done to the great wrongs he had endured, from the crushing influence of the "cold shade" cast upon him; and all because he would not bow to the degrading tyranny which demanded that, before his great historical picture could be submitted to the judgment of an appreciative public, it should be put in a "gaudy gilded frame." But for this grievance, which he hugged so close that it kept him warm, he must have died long years ago from the many privations he had suffered.

He never failed to visit the annual picture exhibition, and went through the rooms with a disdainful sneer at everything upon the walls, except where his own head was painted; then, after a long admiring look, he would shrug his shoulders and pass on: he pronounced the finest pictures "rot" and "mawkish daubs." He maintained that the best of these exhibitions was "a very sorry shilling's worth," where the truest and grandest triumphs of art were sacrificed to the gaudy display of large gilded frames and decorators' mechanism.

"Look you here," he would say, with all the seriousness of wisdom, "the true state of art in this country will never be properly represented until every man can claim as his birthright to have his picture hung upon the walls of the national institution; until, in fact, every man can carry his own picture, with or without a gilded frame, just as he may please, to the door, and demand admittance, select whatever position he deems best for the proper display of his work, and hang it up with his own hands against the walls, no one daring to interfere;" but he would add, with a sigh, "This will not be in my time! not in my time! These stiff-necked R.A.'s would tremble at the idea of giving rising genius a fair, I may say an honest, chance."

He insists with persistent tenacity that the true translation of "*Labor et ingenium*," printed as a motto on the catalogues of the annual exhibition, is "Labour to CRUSH GENIUS."

Poor Quilter Chaffers! he will die in the belief.

G. D.

FOLLY. AN APRIL SONG.

UPON the very foremost day
Of April, Eighteen Forty-seven,
I think, my Polly, I may say
We thought we'd reached the seventh heaven.
How hard I strove to tell my tale!
Till on my breast you hid your blushes,
And o'er us, in the quiet dale,
There fell the happiness that hushes.

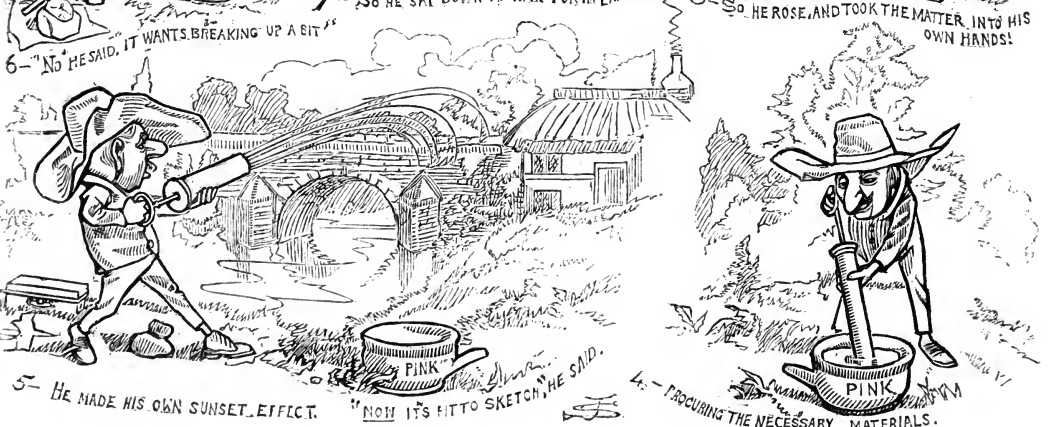
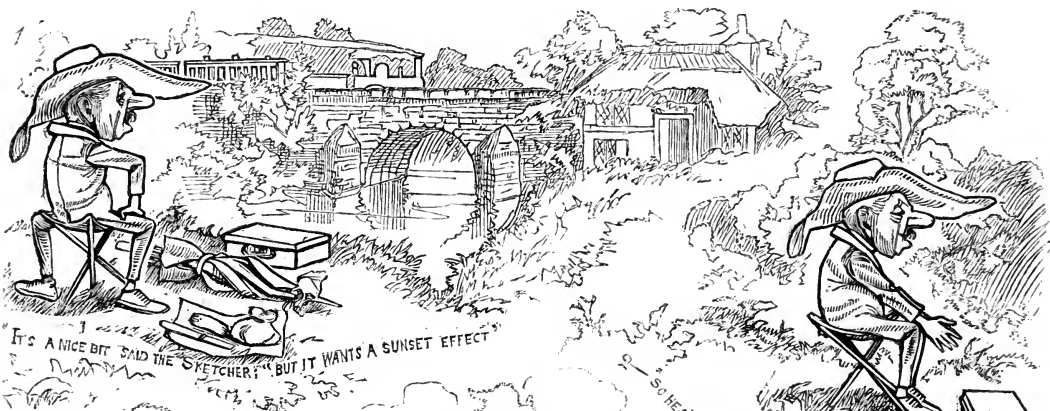
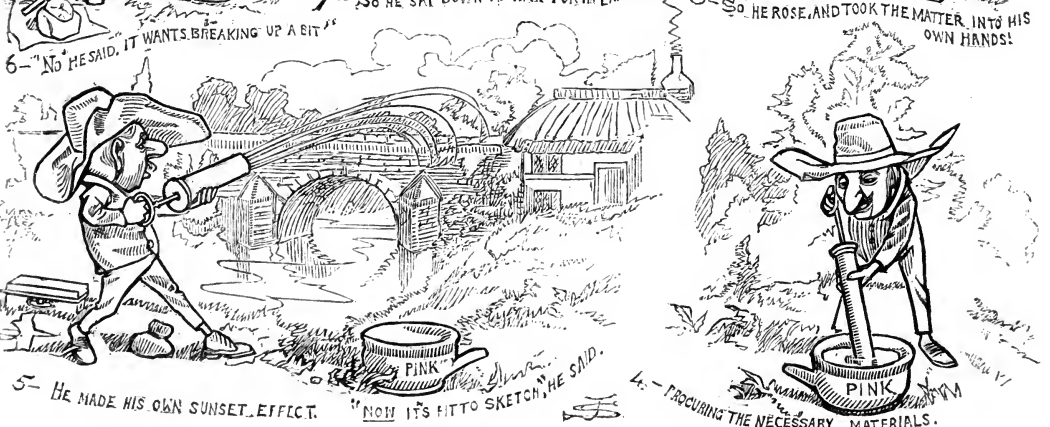
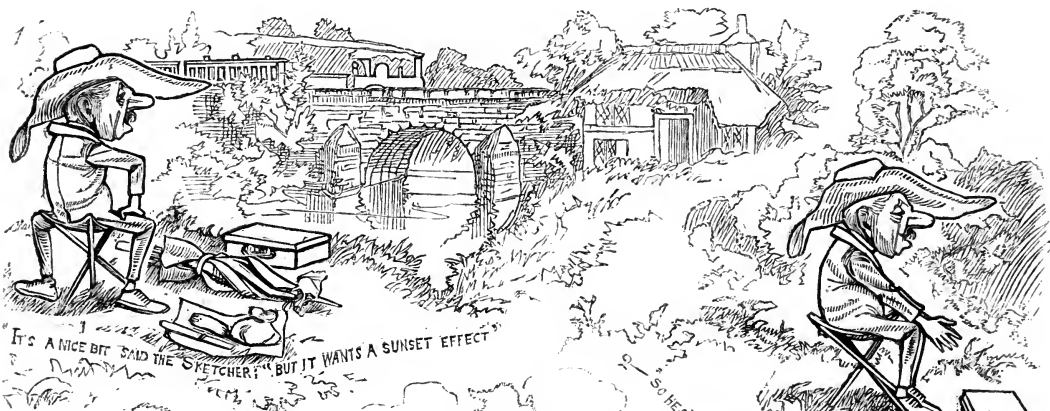
And then I talked—well, like a lad,—
I saw you were content to listen;
I told you all the fears I'd had,
Until your eyes began to glisten.
And then I told, to raise your smiles,
The gauntlet I had run of chaffing—
My jealousy of Harry Giles—
Until you stopped my chatter, laughing.

A year!—we married—poor our state,
Our friends declared it risky—very;
And then, alluding to the date,
They made themselves extremely merry.
But, hand-in-hand, we braved the strife,
With youth and modest hope we met it;
And never once in all my life
Have I had reason to regret it.

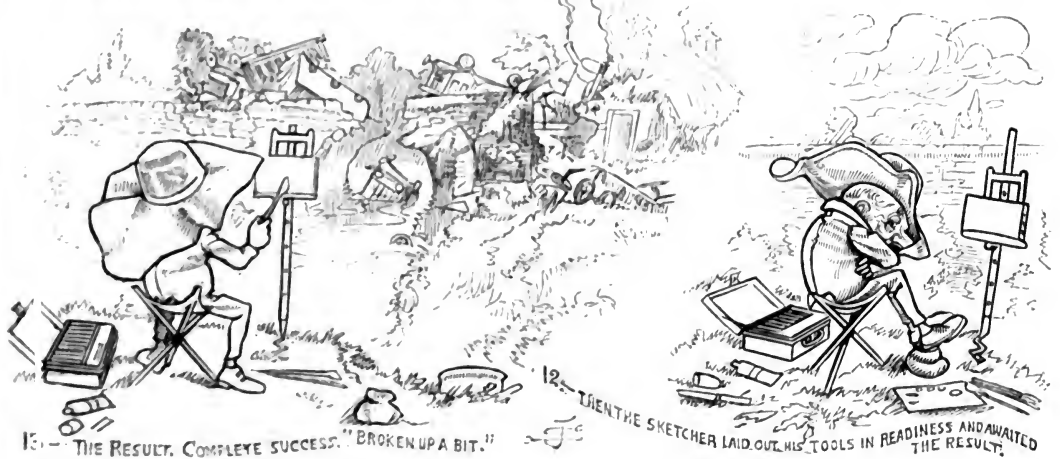
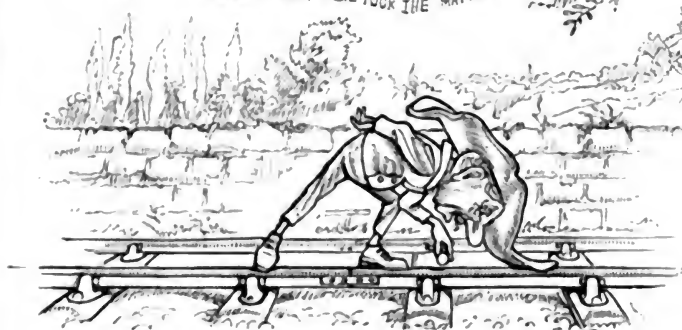
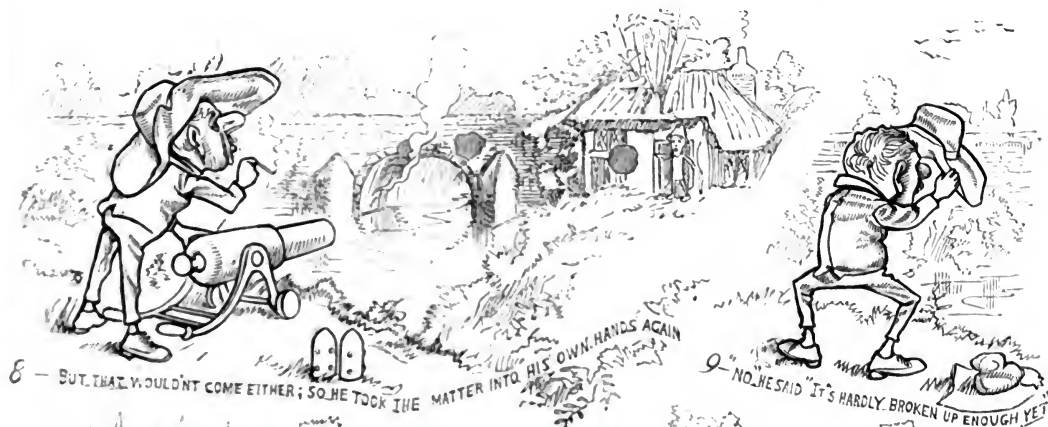
And if I *am* a fool, I've fears
My folly may be never-ending;
I've been a fool for thirty years—
I fancy I'm too old for mending.
And when I sum the joys you bring,
The labours that you lighten, Polly,
I bless you, dear, for answering
"The fool according to his folly!"

JOHN W. HOUGHTON.

THE SKETCHER'S RESOURCES; A HINT TO LANDSCAPE ARTISTS.



THE SKETCHER'S RESOURCES; A HINT TO LANDSCAPE ARTISTS.



13 - THE RESULT. COMPLETE SUCCESS. "BROKEN UP A BIT."

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

"O swallow, swallow, flying——"
TENNYSON.

IF you knew Simpson you would adore him. He is *so* clever, especially in little matters of cookery, plain and Corinthian, and domestic economy. I say "and domestic economy" advisedly. You and I have occasionally been made acquainted with cookery that had no concern with economy of any description.

Simpson delights in doing the family marketing. I loathe marketing. Simpson understands Leadenhall. I know a hawk from a hand-saw. Simpson dresses a salad to perfection. I invariably spoil oil and make a mash. To me a leg of mutton is mutton,—mere mutton; to Simpson it is—well, say a Southdown, a Cotswold, a Welshman, or a leg "to be shunned like a leper." Simpson has at his fingers' ends the proper seasons for whelks, asparagus, cockles, Jerusalem artichokes, curried fowls, and Anglo-Portugo oysters. I have not. The points of resemblance between Simpson and myself are: we are married; we vote in Finsbury; we abide (severally) in eight-roomed semi-detached mantraps situated, more or less, upon the slopes of Highbury, and we are (dear me, yes!) something in the City.

Wrote Simpson to me two or three Christmases back—I shall never forget it:—

MY DEAR JACK—[the prefatory nomenclature added by my sponsors to the family label of Smith is John Henry]—Step round here, and we will peck a bit together. I have a lay on. Governor's on the scoot. Till death,
DOLPH.

Rendered into the English which is written and spoken with propriety at depressing seminaries of learning, the idiomatic note of my friend Adolphus expressed his desire for me to lunch with him at his restaurant, as he had something to communicate which, owing to the temporary absence of the

principal of his firm, he was enabled *to* communicate during the said luncheon.

"Where do you dine on Christmas Day?" asked Simpson, as we lingered over the bones of a couple of inadequate chops.

"I *never* dine on *that* day," I replied, with severe dignity, "elsewhere than in the bosom of my family."

"Ah, just so," he rejoined; "you mean you dare dyspepsia at home. So do I. Now, look here: I am getting tired of my poulterer; his imagination is far too vivid. The other day he charged me for a Grewelthorpe cheese which I had never received, and I am resolved to abandon him to his sordid fate. It wants three days to the twenty-fifth. Accompany me to Leadenhall, and we will purchase the bird of your choice, be it turkey or goose. What do you say? Are you game?"

In the sense that I was willing to place myself under Simpson's obliging guidance I *was* game.

We went. On our devious way thither Simpson informed me that he knew a salesman who would put us on the very best terms—with the goose. We would, in fact, be treated just the same as a pair of poulterers. Still, as this obliging salesman was a person of convivial habits, it would be desirable to ask him to join us in a propitiatory glass of a peculiarly fruity wine of Oporto at the private bar of the One-Legged Dodo, which hostelry it was his custom of an afternoon to honour with his support. We visited the Dodo, and sampled the fruity propeller; but as our salesman was not yet come, we sought him in the Mart.

He was tall and handsome. His countenance beamed with benevolence. He probably weighed about seventeen stone six. The greeting between them was hearty, and on Simpson's part impressive. The expression in his eye—Simpson's—said to the salesman, "Look here, old fellow: I was not brought

up to your business, but no matter—don't try to deceive *me*. It won't do."

He thereupon proceeded to handle the limbs, and stretch the necks, and poke his knuckles into the bosoms of the defunct birds by which he was surrounded, with quite a Leadenhall air.

"Capital stuff that, Mr. Simpson."

"Well, yes, pretty fair," replied S., at the same time favouring me with a wink of the deepest diplomacy. Catch him committing himself! "My young friend here," indicating me, "is rather green about this kind of thing; but"—hereupon he discharged into the depths of the oracular salesman's left ear a whispered observation which terminated in "eh?"

"Oh!" replied he of Leadenhall, "I ought not, you know, I am so busy; but on the strict condition that it is one—only one, mind,—I will."

Again we lend our support to the Bar of the One-Legged Dodo, and renew our acquaintance with the there's-no-mistake-about-it-mind-you port. Green as the greenest gosling I might be, Mr. Simpson, but mean, Mr. Simpson, I was not. I had paid for the former goblets of the fervid wine of Oporto. I would also pay for these.—But what *was* the paltry sum of two shillings and sixpence in view of the benefits which I was about to derive from Simpson's introduction? Nothing,—ab-so-lute-ly nothing.

The shades of evening, not unmingled with fog, had enveloped the upper portion of the imperfect Dodo by the time Simpson's salesman, and Simpson, and myself, returned to the Mart. We had in the meantime added to our knowledge of that not-to-be-denied vintage of Oporto.—But, I ask, what was the paltry sum of four shillings in view of the advantages which were about to accrue to me from the meeting? What, indeed!

Simpson was splendid. I was nowhere. He held me with his glittering eye, and under its irresistible spell I bought just what he pleased. If he had offered on the spot to purchase the stock, goodwill, book-debts and fixtures, in my behalf, I should have consented. Hear him.

"Not a bit of it. That flamingo! Why, I'd be ashamed to see it on my table. The breast, what there is of it, is torn to pieces.—Now, I tell you what I'll do. It is for my friend here, but

my friend in these matters is myself. Ten bob for the goose, fifteen for the turkey, and seven for the duck, that's one and twelve. Now say one and ten and it's a bargain."

"Mr. Simpson," remonstrated the merchant, "you know there is nobody living I'd oblige sooner than you, but I could not do it. I can show you my books."

"Book me no books; is it yes or no?"

"But, Dolph," said I meekly, "my wife abominates duck, and I don't care for turkey; and our family is——"

"Bother your family, and you too! This is gratitude! If you say another word I'll leave you to your own parsimonious devices. Let *me* alone. Now, sir," to the salesman, "is it a bargain?"

It was. I paid sixpence for a rush basket, and hired a youth to carry it,—sixpence more. Five shillings.—But recollecting what advantages I had derived from Dolph's introduction, what *was* the paltry sum of five shillings? A mere bagatelle!

We revisited the Dodo, and partook of a stirrup cup, which everybody insisted on paying for. The settlement was finally effected with the aid of Tomm Dod and—myself.—But bearing in mind the inestimable benefits which I had obtained from knowing Simpson's salesman, what was the contemptible sum of six shillings and sixpence? Not worth thinking of.

It was not much of a fog, but at ordinary time the streets which lie between Cornhill and the Broad Street Station of the North London are difficult to navigate. Then, the youth who bore the basket was imbued with notions of short cuts which did not accord with my ideas on the subject; and he would insist on arguing the point. During one of our discussions I lost Simpson, and from that moment I became a blighted being.

Taking Simpson's word for it—(we went into the matter thoroughly on Christmas Day)—and I do not see why I should not, seeing that the fog had not impaired his memory (as it certainly did mine)—I must have travelled to and from Broad Street and Chalk Farm for upwards of four hours before I awoke.

To seize the basket, show my ticket, and jump into a Hansom, was the work of moments merely

but there was a dispute about the fare. Those cabmen are all alike! He swore—yes, he swore—he had driven me from Dalston. I knew better. However, I detest unseemly altercations on a doorstep; and so, handing him the sum of two shillings and my card, I said,

“You have your remedy. You had better take yourself off as quickly as you can.”

He obeyed with remarkable alacrity, and I prepared to receive the greetings of the wife of my bosom.

I had known her manner more affectionate than it was on that occasion. But I forgave her. We never know what troubles women have to bear at home during our unavoidable absences in the City.

“Where *have* you been, John, until this hour? And what have you been doing with yourself? Why, you are all over feathers and down!”

“Doing?” replied I, with a heavenly smile, “ask Simpson;—and, as for the feathers——”

It was in vain to try to articulate further. The horrible truth flashed upon me. With a frantic yell I tore open the outer door of my once happy home,

and rushed bareheaded into the road. There was not a vehicle visible, but from the far distance there stole—yes, stole—upon my ear the sound of rapidly-disappearing wheels. The cab was gone, and with it my turkey, duck, and goose.

* * * * *

I shall never forget the horrors of that night. Searching for a numberless cabman who has robbed you of your Christmas dinner is a costly proceeding, especially when you do not find him, which was my case.

* * * * *

It was not without some difficulty that my wife could be persuaded to accept Simpson's invitation. At length her scruples were overcome. In all my experiences of geese I never attempted the mastication of one so tough. As I caught my wife's look, “more in sorrow than in anger,” I thought of that cabman, and wondered whether his or my birds had been suffered to reach the age of Simpson's goose ere their hour of execution. I fondly hoped they had.

BYRON WEBBER.

FROM PARIS.

THE peaceful moon of autumn beams

Soft silence o'er the silvered Seine,
The lamp-starred Champs Elysées seems

Elysian—strange to care and pain;
Beneath its aisles of lights and leaves

How gaily flit the shadowed throng!

Yet here how picturing fancy weaves

One English scene for which I long!

French twittered whispers—what are they?

My heart hears voices sweeter far,

And memory, love-led, wings her way

To where my distant dear ones are.

What though before my eyes gleam bright

The thousand lamps each lounge sees—

La Concorde's Place's heaven of light,

The Tuileries' dark stirless trees,

Though Pleasure, masked as laughing Love,

Beneath this dreaming midnight sky

Wins down to earth the joy above,

And thrills the night with glance and sigh,

Yet still though these soft sights I see,

Though round me these new scenes I view,

What are they all, O wife, to me?

My thoughts will fly to home and you.

Yes, over leagues of Norman green,

O'er ocean's night-empurpled blue,

My heart speeds far from this bright scene,

And thrills itself, O love, with you.

Die down, O night of Paris, die!

Through joy to joy, to radiant day,

Through all the hours that softly fly,

My thoughts will wander one fond way.

O coming hours, speed on your track,

And bring the gifts your hands shall give,

And bring the day that speeds me back

To her for whose dear love I live.

W. C. BENNETT.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF SOME DEAF 'UNS.



Brown was deaf with the right ear, so was Jones.
"I was saying," said Brown—



"Beg pardon," said Jones, "but you had my deaf side."



"Beg pardon," said Brown, "but you had *my* deaf side."



So they were always running round each other.



"You're a nuisance!" said Brown.—
"You're a fool!" said Jones; but as neither of them heard, it didn't much matter.



Happy thought—the microphone; so they bought one of tremendous power.



They examine intently.



Fearful catastrophe! Jones had winked when too near the machine; the noise was terrific.



So they were both deaf with both ears ever after.

KING JA-JO-JA AND THE POSTAGE STAMPS.

A Traveller's Yarn.

FROM my earliest days, ay, and nights too !

I have had the instincts of a traveller. I can scarcely remember a time, indeed, when I did not show a marked taste for exploration and adventure. I have since been told that I used to weep bitterly even in my perambulator, and refuse to be comforted, when my nursemaid failed to take turnings that led to roads new to my infantine gaze. As soon as I gained the free use of my nether limbs, I signalized the fact by toddling off for my little life through a gap in our garden palings ; and was discovered, after a long search, placidly sleeping beneath a rhubarb-leaf in a garden some quarter of a mile distant, with my dimpled face smeared with the juice of the bilberries on which I had supped, thus evincing that faculty for roughing it in the open which stands in such good stead to the traveller.

As I grew up, running away from school for the day was my besetting sin, and it was soon found out that no more hardly-felt punishment could be inflicted on me than depriving me of my boots.

It was not until I was eleven, however, that my first ambitious journey was undertaken. At that age I had ardently read all Captain Mayne Reid's works then published, and their perusal led to my joining to my instinctive desire to explore new districts a strong wish to be a trapper, with intensely hostile relations with Indians, *à la* Old Rube. Thus, when I set out to discover the source of the muddy stream that flowed through my birth-place, I determined to make myself independent of the facilities offered me by the civilized character of the country I should pass through ; and for this purpose included in my scanty kit a large lens, surreptitiously taken from my father's telescope ; a clothes-line, purloined from the wash-house ; a piece of pork that happened to be in pickle at the time ; and a bow and arrows. On the

lens I intended to fall back as a means of cooking my ration of pork, in case I failed, as I had good reason to suppose I should, in making a fire by rubbing two sticks together ; for lucifer-matches I despised as a mean invention which served to rob the campaign of its delightful difficulties. The clothes-line it was my intention to use as a lasso for any big game that might cross my path ; whilst I am bound to admit that the notion in my mind when I took the bow and arrows was to shoot rabbits and stray cats with them, with the view of bartering their skins for firearms and ammunition.

Looking on that expedition as my initiatory one, it was anything but propitious ; and long ago as it is since I started on it, I can vividly remember the very unromantic aspect which heavy rain throughout the first night put upon my journey ; and how very unlike the rough but cheery meals of Mayne Reid's trappers was my attempt to gnaw a piece of sodden pickled pork, jobbed off with a blunt pocket-knife. Disheartened and damp as I was, I thought it my duty to discharge all my arrows at a rook's nest, which I failed to hit ; and then in desperation, climbed a gate and flung my clothes-line at a calf, the infuriated mother of which at once came out from behind a haystack and charged at me most furiously. Humiliating as it was, and untrapper-like as I felt it to be, I had to run for my life ; and, clearing a ditch in fine style, I positively ran into the arms of my uncle Ebenezer, who had been advised of my loss by that morning's post, and who took me back home that very afternoon in a quaint covered conveyance, much affected by the yeomen of the neighbourhood, called a Coburg, and something like an exaggerated old poke bonnet swung on two wheels. I was caned by my father, and wept over by my mother, as she administered to me nauseous concoctions of herbs to keep away ague ;

and, worst of all, had my pocket-money stopped to pay for the purloined pork.

But I do not propose to give details of my youthful escapades further than to state that, after running away from three boarding-schools and being brought back, I finally got right off and went to sea, where, true to my instincts, I was wrecked on a previously-undiscovered island, of which I drew a map, on the only pocket-handkerchief I had left, with the bone of a penguin dipped in cuttle-fish ink. This map I presented to the Royal Geographical Society on my return; and I should have had a medal had not a Fellow spitefully suggested that I no more deserved merit for discovering the island than a drowning man did for slipping a life-belt over his shoulders when it was thrown to him.

Soon after this, whilst I was looking for rubies in the Rocky Mountains, both my parents died, leaving me a small competency, that enabled me, however, to fulfil the wish of my heart, which was African exploration. Never yet had I been able with my scanty funds to purchase the half a ton or so of glass beads without which no African traveller dares set out. But at last, by realizing a portion of my property, I could get the desiderated "gewgaws," and a gross of pocket-mirrors and two hundred and fifty yards of peony-patterned chintz to boot; and I commenced a series of incursions into the Dark Continent which have continued ever since.

But how is it, it will be asked, that, after such long devotion to African travel (for it is twenty years ago since I began), I remain unknown to fame?—for it would be ridiculous for me to claim the acquaintance of the public even with the name of Theodore John Pulliver. The answer is simple. Lord High Admiral Nelson, I believe I am right in saying, was always a quarter of an hour too early throughout his life, and to this habit owed the fact that, when he cried in the words of the showman, "Kiss me, 'Ardy; I'm a-wounded!" he had reached the summit of professional glory.

Lord Theodore John Pulliver, on the contrary, unlike the Lord High Admiral I have named, have been

always a quarter of an hour too late, and with the most disastrous consequences. Had I, for instance, caught the Nile boat that left Alexandria on a Wednesday morning, some score of years ago, at 11.15 for the Upper Cataracts, it would have been the name of Pulliver, and not those of Speke and Grant, that would have been handed down to posterity as the discoverer of the sources of the Nile. But I missed it, thanks to a stubborn donkey that insisted on travelling tail first, by some twelve minutes; and had the chagrin, many months after, when I came upon the source of the mighty Egyptian river, to find from a visiting card Captain Speke had courteously nailed to a palm-tree, that he and his companion had forestalled me by a few hours at most, as the strong smell of fresh tobacco smoke hanging about the spot convinced me.

Then, again, on the very day that Stanley uttered those historical words, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" I was rapidly approaching Ujiji on express camels, bound on a similar mission of discovery on behalf of the *Elgin and Banff Courier*. Never shall I forget my intense excitement, as, catching sight of the man whose photograph I had fixed in the crown of my hat, and flinging myself excitedly from my camel, I exclaimed, "That nose! those eyes! it must be! it is the long-lost Dr. Livingstone!"*

Nor, again, shall I ever forget my disappointment as the Doctor, gently smiling, calmly replied, "You're a day too late, young man; I was discovered just about this time yesterday by one Stanley."

So, too, last year, I was really in front of Henry William on the Congo till the Cataracts were reached, but there I unfortunately broke my leg, and my followers mutinied and left me literally up a bread-fruit-tree, in the branches of which I had made them place me for safety. Stanley and his party must have gone by one night whilst I slept; for when I at last was strong enough to get down again,—and this was only just in time, for I had eaten the tree quite bare, and must have starved in another week,—I found traces of them on the bank, and feared at once that my luck had been bad as usual.

* In my natural excitement at this moment, I believe what I really said was, "Those nose, that eyes, it must is! it be the lost-long Doctor Livingstone!" But, had the speech become historical, it would have been in its corrected form.—T. J. P.

I struggled on, however, single-handed, but only to experience, when I at last reached the coast, a very one-horse kind of welcome, and to find all the Bass in the settlement drunk up by my successful rival.

Most men would have given up geographical discovery after such disappointments, and, retiring to some quiet rural district, would have revenged themselves on their fellow-men by agitating for a school board, or instituting penny readings; but with me it was discovery or death; and my journeys were as frequent as my limited means would allow, it being necessary sometimes to allow my spare income to accumulate before I could purchase the requisite quantity of glass beads, for which I found a more extortionate demand the farther I penetrated into the *terra incognita* of the Dark Continent.

In the opening of the year 1874 I started under unusually favourable auspices, for I had more glass beads than I had ever taken before, to say nothing of a dozen second-hand firemen's helmets, which, though bulky to carry, would, I knew, win me a welcome where even cocked hats and Union Jack pocket-handkerchiefs had failed to open me a path.

Nor was I mistaken. Three negro Emperors, each more powerful than the Mtesa—or Empty Esau as I call him for fun, about whom Stanley made such a fuss—beggd on their bended knees for one of those firemen's helmets; and each and all decreed that it should constitute, in conjunction with a necklace of half-inch beads and an eye-glass, the Imperial state dress of their dynasties. Another potentate offered me a thousand elephants just for the loan of one whilst he went to fight a neighbour; and as the news spread of the novel article I had in my possession, all the Kings of the country sent pressing messages to me to come and see them. As I had, of course, to reserve the best helmet for myself, and as moreover I used another secretly for culinary purposes, I could not be at all lavish with them; but one invitation I at once made up my mind to accept, and that was the one sent me by Ja-jo-ja, the King of Mimemi, a monarch to whom report accorded characteristics and capabilities unique in a Central African potentate. Rumour also mentioned, as the cause of his peculiar enlightenment, the fact that, some years before, a balloon had fallen

in his country, in the car of which was found no living occupant, it is true, but a number of books that had evidently been put in for ballast, including some odd volumes of Cassell's "Popular Educator," a Mavor's "Spelling Book," the "Habits of Good Society," and an "Etiquette for Gentlemen." I made immediate efforts to visit this interesting monarch, in whom I hoped to find a fitting instrument for carrying out a plan of which I will give details later on; and, being met at the confines of his kingdom of Mimemi by an official in white gloves and bathing drawers, who received me with a series of bows, evidently formulated on the directions given in a "Handbook of Etiquette," the rumour I had heard concerning Ja-jo-ja and the balloon was at once partially confirmed. Nor did any doubt remain after entering the kingly presence, for the potentate himself, in addition to a bead necklace, was attired in a cool-looking *surtout* made of balloon netting, whilst a pile of well-worn volumes was conspicuously placed to the right of the throne.



I lost no time in putting my least battered and best burnished helmet on Ja-jo-ja's head, a compliment he reciprocated by creating me his Prime Minister on the spot, and placing all my followers on his Civil List, with pensions of a quart of cowries a day, equal to one and elevenpence, say, of our money.

The general appearance of things about the Court, however, suggested that cowries were anything but plentiful, and I heard an old black woman, who looked suspiciously like the Court Washerwoman,

having an angry altercation outside the palace with Yum-yum, the official who had come to meet us; whilst I could not but notice that a big oil-jar to the left of the throne, which was labelled with the Mimemese equivalent for "National Treasury," was so far from full that the negro Chancellor of the Exchequer nearly fell headlong into it, in his efforts to get at enough cowries to pay for a barrelful of potted elephant, which the bearer—ominous sign!—sturdily refused to leave without the money.

I was the more encouraged, therefore, as soon as I was alone with the King, to allude openly to the state of his finance, which he promptly confessed was most unsatisfactory. In fact, he went on to tell me that so great had been his expenses—thanks principally to the extravagant example of an uncle of his, who, after passing ten years of his life in England as a lion-tamer, had returned to Mimemi to die amongst his people—that the regular taxes had been collected for the next four years in advance, all the current revenue being of an uncertain and fitful character. The ex-lion-tamer, from whom Ja-jo-ja had learned his English, was no more, and since his demise matters had been growing worse and worse, until the King—and this will show you to what depths of imppecuniosity he had sunk—actually suggested to me that an exhibition should be made of his new helmet and the large necklace of blue and yellow beads he wore on state occasions, to which his subjects should be admitted on payment of twopence a head.* I assured him that no such step would be necessary if my advice was followed, and I at once proceeded to unfold the plan I had already hinted at.

"May it please your Majesty," I began, "in this otherwise perfect kingdom I surely miss something. You have no post."

"Post!" re-echoed the King. "Oh, yes, we have. A man was whipped at it yesterday, and *he* didn't surely miss it, I can tell you."

As in duty bound, I went off into convulsions at his Majesty's quip, and, presuming on my high office, I even ventured to slightly prod the regal

ribs, as I exclaimed "Tchuk! you mad wag, you!" But, resuming my gravity, I went on to assure my new Sovereign that it was not a whipping-post he meant. "Oh, dear, no! your Majesty," said I, "What your country is languishing for is a penny post, which, as your lion-taming relative may have informed you, is the glory of Old England."

"No," returned the King, after reflection: "my uncle Bobo, I believe, told me the glory of your land was rum; but if the penny post is a good drink, let us have some of him by all means."

I required considerable explanation on my part to make clear my design to Ja-jo-ja; but directly he understood its introduction meant a steady income of cowries, he jumped at it, and fell on my neck and embraced me till I was all over native butter.

I must now take the reader back a little, as they do in the three-volume novels, and let him into a secret. Three months before I had started on the journey I am speaking of, my aunt Hephzibah passed away. She was an innocent old spinster, who had spent her life in making patchwork quilts and collecting old postage stamps; and, much to my surprise, I found that of her hoard of the latter, filling three big tea-chests, I was left sole legatee.

As the Government refused to take legacy duty on these old stamps, and as a collection of a million of them does *not* confer on the possessor the right of nomination to an Orphanage, as used to be rumoured; and as, moreover, I had not the ambition to have a room papered with them (nor a room either, if it came to that), my first notion was to burn my legacy, tea-chests and all. On second thoughts, however, not only did I decide to keep the old stamps, but I also had them packed carefully in a waterproof box, and took them with me on my African journey with my helmets and my beads.

When, therefore, Ja-jo-ja asked what he was to do for stamps for the new postal service, I was able to assure him that he might rely on me for all such details, if he would only supply, on his part, the requisite arbitrary decrees and despotic regulations to bring the postal system into general use.

* Possibly King Ja-jo-ja's uncle had told him that in England the Crown jewels were on view to all who could pay sixpence for the sight, and the savage potentate thought, maybe, he was merely proposing something of the same kind.—ED. H. C. A.

I left the regal residence that day Postmaster-General as well as Prime Minister of Mimemi, and with a duly signed document in my pocket, securing me half the gross profits of my undertaking.

It was with a light heart and pleasant thoughts of my aunt Hephzibah I opened the case and found the old stamps in capital condition, with the exception of the top layer, for which, in consideration of their bleached appearance, I promptly resolved to charge fourpence and use for registered letters.

When all was ready, and a large hut near the palace set apart for the sale of stamps, the King, at my instigation, issued an edict, of which the following is a free translation :—

“TO MY FOND AND FAITHFUL PEOPLE OF
“MIMEMI.

“Our thoughts are ever for your welfare. Night and day have we pondered how to make you happy.

“At last, We, your King, the lord of many elephants and no few rattlesnakes, have taken counsel on your behalf with the stranger from beyond the seas. The white-faced traveller has opened his heart to us; and, lo ! it is very fair and good towards you.

“Rejoice, therefore, and buy many postage stamps of the great Yum-yum at the gates of our palace.

“KING JA-JO-JA.”

On the face of it, this proclamation may seem somewhat vague and inconsequent ; but it should be remembered that for days my followers, acting on my instructions, had been spreading the praise of the postal system throughout the country. I had translated, for one thing, a handbill relating to some famous quack pills into Mimemese, only for the word “pills” I substituted “postage stamps;” and having made my people learn this by heart, I bade them recite it wherever they went to all they met.

The popular idea of the new organization, therefore, was that it was a kind of state medicine ; and not a few of the earlier purchasers of the stamps, which had been carefully re-gummed, stuck them all over their persons like Liliputian plasters.

In spite of the rush of the sick and ailing to avail themselves of the new postal facilities, the general result of the first day’s business was by no means

up to our expectations, and the public disappointment, on finding that the postage stamp was not an immediate cure for warts, pimples, or tumours, threatened at one time to take the shape of a violent attack on the post-office. This danger, though we warded off ; but, to imbue the populace with a desire to write letters either of friendship, or of business, or to stimulate it to take a proper view of the boon thus placed within its reach, seemed such hopeless work, that, finding, after the office had been open three days, the takings only amounted to the equivalent, in cowries, of £1 4s. 2d., including the 8s. 4d. for the stamps bought by an old chief with intercostal rheumatism to apply to his side like a mustard plaster, I went to Ja-jo-ja to assure him he must adopt more stringent measures.

“People that can write and won’t write,” said I, “must be made to write, your Majesty.”

“Just so,” returned the genial potentate ; “and perhaps you would like to teach them to do so.”

“What !” I exclaimed, “you mean to say, King Ja-jo-ja, that your people cannot write ?”

“Write ?” said the monarch, smiling, “not a single one of them !”

“Then, why, for goodness’ sake, didn’t you tell me so ?” I cried, angrily. “Here have I been arranging for big daily deliveries of letters, and now you tell me no one in your country can write.”

“Wrong” is more in my people’s way,” returned Ja-jo-ja, again smiling. “But look here,” he went on more seriously : “what must we do really ?”—and his face fell perceptibly as he gazed down into the still hopelessly empty oil-jar.

I had soon hit upon a new plan to meet the prevailing lack of caligraphic skill, and this was embodied in a fresh edict issued by the monarch. By this arbitrary document it was arranged that every adult inhabitant of Mimemi should send at least two letters per week to some one or another ; but that, to overcome the writing difficulty, the envelope should be directed (for a small additional charge) by the postal officials, whilst the contents might consist of a leaf, a small flower, a butterfly, or even nothing at all, so anxious was Ja-jo-ja to meet his people’s wishes. As he had 20,000 adult subjects at the very least, the weekly returns ought

under these circumstances to be close on £170, and I still saw my way to clearing a handsome sum by my aunt Hephzibah's legacy.

But, alas ! once more were we doomed to disappointment. In spite of the peremptory proclamation, few customers came; and those that did severely taxed our resources by wishing to enclose such unanticipated articles as store pigs, pickled elephants' feet, and puncheons of palm oil.

Ja-jo-ja, enraged at finding his first day's share in the receipts was but 9s. 2d., sent out his palace guards to seize the first twenty adult subjects they came to. Brought into the royal presence, he furiously demanded of them why they had disobeyed the last edict. Their reply suggested collusion, for, lifting up their voices with one accord, they cried,

"O King ! thine unworthy worms have no one to whom they can send a letter."

"What !" exclaimed the King, "no relative?"

"No, your Majesty," returned the adults; "no relative."

"What !" exclaimed the King, "no friend?"

"No, your Majesty," returned they; "no friend."

"What !" exclaimed the King, "no anybody?"

"No, your Majesty," returned the adults, "no anybody, and we only wish we had !"

And with the same they turned on their heels, as though that must necessarily be the end of the discussion.

But King Ja-jo-ja was not to be foiled like this. For a moment he was silent ; but a glance into the empty oil-jar seemed to reassure him, and, looking up, he hastily winked at me, and then, calling after the adults, he exclaimed,

"Here, stay a minute ! You have no one to send a letter to, and you only wish you had, eh?"

"Ah, your Majesty, that we do !" cried they, still with one accord.

"Then, look here !" returned their monarch—and I never felt prouder of that potentate than at that moment—"you shall all send letters to *me*, to

tell me how you love and honour me, twice a week. The first letter's due to-morrow ! Do you hear?"

"Yes, your Majesty," replied the adults, but no longer in glib unison, for they knew Ja-jo-ja meant what he said ; whilst I, well satisfied at the King's happy thought, stepped out to sell stamps to the comforted twenty as they passed.

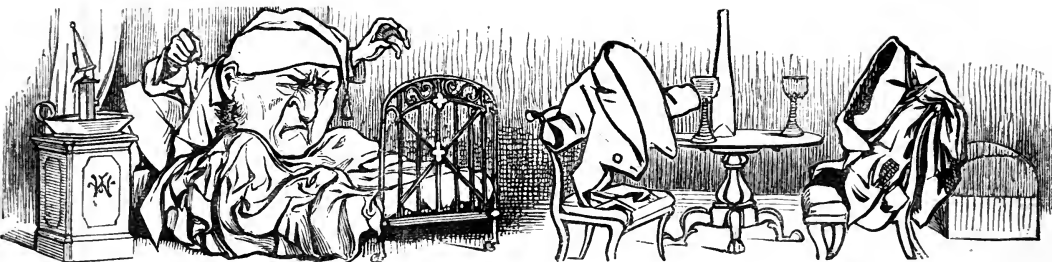
A third edict put the monarch's notion most mistakably before the people ; and as it further stated that the King would expect to hear direct from those who failed in their bi-weekly epistle, the rush for stamps the next morning was almost overwhelming, and Yum-yum was kept licking them as he dropped, what with fatigue and bad gum.

That afternoon I proudly escorted a file of slaves bearing nearly 9,000 letters in baskets to their King, and, what was better, filled two big oil-jars and a bucket with the cowries representing Ja-jo-ja's share of the receipts.

To shorten my story, I may say that in about six months not a single stamp of my aunt Hephzibah's legacy was in hand ; but I had instead elephants' tusks and teeth in my possession, which, on my subsequent return to this country, brought me close upon £2,500, upon which sum, however, I have not yet remitted any legacy duty under the head of "conscience money."

King Ja-jo-ja pressed me to continue in his service, but the fact was my faithful followers warned me that, as the originator of the postal service in Mimemi, I was cordially hated by the populace ; I promised him to return shortly with a fresh stock of stamps, and, pressing on him my last glass bead, he went off in the night, with just enough of my followers to carry my ivory. The others I left chargeable to the Mimemi Civil List, and, so far as I know, they are drawing their quarts of cowries to this day. As for me, I am still what I always was, a traveller with no civil list to draw upon. So, in default of a draw, as you see, upon my imagination.

AGLEN A. DOWTY



DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

MY swallow-tail coat being shapely and neat,
 And glossy and black in its brightness,
 It's been my unwavering practice to treat
 That garment with studied politeness.
 I carefully brush it within and without,
 I tend it with interest hearty,
 And when I appear at a dinner or rout,
 I arrange it shall be of the party.
 And though in a general way I may note,
 To walk is my regular habit,
 Wherever I'm taking my swallow-tail coat,
 I study its feelings, and "cab it."

And now, as a contrast, remark how I use
 A coat I possess in the City.
 Just glance at the object—you'll hardly refuse
 To grant it unqualified pity;
 It's burst at the elbows, it shines at the seams,
 It's tattered and greasy and rusty,
 And work among dirty old papers in reams
 Has made it repulsively dusty.
 And, treated by me in a cavalier way,
 Its aspect grows daily forlorn—
 It acts as a pen-wiper most of the day,
 And passes the night in a corner.

But something occurred in connection with each
 To give them an interest vaster:
 I dreamt they were suddenly gifted with speech,
 And busy discussing their master.
 The things what that swallow-tail strove to main-
 tain,
 Not soon from my mind will be blotted:

I spoke "like a creature deficient in brain—
 A *roué*—abandoned—besotted."

I "shocked him extremely by winding *his* arm
 At balls round the waist of some gipsy.
 At dinners I gave him the wildest alarm
 By getting disgustingly tipsy."

"Dear me, you surprise me uncommonly," cried
 The coat I'd despised and neglected;
 "Your mind to describing our master applied,
 Now, this is what I'd have expected:
 'A business-like person of manners sedate,
 In business-like pleasures delighting,
 And passing his time, whether early or late,
 In adding up figures, and writing;
 Devoted alike to his office and wife,
 While cheerily doing his duty,
 And (not ostentatiously) leading a life
 Of singular goodness and beauty.'"

* * * * *

And which is the truth, when my story is done?
 Well, neither the one nor the other.
 We're never so black as we're painted by one,
 So white as we're limned by another.
 I leave you to *guess* what the story may mean,—
 The style of narration is hollow;
 But out of the chaos I've managed to gleam
 A couple of morals, as follow:—
 Devotion will not always gratitude bring,
 Nor slights the reverse, if we knew it;
 And any opinion we hold of a thing
 Depends on the point whence we view it.

JOHN W. HOUGHTON.

SEASONS.



The youthful year arrives to bring
And scatter posies in the *Spring*.



Time passes on, and here we find
A Summer of a doubtful kind.



While Autumn brings this scene to view
(And Echo whispers, "Ought 'em?" too)



Till here the end (we represent
"The Winter of their discontent").

THE GALLERY OF ECHOES.

I.

SO there is another stranger come amongst us?" said one of the townswomen.

"Yes; quite suddenly; as like a shooting star as any of them," said another.

"Staying at the Sojourners' House, I hear," says Madam Townswoman the First.

"And very quiet," says Madam Townswoman the second.

"Oh, we shall find her out before long."

"Ay, ay, shall we not, neighbour?"

"Mother," says a little round-faced boy, "I dreamt white pigeon flew into the market-place last night, and when I tried to catch it, I woke up."

"Pigeon here, pigeon there!" cries mother; "what then?"

"And then, mother, I went to sleep again, and dreamt I was in the church, and the pigeon flew in, and when the organ began to play, it turned to an angel."

"You should have offered it some grey peas," says Madam Townswoman the First.

"And then the angel would have turned back into pigeon," says Madam Townswoman the Second; and away they went laughing.

In the course of the day they called, like other townspeople, at the Sojourners' House, to leave messages of civility for the young stranger. It was a very polite city: all you had to do was not to offend anybody, and then you might be perfectly happy there from morning to night.

It is very easy never to offend anybody, or, at any rate, it is very easy to say, if it does happen that the fault is not yours.

II.

"HERE she comes! here she comes!" went in a whisper round the market-place; for it was the busy time of day in that town, and the women had plenty to say of the sweet-faced new-comer.

"Ah, ah! that dream of the little one was not so bad. She looks as much like a dove as a woman can."

"I do not believe in your dovelike girls. Warrant you she makes a sharp bargain with our neighbour the fruiterer there!"

"She is not dressed in our fashion, that's the truth; but she will learn in time. We shall break her in. What a skirt! Very bad taste."

"Your pardon, ladies," interrupted a handsome, rakish-looking young artist, "but I think the taste is good. A little old-fashioned, perhaps; but what could you change for the better? The dress seems a part of the wearer."

"You artists are so very original," says Madam Townswoman the First: "we could not think of expecting you to admire such poor watchet weeds as ours."

And with that the two ladies curtsied and laughed.

"What!" said he, "jealous of that quiet little pigeon,—you, in all your splendour?"

At this moment the damsel began to cross the square in such a direction that the good wives could, without any particular affectation, manage to meet her, and they turned round to do it.

"Good morrow, Mr. Hawk," said one of them, smiling.

"Oh, you naughty man!" said the other, shaking her head at him. "Go, go!"

Then Mr. Artist went to see his friend Mr. Fruiterer, and bought a fine nosegay to send to the beautiful new-comer at the Sojourners' House.

III.

IN all the history of that town, which is a very long history, there never had been a lady stranger so beset as this, or one so difficult to entrap into the fashion of the place. Oh! she was friendly and sweet. But there it stayed; and by the custom of the place she was still not allowed or invited to leave the Sojourners' House. Whether she was

anxious to stay or to go none could tell, only they were all bent on keeping her among them if they could. It very soon came to be whispered around the city that she was one of the Golden Strangers—a rare visitant. There were Golden Strangers and Silver Strangers, as well as ordinary ones. This did not mean that some were very much richer than others, but only that some brought more of what the townspeople called luck to the town than others. But the one thing the folk were always desirous of was that the Stranger, especially if of the better sort, should go and listen to the echo in their celebrated Gallery of Echoes, and hear what other people heard there. Otherwise they did not consider it so lucky as to be free from risk to have these Strangers among them; so none were invited to quit the Sojourners' House until after they had been well tried with the echoes, and had satisfied the people that they understood what they heard in the gallery. Not that this test was applied openly, as a rule, or at all suddenly. It was used as gradually as a thumbscrew, and very little was said about it, except in a covert way. In general, the Silver Strangers soon came to hear the echoes as others did; the Golden Strangers were much more hard of hearing, or of understanding, and so the townsfolk took great pains with them. When a Stranger came whom they were very particularly desirous to have among them as one of themselves, they tried everything you can think of, especially at church and all that, you know: they had hymns and collects especially for such people, and they would put them into their litany in a sly way, so as to work upon their feelings. When the Strangers proved after all to be too wise or too innocent to be drawn in, they would turn spiteful, —oh, dreadfully spiteful. Why, when they came to such words as "especially for those who will not understand our celebrated echoes," I have seen the whole congregation turn and fix their eyes with a rude stare upon the new-comer. Of course this was very vexing, and sometimes they gained a point, for perhaps the poor man said, "Confound your celebrated echoes!" or worse than that; and it was considered a sign of giving in when any one lost his temper, so they often had him that way.

IV.

THIS town was built upon a slope, and the great gathering-place for the people, in hours when they were, as you may say, off duty, was in a beautiful valley at the foot of the hill. This was their parade ground, where the company assembled to see and to know common how they lived their life, and sing songs—sometimes sacred ones, for they patronized religion—and converse about love and duty, and business and truth, and faith and hope and charity, and education and philanthropy, and the justices and the new laws, and all the new things in general. Some people used to call this Vanity Fair, but that was considered a great insult to the townsfolk. However, of course the company was very mixed, though none but respectable persons were allowed there, and the highest men and women in the place used to be of the company.

At one end of the valley was a cavern, with its mouth or ear so placed that it caught all the talk and the songs, and took them in; indeed you may say it caught all the sighs and the laughter, and perhaps more than that. From this cavern there went up a winding way, all underground, to the very topmost platform of the hill. On the topmost platform of the hill were shady trees, with seats for lovers and friends and old people, and near the mouth of the winding way which opened on to this beautiful green platform was a seat called the Echo Seat. That was because you sat there and listened to the confused murmur which, from the people below, came up the winding way, and thus distributed itself in echoes all around the hill.

What sometimes happened was this. If a Silver Stranger or a Golden Stranger came to the town and sat in the Echo Chair, he was at first much disturbed and confused. The echoes seemed good-natured and instructive, and highly respectable, and he perhaps tried to like them. But this seldom lasted long. When it was known that the Stranger was there the echoes were thicker, louder, and stronger than usual; and in some cases the new-comer could not endure them. "If I stay here and listen much longer I shall go mad or go wicked," he would say to himself. Just then, for he was always watched in such cases, he would find himself in the presence of

a select company of the townspeople, who would be very friendly, and say, "Well, how do you like our celebrated echoes? What did you hear them say?" Sometimes the answer was one thing; sometimes it was another; sometimes it was angry; sometimes it was clever; and sometimes—I believe usually—it was rather stupid than otherwise. But the townspeople could tell in a moment, by your answer, whether you liked their echoes and would keep the secret of them—the answers of the Stranger were sure to betray him—and, the more honest he was, the sooner. It was fortunate for the townspeople that the answers were so often rather stupid, because they gave all the clever men and women such a chance of making the new-comer uneasy, and also of proving that he was in the wrong, and had misheard the echoes. So they would begin to make politely ironical remarks, and the attendance at the Sojourners' House would fall off; and at last the Silver or Golden Stranger would be glad to take his departure. For the citizens of the place did not want any of them, Silver or Golden, unless they heard in the echoes exactly what made it certain that they would keep the secrets of the Fair, and in time do their own part towards composing the echoes. A few, a very few, of such strangers were entrapped, and made what you may call Prisoners of the Fair; and very useful they were. These were the doubtful cases: it was never quite clear what they had heard in the echoes, so the citizens had given them the benefit of the doubt, and for their own reasons made friends with them. They never lived long, and were never happy; but they used to do a great deal to make the echoes less alarming, and so the townspeople used to pretend to be very proud of these Prisoners of the Fair.

V.

THE artist whom we saw in the market-place was one of these Prisoners of the Fair, and was now rapidly forgetting what the best of it and the Golden Stranger were like. But he was very much struck with the dovelike Damsel who had just arrived. At first he only thought of sending her a bouquet; but that very night he had disturbed dreams, and when he saw her at church he found he could not look her in the face. When she had first caught his eye in

the market-place, he had thought to himself what a beautiful model she would make; but in a very short time he would as soon have thought of praying for an angel in heaven for a model. In the meantime the Strange Damsel could not make out the echoes so as to please the townspeople. They had several times tried her, but she only said she did not understand, only she was afraid she did not like them: one time they thought they would catch her, so they gave a children's party down in the valley, and got her to go up and listen in the Chair.

"Ah!" says she, with a smile, "now I begin to think I understand a little. Didn't I hear 'Little Bo-Peep'?"

So they were very pleased, and sent a simple message down the hill to tell them to "do Little Bo-Peep over again." And they did; but this time the Stranger Maiden was not so pleased. "Stop!" said she, "that is not correct—

Little Bo-Peep
She killed her sheep
Because she wouldn't mind em—

What has somebody been doing?"

Now, that was because it was done on purpose. A Golden Stranger could always tell when the echoes were made on purpose, unless he allowed himself to get used to the trick, and then he would lose his quickness of sense.

VI.

"WE will have another trial or two, and then if that fails, we will let the hussey go," said Madam Townswoman the First.

"It's a very troublesome case," says Madam Townswoman the Second. "I do believe the reason she cannot make out our beautiful echoes properly is because she has not learnt grammar—at least, not properly."

"Orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody are great acquirements."

"Yes, neighbour; but what do you say to Logical Parsing?"

"Ah, yes! Subject and predicate, and all that."

"Let us club together, and send her some treatises on Grammar, and on Society, and Usefulness, and suchlike."

So they did, and the Strange Damsel got them.

But two of the rich old magnates of the town put their heads together about that time, and winked and nodded at each other very much, and it turned out that the young artist had been seen sitting in the Chair of Echoes, with the Damsel, and some even said, with his arm round her waist, and her head leaning on his shoulder.

"He will soon teach her. He will explain our celebrated echoes, and she will hear nothing but what is good in them, and she will settle down and be like the rest of us," said the Judge.

"And cease to be impracticable and useless," said the Clergyman, smiling back to his learned friend.

VII.

SO ONE exquisitely beautiful moonlight night, when it had been found out somehow that the lovers were going up to the hill-top—they were very fond of high places, especially at night—the townspeople decided to have a more magnificent Fair down below than had ever been seen in the valley, and a most splendid company there was, I can tell you, and most improving conversation, science, morality, commerce, theology, philanthropy, wit, beauty,—oh! everything that makes the world go round. At the height of the entertainment, when the conversation and the songs and the speeches were at their very best, a select embassy of the townspeople, composed of both ladies and gentlemen, stole softly upon the young people, who sat in the Chair of Echoes.

"Ahem!" said one, not wanting to be rude.

"A beautiful night!" said another, by way of giving notice that people were near.

And then, after a graceful turn or two on the grass, the company approached the artist and the Maiden, and began talking about the echoes.

"Echoes?" said the young artist: "I have heard nothing."

"Nor have I," said the Damsel.

"Nothing? nothing?" shrieked the fine ladies.

"Our echoes were never finer," said the gentlemen.

"Ah, I hear now," said the Maiden, and she stopped her ears with a face full of pain; and the young artist drew her arm tenderly but firmly under his own, and led her away into the winding bosage,

where they were soon lost to sight, for at that moment thick clouds rushed suddenly over the moon, and the exploring company were left themselves in darkness. Louder and louder came the echoes of song and laughter from below, and more and more genially and yet confusedly they were echoed backwards and forwards hither and thither among the shady places of the hill. The townsfolk, who were now in darkness, could not find their way about well; but very soon a band of their own friends, with torches, came hurrying up in search of them. Then they all joined in pursuing the fugitives down the opposite side of the hill, for their rage and curiosity were extreme. At daybreak, descending the utmost slope, which curves abruptly to the sea, they caught a distant glimpse of their lost friends. The white-sailed shallop which bore them was just putting off from the shore, and the ocean stretched, calm and beautiful, to the horizon. A loud, long, mocking laugh burst from the lips of the townspeople; but there was a little heart-ache in it, especially in the bosoms of the women. The departing lovers did not seem to hear it, though the wind set that way, as it filled their canvas.

"I suppose," said one wise man, "that is what our artist friend, when he first visited our town, used to call 'launching out into the infinite.'"

"I pray that he may come safe back," said another, who was also very pious.

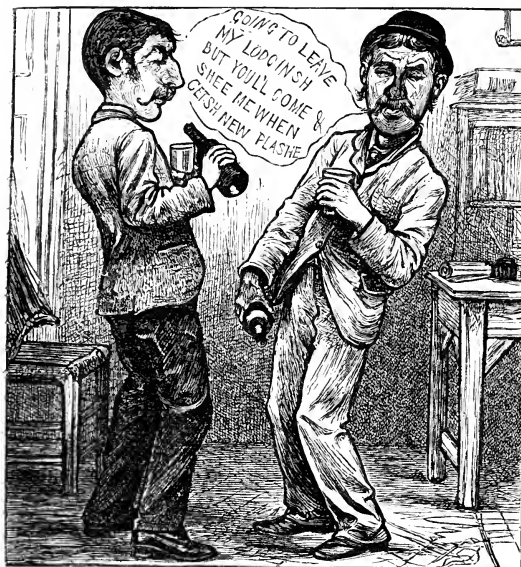
"And I am sure I wish him no harm," said a lady, straining her eyes after the lessening sails.

"But as for that hussey, if there is anything I hate it is deceit."

VIII.

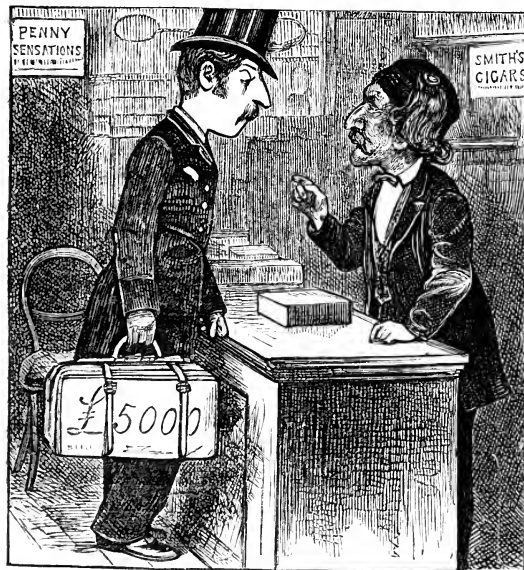
SO CERTAIN had the friendly conspirators felt of their prey this time, that they had ordered an unusually sumptuous repast to be prepared in the innermost pavilion of the Fair for the Artist and the Stranger, who was that night intended to catch the true accent of the echoes. This was now distributed among the poor, to the music of drum and trumpet. They were very genial in this town. *I have* been assured that there never was a place like it. I have also been informed that there was once, but that it has been done away with. Can it indeed be that I dreamt it all?

MATTHEW BROWNE.



A PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN wishes to BOARD with a Christian family, where he would be received as one of them. Terms not so much an object as social adaptability.—Address S. A. M., 21, Downers-street, Strand.

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CYPRUS! CYPRUS! CYPRUS!—Ladies and Gentlemen, increase your incomes by selling your LEFT-OFF CLOTHES, Boots, Hats, &c., to Mr. JACOB JOB, who, having a Government order for second-hand wearing apparel, is enabled to give the largest price. Terms cash.—74, Solomon street, Covent-garden.



WANTED, a Church of England Young Man, as PORTER; one who has been some time in a bank, and is capable of cleaning plate preferred; some slight knowledge of the jewellery business would be an advantage. Good references indispensable.—Apply to Messrs. Davis and Gilten, Stregunter-street, Hanover-square.



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THE GOOD SPIRIT OF SPACE; Or, an Unappreciated Genius.



(SCENE—THE EARTH. *Two SPIRITS—the malevolent SPIRIT of CROWDEDNESS and the benevolent SPIRIT of SPACE—hovering.*)

Chorus of Mortals, grumbling.

EVERY freshly occurring fact
Painfully tends to prove
Awfully tightly the world is packt,—
Nobody's room to move.
Say that a dozen of hapless men
Into the world are prest,
One of the dozen arriving ten
Minutes before the rest;
He, having luckily won the race,
Just by a shave, at birth,
Collars the only untaken place
On the encumbered earth;

Then do the rest of 'em, standing by,
Kicking their heels in vain,
Wait till the winner shall kindly die
Leaving his place again.
Shortly—(so rapidly fills the land,
Truly the mind it scares!)—
Everybody will have to stand,
Having no room for chairs!

The SPIRIT of SPACE.

So far so good; yet how each mortal shelves
His common sense is quite beyond believing,
No smack of inconsistency perceiving:
Just listen how they contradict themselves.

Joyful chorus of Mortals at a christening.

Here's a host of little dears,
Freshly in the world arriving,
Aren't they plump and round and thriving
Pray excuse our joyful tears,
Born of joy no effort smother's!
Aren't they—*aren't* they like their mothers?
(*With a burst*) Tral lal la!

Thirty little mortals more
Come to make creation gladsome!
Don't we only wish *we* had some—
Any number—say a score!
All their future joy be-wreathing,
More especially their teething!
(*Uncontrollably*) Tral lal la!

Horried chorus of the same Mortals, reading their newspapers.

Here's a sad disaster—
Here's a dozen more!
Each is sadder, vaster
Than the one before.
Here are vessels jam in
Other vessels' sides;

Desolating famine
China overrides;
Wreck and conflagration,
Now they have their run,
Decimate creation,
Horrifying one!
Dread Destruction's banner
Seems to be unfurled
In the wildest manner—
What an awful world!

SPIRIT OF CROWDEDNESS.

You see, these mortals rate you as they should.

SPIRIT OF SPACE (*unhappily*).

Oh! bitterness too bitter to be stated,
To feel that one is unappreciated
In all one's greatest efforts after Good!
No matter, I will labour for awhile
To thwart thy evil machinations striving,
And wait until that better time's arriving
When men shall greet me in a fairer style.

SPIRIT OF CROWDEDNESS.

I hear thee not; in vain thy threats are hurled:
For years untold, through all the earth's duration,
Triumph increasing and without cessation
Has crowned my plans to overcrowd the world.
Already (so my triumph grows and spreads)
I see—thy paltry opposition spurning—
The time when men shall lack the space for turn-
Ar I have to walk on one another's heads! [ing,
Thus thus the hatred I have borne to man
Shall find its sharp and fitting culmination;
Meanwhile the victims of my visitation
Are blindly striving to assist my plan.

So well my spells have undermined their wit,
That men receive with joyousness and mirth
All things that aid the crowding of the earth,
Condemning such as tend to lessen it.

SPIRIT OF SPACE.

To be true, alas! the greater shame is thine.
These mortals labour under some delusion.
But hear—I come to say, to thy confusion,
To lay at least the victory is mine.

For certain mortals, having minds too clear,
Too full of light, for all thy glamour's blinding,
Have sworn in all to aid me, nobly binding
Themselves to thwart thee in thy base career.
The happiness of men their only goal,
They let my word and lofty reason guide them
Whatever woe or punishment betide them:
Behold, at once, one such devoted soul.

(The SPIRIT of SPACE *waves his wand, and a RAIL-
WAY SHUNTER appears.*)
Song of the Good Shunter.

In days gone by the cumuli
Of ignorance my reason clouded,
It struck me not so fair a spot
As this our world should not be crowded;
I did not know what evils flow
From superflux of population,
Nor realize how right and wise
Is well-directed decimation.

So sharply burst the light, at first
My reason marvelled what the change meant
Till something bade me up and aid
The said beneficent arrangement.
“Can one,” I said, “so humbly bred
Assist so vast a reformation?”
Yes! Was it not my happy lot
To be a shunter at a station?

With zealous jerk the points I'd work,
And good intent and faith for masters,
And cause what men of cloudy ken
Described as “terrible disasters.”
With scorn I met inspector's threat
And chairman's frequent irritation,
And made it plain reproof is vain
For one intent on decimation.

(*He runs an express into a mineral train. The
good SPIRIT of SPACE blesses him, while the evil
SPIRIT of CROWDEDNESS glares with rage. The
SHUNTER and his surroundings disappear.*)

(*Horrified chorus of misguided Mortals reading
the news.*)

Horror inducing pallidity!
Here's a disaster again:
Passenger-run with rapidity

Into a mineral-train !
Villain who turned it misguidedly
Ought to be punished decidedly !

SPIRIT OF CROWD (*sneeringly*).

Thy work, as I perceive, still fails to please
The thankless mortals whom thou hast befriended.

SPIRIT OF SPACE.

Oh, wait awhile—our strife is still unended :
Behold some other of my devotees.

(*Waves wand again ; a QUACK DOCTOR, an ADULTERATOR, and other Devotees appear.*)

Chorus.

Long we've striven with devotion
In the interests of Space,
Buoyed and solaced by the notion
That we serve the human race.
Far removed from all addiction
To pecuniary gain,
We rejoice in self-restriction,
Insult, calumny, and pain.
Harsh and many our detractors ;
By the world we are despised,
For as human benefactors
We are hardly recognized !
Crowdedness, with maw unsated,
Creeps, a horror, o'er the land,
Health and beauty violated
By its Vandalistic hand ;
Silence, peace, and sweet seclusion
From the recollection fade
In the deafening confusion
Overcrowdedness had made.
Let not Space the Decimator
In derision turn its back
On the poor Adulterator,
Or the unpretending Quack !

(*The SPIRIT OF CROWDEDNESS, in derision, lifts a veil and reveals the earthly martyrdom of the SHUNTER, ADULTERATOR, QUACK, and other Devotees. The SPIRIT OF SPACE turns away with a sigh.*)

SPIRIT OF CROWDEDNESS.

Good reason truly for thy sighing—see
The fate for these thy devotees provided :

I pray you mark, *my* choice is better guided ;
A fairer lot for those who work for ME !

(*Waves wand. A SPECULATIVE BUILDER appears.*)

SPECULATIVE BUILDER.

Come, Crowdedness, on in a torrent ;
Three things where the space is for one ;
For Emptiness aye is abhorrent
And Space is an evil to shun !
Come, Multitude, surging and seething ;
What mortal with intellect can
Imagine that spaces for breathing
Are truly essential to man ?
Come, labyrinth cities, collected
And limitless mazes of bricks ;
One dozen of houses erected
Wherever there's standing for six.

(*The World becomes more and more crowded ; men have no longer room to walk, vegetation disappears, starvation sets in. Then the eyes of Mortals suddenly open.*)

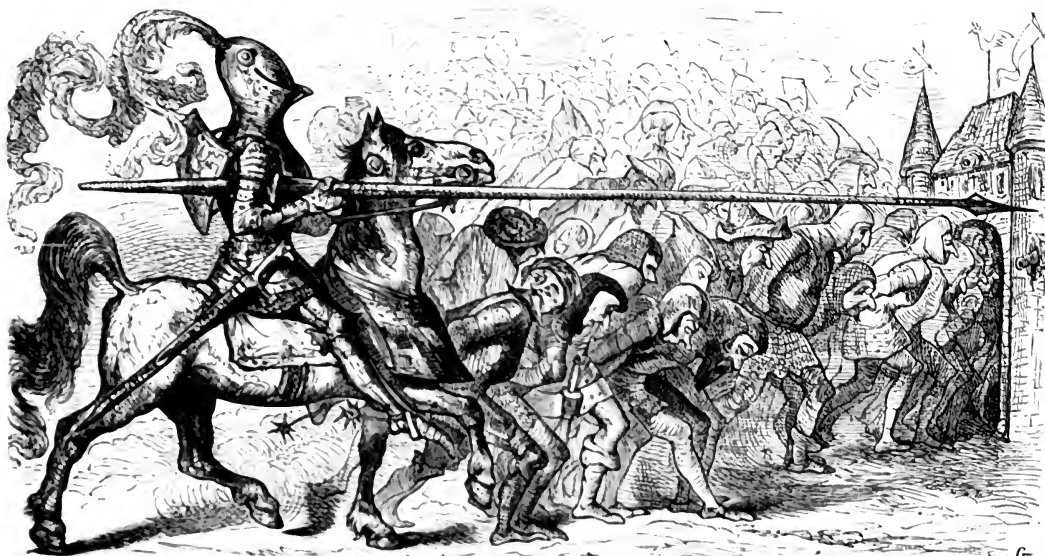
Chorus of astounded Mortals.

Goodness gracious ! Why, we've been
Victims of hallucination
Ever since the dawn was seen
In the morning of creation !
Ever blindly casting blame,
Insult, calumny, detraction,
Over those whose noble aim
Was but human benefaction !
Ever from our wrath they fled
As the quarry from the hunter,—
Honour to the martyred head
Of that most immortal Shunter.
Oh that Fate would give him back
(Though it's not the wont of Fate)—or
That ill-treated, noble Quack,
Or that good Adulterator !
Never do our thoughts depart
From the horrors that await us !
Some one with a feeling heart
Come and gently decimate us !

(*The DEMON OF CROWDEDNESS, unmasked, vanishes with a shriek, while the good SPIRIT OF SPACE soars triumphantly.*)

J. F. SULLIVAN.

A TALE OF CHIVALRY.



SIR GUIDALANCE was a brave knight, and of gigantic power; numbers could not subdue him, treachery *might*. In one of his battles he single-handed took a great company of prisoners, and drove them to his stronghold at Humbledown Tower.



This is the dungeon, five thousand feet below the surface, where he confined the living testimony of his mighty prowess.



This is how the doughty SIR GUIDALANCE enjoyed himself in his paternal stronghold at Humbledown after the battle.

MR. BARKER AND HIS BRIDE.



A GENTLEMAN I used to know,
 About a dozen years ago,
 I'd like to introduce to fame—
 And Mr. Barker was his name.
 He was as genial a man
 As ever I expect to scan
 (And that is what he seemed to be
 To other men as well as me).
 He used to rather come the swell,
 In manner spick and span(iel);
 But some, in spite of splendid "tog,"
 Considered him a "jolly dog."
 He'd always, when you met him, quote
 Some mirth-inspiring anecdote,
 In which I've seldom known him fail—
 He was so waggish with his tale.

Now, Mr. Barker had a wife,
 He called the solace of his life;
 A gentle creature, soft and sleek,
 And most preposterously meek
 (That is, at least, as I've been told,
 The character she wished to hold).

Her timid air, which struck the mind,
 Said pleadingly, "Oh, *do* be kind!"
 Which quite disarmed the cynic's frown,
 And made him long to stroke her down;
 It's frequently been said of her
 That you might almost hear her purr!
 Though people *have* been heard to say,
 In some inexplicable way,
 Complete success became her part
 In any pur-puss she'd at heart.

The pair I thus present to view
 Did nothing else but bill and coo
 (Or so I used to then believe)
 From morning grey to "dewy eve."
 When any one was sitting by,
 They'd gently heave the lover's sigh,
 And fondly squeeze each other's hand;
 And if Society's demand
 Should separate them for awhile,
 They'd catch each other's eye and smile.
 With leisure from my own affairs
 I've often watched that smile of theirs.
 With no desire to make a fuss,
 I'd indicate its meaning thus:—
 Said hers, "For *thee* I draw my breath!"
 Said his, "My life! I'm thine till death!"

But o'er us all there came a doubt,
 Reports commenced to fly about
 Of frequently-occurring rows
 'Twixt Mr. Barker and his spouse.
 'T was said, for all so blithe a chap,
 He knew the way to snarl and snap;
 That, though his oaths might well affright,
 His bark was *better* than his bite.
 'T was said his wife was quite his match,
 And knew the way to claw and scratch;
 'T was said, for all she looked so fair,
 She'd sometimes spit and often swear.
 'T was said, although they seemed to own
 The life of Darby and of Joan,
 They found the marriage-tie a clog,
 And led the life of cat and dog!

JOHN W. HOUGHTON.

FUN.
EVERY TUESDAY,
ONE PENNY.

THE 'BABY'
COSTUME

1880

HER LADYSHIP'S
CARRIAGE,



THE "PINAFORE" & "BLOUSE" COSTUMES.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.

COSTUMES FOR LAWN TENNIS AND OTHER PURPOSES.

The Honourable Blanque Dashe presents the Duchess of Slapbang with Refreshments in the shape of the Sugar-stick of Childhood on the "suck and suck about" principle.

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FOR
1880.

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ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS DALZIEL.



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USE

Eno's Fruit Salt.



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TRAVELLERS.—“Please send me half a dozen bottles of ENO'S FRUIT SALT, I have tried ENO'S FRUIT SALT in America, India, Egypt, and on the Continent, for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all travellers; in fact, I am never without it.—Yours faithfully, AN ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIAL, June 26, 1878.”

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

—The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies, are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S FRUIT SALT is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woe is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S FRUIT SALT, therefore no family should ever be without it.

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CAUTION.—Examine each bottle, and see the capsule is marked


“ENO'S FRUIT SALT.” Without it you have been imposed on by worthless imitations. Sold by all Chemists, Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

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P R E F A C E.



N presenting "Hood's Comic Annual" for 1880, we feel that we can leave the work to rest on its own merits, as in years past. We have, therefore but to thank the talented Authors and Artists, whose good work secures for the Annual so large a share of public support.

DALZIEL BROTHERS.

CAMDEN PRESS,
October, 1879.

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LITERÆ HUMANISSIMÆ.



OME!" said the SPIRIT of MIRTH,
 (Having the mind of him, clearly,
 Bent on that Volume of worth
 Which he gives to the populace yearly),
 "Let us at once ascertain—
 For knowledge refines and betters—
 Which are the MOST HUMANE
 Of all the HUMANER LETTERS,
 They that are purest and best
 Of the literal congregation,
 These shall be honoured and blest
 With a place in my publication!"

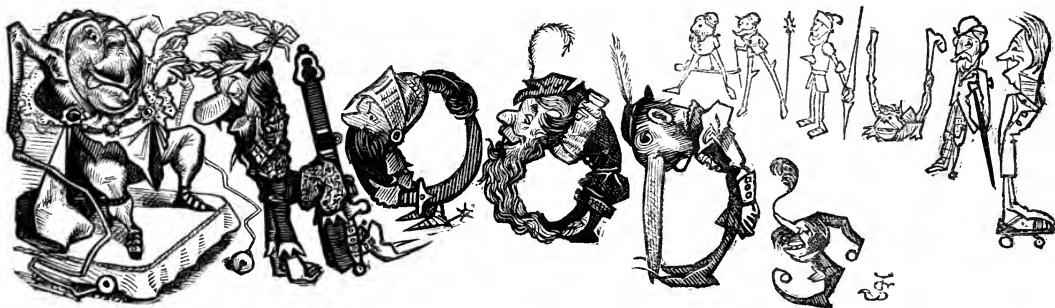
Up rose the Letters—a swarm,
 Mad to achieve the position;
 MIRTH'S busy knocker grew warm
 Owing to knocks for admission;
 From the compositor's gripe,
 Out of their various places,
 Flew the incontinent type
 Leaving not one in the cases.

Madly they crowded along,
 Pushing and elbowing blindly:
 MIRTH, overwhelmed by the throng,
 Said to them firmly but kindly:—
 “Steady, Belles Lettres, if you please!
 Over-abundance encumbers;
 How can I grapple with these
 Truly unlimited numbers?
 Choose ye some twenty and six—
 (Or double that sum, to content you)—
 Comrades on whom ye may fix
 Faith; and let these represent you.”
 This they decided to do:
 Into the matter they flung them,
 Fixing on fifty and two
 Picked from the greatest among them;
 Thereupon MIRTH made a start,
 Turning on each a discerning
 Scrutiny as to his heart,
 Personal graces, and learning;
 Then, having patiently trudged
 Right through the task, and reflected,
 Chose the eleven he judged
 Most to be loved and respected.
H was the foremost, a grand,
 Beautiful, loveable letter;
 Humour begins with it, and
 Hope and Humanity, better!
 Twice is its presence in height
 That of its letter-relations;
 Shame on the vulgar and light
 Checking its right aspirations!

Some, when in false and in shame-
 Giving positions they'd pop it,
 Find it redoubtable game—
 Mark how the ignorant drop it!
 Next were two **O**'s (and indeed
 Learning requires no apology)—
 O's which are read in, and lead,
 Every erudite Ology;
D was then chosen; the plea,
 Moral and physical beauty:
 What can be Done without D?—
 Nothing, especially Duty!
 Then came the rest—by-the-bye,
 Wherefore should MIRTH be expected
 To state to the universe *why*
 Every one was selected?
 Is this an “action for breach”?—
 Hardly; then this is the question:
 Why should his letters be each
 Canvassed for public digestion?
 Small “breach of promise” we see
 Ever, with MIRTH as defendant;
 Grand though his promise may be,
 What's his performance?—Resplendent!

Here are the Chosen Ones—smart,
 Clad in their Holiday Feather;
 Grand as they are when apart,
 Look at their meaning TOGETHER!

J. F. SULLIVAN.



MAUL STICK'S ACADEMY PICTURE.



Maul Stick, Esq., paints a picture "for the Academy."



His friends are favoured with a private view before "sending in."



It is carried with great care to the Academy, and subsequently being

"Kicked out," this is how Maul Stick, Esq., received it back into his studio.



A STORY FROM A DICTIONARY.

"Sic visum Veneri: cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga ænea
Saevo mittere cum joco."

"**L**OVE mocks us all"—as Horace said of old:
From sheer perversity, that arch-offender
Still yokes unequally the hot and cold,
The short and tall, the hardened and the tender;
He bids a Socrates espouse a scold,
And makes a Hercules forget his gender:—
Sic visum Veneri! Lest samples fail,
I add a fresh one from the page of BAYLE.

It was in Athens that the thing occurred,
In the last days of Alexander's rule,
While yet in Grove or Portico was heard
The studious murmur of its learned school;—
Nay, 'tis one favoured of Minerva's bird
Who plays therein the hero (or the fool)
With a Megarian, who must then have been
A maid, and beautiful, and just eighteen.

I shan't describe her. Beauty is the same
In Anno Domini as erst B.C.;
The type is still that witching One who came,
Between the furrows, from the bitter sea;
'Tis but to shift accessories and frame,
And this our heroine in a trice would be,
Save that she wore a *peplum* and a *chiton*,
Like any modern on the beach at Brighton.

Stay, I forget!—of course the sequel shows
She had some qualities of disposition,
To which, in general, her sex are foes,—
As strange proclivities to erudition,
And lore unfeminine, reserved for those
Who now-a-days descant on "Woman's Mission,"
Or tread instead that "primrose path" to knowledge,
That gentler Academic—the Bedford College.

The truth is, she admired . . . a learned man.
There were no curates in that sunny Greece,
For whom the mind emotional could plan
Fine-art habiliments in gold and fleece;
(This was ere chasuble or cope began
To shake the centres of domestic peace;)
So that "admiring," such as maids give way to,
Turned to the ranks of Zeno and of Plato.

The "object" here was mildly prepossessing,
At least, regarded in a woman's sense;
His *forte*, it seems, lay chiefly in expressing
Disputed fact in Attic eloquence;
His ways were primitive; and as to dressing,
His toilet was a negative pretence;
He kept, besides, the *régime* of the Stoic;—
In short, was not, by any means, "heroic."

Sic visum Veneri!—the thing is clear.

Her friends were furious, her lovers nettled;
'Twas much as though the Lady Vere de Vere
On some hedge-schoolmaster her heart had settled.
Unheard! Intolerable!—a lumbering steer

To plod the upland with a mare high-mettled!—
They would, no doubt, with far more pleasure hand
her
To curled Euphion or Anaximander.

Also they hoped that she might find her king,

On close inspection, awkward and Bceotian :—
This was acute enough, and yet, between us,
I think they thought too little about Venus.

Something, I know, of this sort is related

In Garrick's life. However, the man came,
And taking first his mission's end as stated,
Began at once her sentiments to tame,



and so they used due discipline, of course,
To lead to reason this most-erring daughter,
Proceeding even to extremes of force,—
Confinement (solitary), and bread and water;
Then, having lectured her till they were hoarse,
Finding that this to no submission brought her,
At last, (unwisely*) to the man they sent,
That he might combat her by argument.

Being, they fancied, but a bloodless thing;
Or else too well forewarned of that commotion
Which poets feign inseparable from spring
To suffer danger from a school-girl notion;

Working discreetly to the point debated
By steps rhetorical I spare to name;
In other words,—he broke the matter gently.
Meanwhile, the lady looked at him intently.

Wistfully, sadly,—and it put him out,
Although he went on steadily, but faster.
There were some maladies he'd read about
Which seemed, at first, most difficult to master:
They looked incurable at times, no doubt,
But all they needed was a little plaster;
This was a thing physicians long had pondered,
Considered, weighed . . . and then . . . and then
he wandered.

* "Unwisely," surely. But 'tis well to mention
That this particular is *not* invention.

(’T is so embarrassing to have before you
 A silent auditor, with candid eyes;
 With lips that speak no sentence to restore you,
 And aspect, generally, of pained surprise;
 Then, if we add that all these things adore you,
 ’T is really difficult to syllogize :—
 Of course it mattered not to him a feather,
 But still he wished . . . they ’d not been left
 together.)

“Of one,” he said, continuing, “of these
 The young especially should be suspicious,
 Seeing no ailment in Hippocrates
 Could be at once so tedious and capricious;
 No seeming apple of Hesperides
 More fatal, deadlier, and more delicious—
 Pernicious,—he should say,—for all its seeming . . .”
 It seemed to him he simply was blaspheming.

(If she had only turned askance, or uttered
 Word in reply, or trifled with her brooch,
 Or sighed, or cried, grown petulant, or fluttered,
 He might (in metaphor) have “called his coach”;
 Yet still, while patiently he hemmed and stuttered,
 She wore her look of wondering reproach;
 And those who read the “Shakespeare of Romances”
 Know of what stuff a girl’s “dynamic glance” is.)

“But there was still a cure, the wise insisted,
 In love,—he should say, in philosophy.
 Philosophy—no, love—at best existed
 But as an ill for that to remedy :
 There was no knot so intricately twisted,
 There was no riddle but at last should be
 By love—he meant philosophy—resolved . . .”
 The fact is, he was getting quite involved.

O sovran Love! how far thy power surpasses
 Aught that is taught of Logic or the Schools!
 Here was a man, “far seen” in all the classes,
 Strengthened of precept, fortified of rules,
 Mute as the least articulate of asses;
 Nay, at an age when every passion cools,
 Conscious of nothing but a sudden yearning
 Stronger by far than any force of learning!

Therefore he changed his tone, flung down his wallet
 Described his lot, how pitiable and poor;
 The hut of mud,—the miserable pallet,—
 The alms solicited from door to door;
 The scanty fare of bitter bread and sallet,—
 Could she this shame,—this poverty endure?
 I scarcely think he knew what he was doing,
 But that last line had quite a touch of wooing.

And so she answered him,—those early Greeks
 Took little care to keep concealment preying
 At any length upon their damask cheeks,—
 She answered him by very simply saying,
 She would and could :—and said it as one speaks
 Who takes no course without much careful
 weighing. . .

Was this, perchance, the answer that he hoped?
 It might, or might not be. But they eloped.

Sought the free pine-wood and the larger air,—
 The leafy sanctuaries, remote and inner,
 Where the great heart of nature, beating bare,
 Receives benignantly both saint and sinner;—
 Leaving propriety to gasp and stare,
 And shake its head, like Burleigh, after dinner,
 From pure incompetence to mar or mend them :
 They fled and wed;—though, mind, I don’t defend
 them.

I don’t defend them. ’T was a serious act,
 No doubt too much determined by the senses;
 (Alas! when these affinities attract,
 We lose the future in the present tenses!)
 Besides, the least establishment’s a fact
 Involving nice adjustment of expenses;
 Moreover, too, reflection should reveal
 That not remote contingent—*la famille*.

Yet these, maybe, were happy in their lot.
 Milton has said (and surely Milton knows)
 That after all, philosophy is “not,—
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;”
 And some, no doubt, for Love’s sake have forgot
 Much that is needful in this world of prose :—
 Perchance ’t was so with these. But who shall say?
 Time has long since swept them and theirs away.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

MY ONE FRIEND.

“PERHAPS one of the most hopelessly bitter experiences of existence is contained in the life of a man who, starting upon his earthly journey surrounded by a bright circle of faithful and affectionate friends, is doomed to see these fade, depart from his side, or grow cold in their attachment, one by one, until, at an age when the flowing spring of hope begins to weaken with the weakening tissues, the man is left solitary, to fight, with failing arm, unsustained by the gladdening encouragement of friendship, against the strong legion of cares which, ever too ready to beset the companionless, will ere long but too surely overwhelm him.”

How often have these words, written by a wise and good man, whose name has now escaped me, recurred to my mind as I have sat in my dark study, alone with the fading twilight !



For the experience so truthfully set forth above was, until a very few years ago, *my* experience; but looking back through the bright and gladdening stretch of sunlight which has since lighted up the

path of my life, in the form of one great and sincere friendship, I feel my spirit soften to the past, and can forgive all those fickle companions whose friendship proved so fragile, unenduring, and hollow.

For as a boy at a public school, and subsequently as a young man at a university, I had contracted numerous friendships, and many of these had certainly lasted for a considerable period ; but even at that time I foresaw that one and all of these friendships would gradually grow cold and disappear ; and as I advanced in years events proved that I had judged correctly.

I knew these friendships were all hollow from the first. To begin with, my friends were, without one exception, either better connected or richer than myself—in most cases, both : this fact was the first which told me that their friendship would not last. Then, after I had some time left college, and had just finished my course of hospitals, by a mis-speculation I lost the whole of the moderate income left to me by my father ; and thereupon my friends all subscribed and exerted themselves in the most extraordinary way to set me on my legs again, purchasing me a capital practice among them : this I knew was too flattering a state of things to last, and I made no scruple to tell them my opinions on the subject, adding that they no doubt were best aware what their *real* motives for such kindness were, and assuring them that no hollow pretences of friendship would deceive *me*, for I had begun to hate the whole lot of them.

I accepted the practice ; but the evident hollowness of their friendship so preyed upon my mind,—for I am of an almost absurdly affectionate disposition,—that I became utterly unfitted to attend to my calling, and was positively forced to neglect my patients (even to suddenly leaving some of them at a critical stage of illness), and tried perseveringly to find forgetfulness in billiards and stimulants.

But even this hope was to be frustrated, for I found that the billiard-room which I attended was haunted

by one of the very hollowest of all those hollow "friends" of mine,—a man who had subscribed a handsomer sum than any other toward the purchase of my practice.

This man had been in rather affluent circumstances when I had first known him, but ill health having prevented his properly attending to his business, he had undergone considerable losses, and was now anything but a rich man. And this man, I say, haunted *my* billiard-room and *would* play billiards with me; not that he stayed late or drank, for he never played more than a couple of games, and always left at ten o'clock, attempting at first to persuade *me* to go home at that time too;—could not bear that I should enjoy myself when he was not doing so, of course!

After a few months my clothes were beginning to get ragged and my boots down at heel; about this time, though, I had evidently begun to improve immensely at billiards; for whereas on my earlier visits to the billiard-room, Middlehurst (the man I am talking about), who was really a crack player among his set, had invariably (insultingly!) given me fifty points in a hundred, and beaten me by twenty; now, on the contrary, I invariably beat him, and won a sovereign or so each time—which was of great assistance to me, though he little thought it. But I was glad of it, for it not only punished him for haunting my saloon, but showed him that I was able to take care of myself.

He took me to see his sister too, who was beautiful, and possessed of a handsome independence in her own right, and I became a pretty frequent visitor at the house where she lived with their mother. It was when this had been going on for some time that Middlehurst had the audacity to make the following patronizing remarks to me:

"George, old fellow, you don't know how it grieves me to see you neglect your practice and go wild like you do! I'm sure you are really a good, clever brick of a fellow. My sister has a fortune of her own, and doesn't dislike you, I am certain. Why don't you marry her—(I know you would make her a good husband, old boy!)—and turn over a new leaf? Her money would keep you both going well while you worked up your practice a bit."

I drew myself up proudly, injuredly, and looked him up and down. I saw clearly enough why he made me this suggestion—he had never lived upon a penny of his sister's money through all his difficulties (oh, I know *that*, but what of that?), but of course if he could cause that money to come into the hands of so faithful a friend as he knew I was to him, it would be something to fall back upon at any time. I answered his insolent proposal with withering scorn.



I married his sister.

Immediately after my marriage I sold my practice. I was grossly imposed upon and worsted in this transaction, for although, when I had purchased the business some two years before, I had (at least my friends—friends, indeed!—had) been compelled to disburse a considerable sum for it, *now*, when I wanted to sell it, the intending purchaser, availing himself of the paltry pretence that it had deteriorated under my hands, offered me one-third of the former sum!

With a withering scorn he's not likely to forget, I accepted the sum. I consider that, throughout this transaction, my friends behaved to me in a way which reflected but little credit upon them, for

although they must have been fully aware that this practice was an investment certain to deteriorate in value (as the result proved), yet they persuaded me to accept it.

So I washed my hands of this practice ; and, determining to withdraw myself as much as possible from the scene and recollections of these friendships whose evident hollowness pained me so bitterly, I bought, with my wife's money, a handsome residence in another city, and commenced a life of independence.

Independence ! How sweet the word was to me !

No longer, now, would it be necessary for me to depend upon the favours of those who doubtless had some hidden motive in bestowing them. I had my own fortune now—at least my wife's, of course ; but that is the same thing. I turned my back upon all those friends of mine—those friends who although at that time possessed of considerable means themselves, I admit) would no doubt be too ready to look to *me* for assistance if fortune should at any future time turn away from them. I forbade my wife to hold any communication with any one of them, even her brother. I considered this a prudent step, seeing that they would be more than likely to pour into her ear invidious allegations against me—such as hinting, for instance, at their having in some past period helped me in some vague and trifling way (which, of course, they might have done, but no doubt I had amply repaid such services).



Every day I felt more strongly how hollow this world's friendships are ; I grew unbearably de-

pressed, and kept all the shutters in our residence closed night and day, nailing them up to insure this. I saw nobody except my wife, allowing her to see nobody, as I could not but recollect how many Iagos in sheep's clothing this world contains.

Then my crowning misery came. My wife longed to see other faces besides mine—to go out into the streets, and even places of amusement—in fact, *she* too was evidently falling off from me ! It was in vain that, in the face of such proof, she professed that her love for me was unaltered ; I was not blind.

I altered my method of seeking forgetfulness. I went forth and indulged in every extravagance, and in six months more had spent all my fortune except some few hundreds ; then, being unable to longer endure the sight of the woman who loved me no more, I divided the remaining property into five portions, gave my wife one, took the other four, and left her.

A few months after this an uncle of hers died and left her an immense fortune. There is always in human beings (who *are* human) a yearning to forgive and return to loved ones who have erred in any way. I longed to return to my wife. I sought our home ; she had gone ! I discovered that she had gone away wholly unaware of the fortune which had just fallen to her ; so I possessed myself of the fortune (to preserve for her), and determined to search untiringly for her through all the corners of the earth at some future time. Her uncle, I found, had stipulated that I should have complete control of the money for my wife's benefit.

My misery, due to brooding upon the hollowness of friendship, grew more oppressive every day, until I could bear it no longer, but determined to lose myself in travel. And now I settled upon one great masterstroke of sublime forgiveness, which would heap coals of fire on the heads of all those hollow friends of mine—namely, to insure my life for a vast sum, to be divided between the worst six of them at my death. Henceforth I should have but one care—to pay the premium on a certain day each year, to prevent the lapse of my policy.

It chanced that the day for paying the yearly premium—the 24th of June—was my birthday ; and

I resolved to take out the policy at the precise hour of my birth—seven minutes past two A.M. The insurance office was not open when I sought it a little before that time ; so I went and knocked up the manager and secretary, who were about to give me in charge, when I mentioned the sum for which I wished to insure ; then their eyes sparkled, and they hurried into their clothes, bowing ; and in half



an hour the office was illumined throughout, and every clerk was at his post ; and at seven minutes past two I took out my policy. I would entrust the yearly renewal of it to no one, for whom *can* one trust ? I lodged my whole fortune in my bank, took my cheque-book, in order to post a cheque annually to the insurance office, and started on my voyages.

II.

THE sea always makes me very ill. I had embarked at Liverpool, on a fine steamer bound I knew not whither, for my object was to lose myself ; and on the third day out I lay, hopelessly wretched, on a seat under the bulwarks, blinking at the clouds. At each end of the vessel was pitching ; in the middle were rolling and the smell of oil. I was thinking, between my attacks, of my lonely, friendless condition ; and I yearned to die ; then I dozed for a day or two.

When I opened my eyes a figure was seated by me, nursing my head and stroking my hair ; it had

covered me with a mackintosh, and rigged up a canvas wind-guard round me. I looked up, and met the eyes of the figure, and a sudden thrill of happiness and peace, such as I had never before experienced, shot through me ; and I nestled into the figure's bosom. I had recognized the figure as that of a man who had followed me on board when I embarked, and taken a berth beneath mine ; and I knew that I had seen the face *once before that, somewhere*. Where ? I could not tell.

All that day he sat by me, stroking my hair, and attending to all my little wants ; and under his unremitting care I began to sit up, and at length grew so well as to be able to smoke. I smoked his cigars ; he had a case always full *for me*, for *he* only smoked a meerschaum pipe.

Then, as the vessel tripped over the waves in the moonlight (for we had got far enough from England to see the moon at times), we would sit silently hand-in-hand, and heart against heart, musing ; and I grew serenely happy, for I felt that I had found a FRIEND at last !

And, in my new-found joy, I thought more gently of *those* friends and of my wife, and almost forgave them everything.

The wind began to freshen and the sky to blacken ; a storm arose, and grew into a hurricane ; and for four or five days the vessel continued to have more pieces knocked off—I cannot technically describe the pieces—until she became an unmanageable wreck, and had to be abandoned. All on board took to the boats ; and as I, being the last, was about to step into one, a wave swept her from the ship's side, and the crew refused to risk their boat's safety by bringing her back to rescue me, and rowed away. I sat down on a rope, and resigned myself to despair ; and the wind slowly subsided, until the wreck lay quite still upon the unruffled sea ; and I sat with my hands covering my face—alone ! No ! —I heard a cheery voice, and, looking up, saw my FRIEND scrambling from the sea, over the vessel's side. He had jumped from the departing boat on finding that I had been abandoned, and had floated upon a spar with the ship until the calm had enabled him to reach her.

We were helpless, but we had some provisions ;

and we sat day after day waiting for some passing ship to take us off; and I sat and stared for hours at a time at my FRIEND, wondering ever more and more *where* I could have seen that face for the first time. It certainly *had* flashed across me once previously to my seeing it embark with me; I had taken in every detail of its owner—the spectacles, the slightly grey hair, the neat black whiskers, the white waistcoat, the black well-brushed coat and trousers, and the silver pen in his hand.

Then our provisions got low, but I did not find this out at first; indeed, the first suspicion I had of the circumstance arose from my noticing that my friend was growing hollow-cheeked and cadaverous. He had been starving himself for days, to make the food hold out as long as possible for *me*!

I begged him to eat; but he said, "Not for worlds! If *you* should die, could I ever hold up my head again?" And such a look of anxiety passed over his face, that I patted his cheek, and took hands to reassure him.

shield me from harm. We travelled over half the world together. Twice he risked his life to save me from drowning; once, in a duel of mine, he sprang before me and received the bullet which would have struck me; once, when I was condemned to be hanged for a crime, he passed himself off as *me*—(I remember being deeply pained to think he was about to suffer for my crime, for I entertained the truest friendship for him)—and escaped hanging by the merest chance; and seven times he suffered short terms of imprisonment for my debts—but here I proved *my* friendship by paying the money and freeing him.

And still I was harassed by the same striving to recollect where I had seen him first—slightly grey hair—white waistcoat—spectacles—silver pen—*where*?

Every year I carefully sent the cheque to the insurance office, a week or so before the day, to be sure of preventing the lapse of my policy. I never by any chance neglected to do this.

One year, when the renewal day and its twenty-one days' grace had just passed, I was in a small boat on a river, and he was towing me upon the bank. We were chatting pleasantly. Suddenly, by a fault of mine, the rope slipped from the boat, and I began to drift slowly away.

"You'd better throw it to me—quick!" I called.

He said perhaps he'd better, and began to prepare deliberately to do so.

"Look alive!" I shouted, "I am getting into the rapids!"

"So you are," he said, musingly; "but I should have to wade in to throw it now; that would wet my—"



I was thunderstruck by such apathy to my peril on the part of *him*!—the man who had so often risked his—

He continued slowing musing, "You *are* getting



Why was he so devoted to me? I asked myself incessantly; why sacrifice himself for *me*?

He was nearly starved, when a vessel at length picked us up. After this he was constantly by to

into the rapids, aren't you? Very dangerous, that—certain destruction."

"Good Heavens!" I shrieked. "Why don't you save me? I shall perish, and all that insurance money will go to those hollow friends, and——"

"Did you say you *had* renewed your policy this year?" he asked.

"Yes; sent off the cheque three weeks ago. I say, *do* save——"

He plunged into the water like a maniac, swam wildly towards me, flung the rope from the water, swam back with his end to the shore (escaping the gurgling rapids by a hair), and hauled me into safety; then he held me to his breast with a hysterical sob, and we wept together.

We found ourselves at Interlaken. Ever the same racking of the memory on my part. WHERE had I seen him first?—The spectacles, the white waistcoat, the silver pen!

Our friendship had never declined in the least; he was ever the same, sacrificing himself to secure my safety.

It was the morning of the 15th of July—a year after the river adventure—we had determined to ascend a dangerous peak, and had engaged our guides for the purpose.

When I had proposed the risky excursion, my friend had objected gravely, for *my* sake, but I had persuaded him into assenting. He kept at my elbow every inch of the road, nervously watching my every movement, and darting forward to clutch me, with a little shriek, whenever my foot slipped, even over a pebble on the level road. I could not but love him for his anxious care and solicitude! We mounted higher and higher; the track grew desperately dangerous; vast fissures were all around; all was ice. I could see my friend's colour come and go, as my foot slipped uncertainly. He could not control his fears for me, and clutched me permanently.

My foot slid. I slipped over a hanging mass of ice on to a tiny treacherous ledge below; I grasped, in agony, the double rope which attached me to my

friend and one of the guides; a thousand feet of space were immediately below me; the ropes began to cut over the sharp ice-edge; the ropes *parted*!

With a despairing lunge, my friend caught me by the collar. I could see the physical agony it gave him, but I knew he would never leave his grip until his arm broke, or he slipped over with me.

"Save me!" I gasped, faintly. "The policy—why, good heavens, it *has* lapsed! and that insurance money will not be—pai—id—to my—oh, heavens!—heirs——"

"Eh?" he said, in a tone of surprised relief. "Why, I thought you had renewed a fortnight ago."

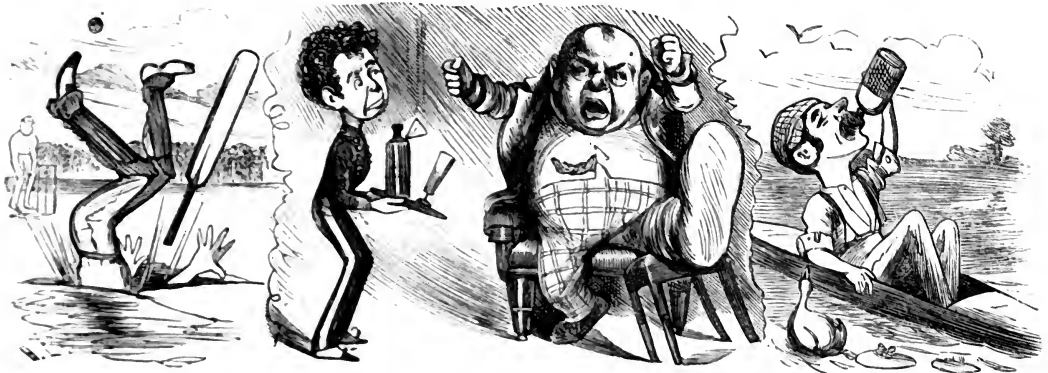
"No," I gasped, "slipped my—memory—qui—ite forgot to send—cheque."

He let me drop over. As I descended I recollected, *at last*, where I had first seen him. He was the MANAGER OF THE INSURANCE COMPANY!



J. F. SULLIVAN.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.



CRICKET ON THE ICE—"The last man in."

FOOTBALL—"Foot-bawling."

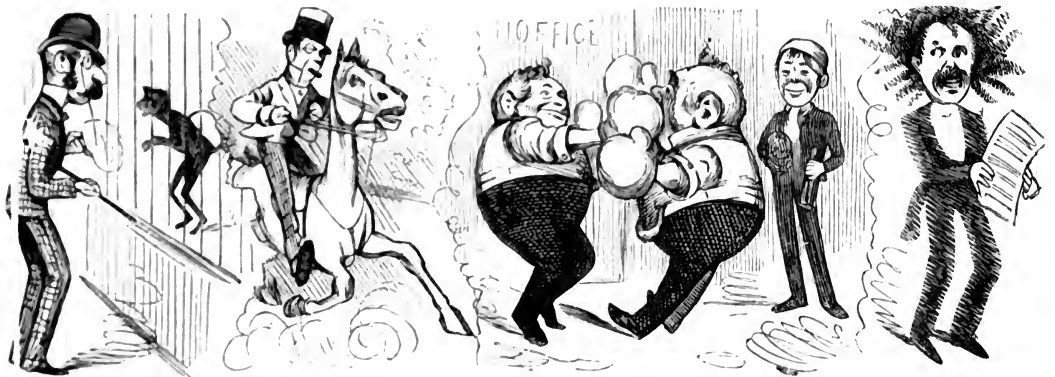
BOATING—"A good pull."



JUMPING—Counter.

HUNTING—The "Start."

RUNNING—"A long run."



WALKING—In the Zoo

RIDING—In the Row

DANCING—Set-to partners.

SINGING—"The shake."

Cousin Currie.

I.

SOME years ago, in a little street leading out of Holborn, Mr. Joseph Cheasit carried on the business of a retail provision merchant on a small scale, or rather a small pair of scales. Some ill-natured persons persist in saying that he kept a chandler's shop, but Mrs. and the Misses Cheasits' insist on the "retail provision merchant." Be this as it may, as time rolled on money rolled in, and at length Joseph Cheasit yielded to the entreaties of his much better half and his two daughters, exchanged his white apron for a black coat, the provision emporium for a villa at Brickstone, and the joys of business for the cares of independence. Behold, therefore, the Cheasits in a brand-new house, in a brand-new suburb, with a brand-new brougham,—it was not a brand-new horse, for the vendor had wofully sold Mr. Cheasit as well as the animal,—and a brand-new coat-of-arms (a cheesecutter guarded by a boar's head collared; motto, *Fromagez-le*), established firmly and triumphantly amongst the *crème de la crème* of Brickstone!

The Cheasits had a relative, also family connexions. A second cousin of Mr. Cheasit had gone out to India in early youth, and after twenty-five years' sojourn at Notsobad, had made a considerable fortune: he was the relative. Mr. Cheasit also had a sister, who had been left a widow with two daughters, who maintained themselves and their mother by teaching music and doing embroidery. They worked hard, but were very, very poor: they were the family connexions. The merchant of Notsobad was to the Cheasits as Mrs. Harris to our friend "Sairey Gamp;" they referred to and quoted him so frequently that their friends began to regard him as a mythical personage. Regularly every month a letter left Parvenu Place, Brickstone, for Notsobad, conveying to Cousin Currie assurances of the Cheasits' interest in his welfare, and earnest hopes that he would some day return to his native land and the bosom of his family, which last expression was slightly figurative, seeing that Mr. Currie hadn't a relative in the world of nearer degree than second cousinship.

II.

"A LETTER from dear Cousin Currie!" exclaimed Ophelia Cheasit, one morning, entering the breakfast-room, bearing a blue envelope with the familiar orange stamp. Coffee and toast were for the while ignored, and Mr. Cheasit suspended the breaking of his egg-shell to break the seal of his letter, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR COUSINS,"—"How affectionate!" from the girls),—"You will doubtless be glad to learn that I am at last coming home to spend a real old-fashioned Christmas" ("Oh, how really delightful!") "But I regret to inform you of the cause. The Bagabaddad Bank, in which I invested, has broken" ("Dear me! er—is he coming here?") "You have so often offered me a home at Parvenu Place, that in my great extremity I do not hesitate in accepting your invitation" ("Very cool of him!") "I hope to arrive almost as soon as this letter. All news when we meet. Your affectionate cousin,

"RYCE CURRIE."

Breakfast that morning was finished in gloomy silence, the Cheasits each and all regretting the lavish manner in which they had showered invitations on their distant cousin. Before a week had passed that gentleman arrived in *propria persona* and a four-wheeled cab, and commenced operations by borrowing five shillings of Mr. Cheasit to pay his fare, "as he had no loose silver."

III.

IT was really awful the way Cousin Currie carried on; and, sad to say, he seemed provokingly disinclined to carry himself off. He was cross, fidgety, and rude, and while he was continually snubbing the Cheasits, his alleged deafness rendered any efforts of theirs to snub him, and they were many, futile. He appeared to have been very careful of his correspondence; in fact, he declared his boxes only contained "papers and rubbish," and seemed to delight in reading to the Cheasits the many treasured letters in which they had urged him to make their house his home, which he certainly did.

Only one person seemed to care for him ; this was Annie Anstie, one of the "family connexions" before referred to, who was at the time engaged by the Misses Cheasit to complete some wonderful "arrangement in satin and tulle" for the approaching Christmas.

"I wish the old brute had stayed in India !" exclaimed Miss Cornelia on Christmas Eve. "There are the Jynkses and the Spynxes coming to-morrow,—such select people, you know !—and he's sure to be continually throwing the shop at us."

And Ophelia chimed in, "If I were mamma, I should tell him it's quite impossible for people in our position to have a poor relation hanging about us and disgracing us."

"Poor fellow !" said Annie Anstie, just putting on her hat to go home, "it will be very lonely for him with so many strangers, on Christmas Day too."

"Since you're so took up with 'im, Miss Pert," exclaimed Mrs. Cheasit, "why don't you invite him to your own place ? He'll be more in his own *sphere* there than with genteel company."

"We thought of doing so," said Annie, "but feared you wouldn't quite like it." Then crossing the room to where Cousin Currie sat snoring under a bandanna handkerchief, she placed her pretty little mouth

close to his ear, and said, "Cousin Currie, the people coming here to-morrow are all strangers to you : if you like to dine with mamma and us to-morrow, you'll be very welcome." Whereupon Cousin Currie accepted the invitation at once, put on his hat and coat, declaring his intention of seeing Annie home.

He never returned to the Cheasits, but that evening sent a messenger with a cab for his boxes and a note addressed to Mr. Cheasit. Imagine the disgust of that gentleman and his family on reading the following :—

"SIR,—Herewith I enclose you a bank note for £10, which will, I think, repay you for the accommodation I have for the last few days received at your house. My sudden reverse of fortune and my deafness were invented to test the regard you and your wife and daughters have so frequently expressed for me. Henceforth my home will be with Mrs. Anstie and her daughters, whose hospitality, if humbler, is somewhat heartier than your own. It may interest you to know that I intend making these ladies my heiresses.—Yours obediently,

"RYCE CURRIE."

H. T. JOHNSON.

AN ELEGY.

O! when I led thee, lost one, to my home
 With glowing rapture,
 I weaved a dream of happy time to come,
 And prized thy capture.
 But though the picture Fancy drew was fair,
 'T was yet deceiving ;
 My halcyon hopes have vanished into air,
 And left me grieving.

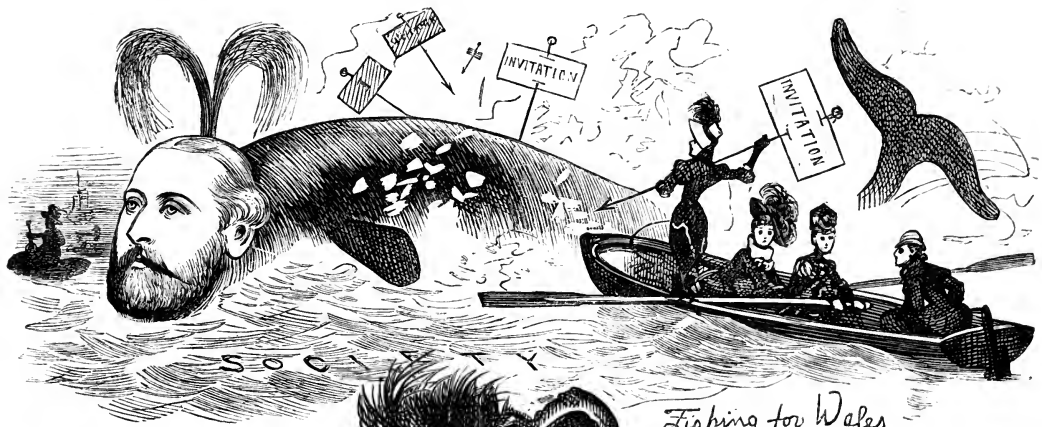
For I, poor fool, had fondly thought we twain
 Might roam together,
 Nerved side-by-side to brave alike the rain
 And sunny weather ;
 In sweet content beneath the summer ray
 To wander fearless,
 The loving comrades of the wintry day
 When skies are cheerless.

But ah ! our union was all too brief
 To reap such pleasure :
 The hand of Fate, unseen, hath played the thief,
 And stol'n my treasure ;
 Ere I one word, one look, one sigh had made,
 Our bond did sever ;
 Thus now I cry to thy departed shade,
 "Farewell, for ever !"

And thou art gone ! Our fellow-journey here,
 Alas ! is ended.
 Ay, thou art gone, that wert to me so dear,
 So good, so splendid ;
 No common stuff—nay, nothing of that ilk,
 Leather, prunella,
 Alpaca—never !—but the best brown silk,
My new Umbrella ! !

JOHN NORMAN.

ON FISHING.



Fishing for Wales



*The Erring
& the Hoyster*



*Catching a Naughtylass
& getting a Shark*



Catching "Cockles"

*Fishing for
Jacks*



ON FISHING.



Mamma's angling for Gold Fish



"Can't get a bite"



Bait for the Gold Fish

3/17/14

ZION JERSEY BOGGS.

An American Legend.

BEFORE the telegraphic wires
Had ever run from pole to pole,
Or telegirls sent telegrams

To cheer the weary waiting soul ;
When all things went about as slow
As terrapins could run on clogs,
Was played a game
By one whose name
Was Mister Zion Jersey Boggs.

A Philadelphia newspaper
Was printed then on Chestnut Street ;
While 'crost the way, just opposite,
There lived a sufferin' rival sheet,
Whose editors could get no news,
Which made 'em cross as starvin' hogs ;
The first, I guess,
Had an express
Which kind o' b'longed to Mister Boggs.

But in those days the only news
Which reëly opened readers' eyes,
Was of the New York lottery,
And who by luck had got a prize.
All other news, for all they cared,
Might travel to the orful dogs ;
And this they got
All piping hot—
Though surreptitiously—from Boggs.

For of the crew no party knew
That Boggs did any horses own.
All sportin' amputations he
Did most concussively disown ;
For he had serious subtle aims,
His wheels were full of secret cogs,—
Well oiled and slow,
Yet sure to go,
Was Mister Zion Jersey Boggs.

One mornin' he, mysterously,
An' smilin' quite ironical,
Spoke to the other editor,
The man who run the *Chronicle*.
“The *Ledger* has a hoss express,
By which your lottery news he flogs.”
“Yes, that is true,
But what's to do?”
Replied the man to Mister Boggs.

Then Mister Boggs let down his brows,
And with a long deep knowing wink,
Said, “Hosses travel mighty fast—
But ther air faster things, I think ;
An' kerrier-pidgings, as you know,
Kin find ther way thro' storm and fogs :
Them air the bugs
To fly like slugs !”
Said Mister Zion Jersey Boggs.

“And in my glorious natyve land,
Which lies acrost the Delaware,
I hev a lot upon the spot,—
Jest twenty dollars fur a pair.
These gentle insects air the things
To make the *Ledger* squeal like hogs ;
That is the game
To hit 'em lame !”
Said Mr. Zion Jersey Boggs.

The editor looked back again,
And saw him better on his wink.
“It is the crisis of our fate—
Say, Boggs, what is your style of drink ?
Step to the bar of Congress Hall ;—
We'll try your poultry on, by Gogs !
An' let 'em fly
Tarnation high !”
“Amen !” said Zion Jersey Boggs.

The pidgins came, the pidgins flew,
 They lit upon the lofty wall ;
 They made ther five an' ninety miles
 In just about no time at all.
 Compared to them, the *Ledger* team
 Went just as slow as haulin' logs.
 But all was mum,
 Shut close an' dumb,
 By the request of Mister Boggs.

Then on the follerin Monday, he,
 Lookin' profounder as he prowled,
 This son of sin an' mystery
 Into the *Ledger* orfice owled.
 "An' oh ! to think," he sadly groaned,
 "That earth should bear setch skalliwoogs !
 Setch all-fired snakes,
 And no mistakes !"
 Said Mister Zion Jersey Boggs.

"Why, what is up ?" asked Mister Swain ;
 "It seems you've had some awful shoves."
 "The *Chronicle*," his agent cried,
 "Has went an' bin an' bought some doves !
 Them traitors, wretches, swindlers, cheats,
 Hev smashed us up like polywoogs.
 They've knocked, I guess,
 Our hoss express
 Higher than any kite," said Boggs.

"Have you no plan ?" asked Mister Swain,
 "To keep the fellows off our walks ?"
 "I *hev*," said Boggs, as grim as death ;
 "What do you think of pidging-horks ?
 For in my glorious natyve land,
 Acrost the river, 'mong the frogs,
 I hev a lot
 All sharply sot
 To eat them pidgings up," said Boggs.

"They are the chosen birds of wrath,
 They fly like arrers through the air,
 Or Angels sent by orful Death,
 Jist fifty dollars for a pair ;
 An' cheap to keep, because, you see,
 Upon the enemy they progs."

"Well, try it on,
 And now begone !"
 Said Mister Swain to Mister Boggs.

The autumn morn was bright and fair,
 Fresh as a rose with recent rain.
 The pidgins tortled thro' the air,
 But nary one came home again.
 Some feathers dropped in Chestnut Street,
 Some bills and claws among the logs :
 Wipin' a tear,
 "I greatly fear
 'That all's not right," said Mister Boggs.

Into the *Chronicle* he went,
 Twice as mysterious as before,
 "And *hev* you heard the orful news ?"
 He whispered as he shet the door.
 "Oh, I hev come to tell a tale
 Of crime, which all creation flogs,
 Of wretchery
 An' treachery
 'That bangs tarnation sin," said Boggs.

"Them *Ledger* fellers with their tricks,
 Hev slopped clean over crime's dark cup.
 They've bin an' bought some pidging-horks
 And they hev *et* our pidgings up.
 Oh, whut is life wuth livin' fur
 When editors behave like hogs ?
 An' ragin' crime
 Makes double time ;
 Oh, darn setch villany !" cried Boggs.

"But hark ! bee-hold, to-morrer, thou
 In deep revenge may dry your tears ;
 I hev a plan which, you'll allow,
 Beats all-git-out when it eppears.
 The ragin' eagle of the North,
 The bird which all creation flogs,
 Will cause them horks
 To walk ther chalks,
 An' give us grand revenge," said Boggs.

"Them glorious birds of liberty,
 Them symbols of our country's fame,

Wild, sarsy, furious, and free,
 Indeliably rowdy game;
 They shall revenge them gentile doves,
 Our harmless messengers, by Gogs!
 In which the horks
 Hev stuck ther forks,"
 Cried Mister Zion Jersey Boggs.

"For in my glorious natyve land
 Across the river, down below,
 I hev a farm, and in the barn
 Six captyve eagles in a row.
 One hundred dollars fur a pair;
 Fetch out the flimsies from your togs,
 An' up on high
 I'll make 'em fly,"
 Said Mister Zion Jersey Boggs.

But this same editor had heard
 Some hint or rumour, faint or dim,
 How Mister Boggs, it was averred,
 Was coming Paddy over him.
 An earlier tale of soapy deeds
 Then gave his memory startling jogs,

And full of wrath
 Right in his path
 He went for Zion Jersey Boggs.

"Horses and pidgins—pidgin-horks"—
 That was enough to raise his Dutch:
 He saw it all—and also saw
 The eagle—"Just one bird too much."
 Too mad to mind his shootin'-iron,
 And throw good powder to the dogs,
 He grabbed his chair,
 And then and there
 Corrected Zion Jersey Boggs.

After long years had rolled away,
 And Morse's telegraph came in,
 Still on the facing rival roofs
 Two grey old cages could be seen,
 And young reporters o'er their drinks
 Would tell each other,—jolly dogs,—
 Of ancient time,
 What in this rhyme
 I've told of Zion Jersey Boggs.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

A NAUTICAL NOVELETTE.

"**D**RUMMER, beat to quarters," shouted the
 First Lieutenant.
 (Flogging had not then been limited in the Navy.)
 "Wouldn't halves do, sir?" asked the compas-
 sionate drummer.

"Mutiny!" shrieked his choleric superior. "Drum-
 head court-martial there!"

The lad was placed upon the capstan, and brought
 in guilty.

"Run him up to the main truck," howled the
 ruthless First Lieutenant; and before the Chaplain
 and Naval Instructor could exchange the Weale's
 "Navigation," which he had pulled out in mistake
 for his Prayer Book, the drummer was a corpse.

"Quite dead," said the Surgeon, feeling the boy's
 wrist. "Lower away the shrouds."

The First Luff had intended to give a private
 flogging only; but, after this, he determined to
 strike terror into the hearts of the whole crew.

"Pipe all hands to punishment!" he bellowed.

"Sure the crathur don't mane to bate us all,"
 whispered County Cark Mick, who was the wag and
 darling of the ship's company.

Fortunately the Boatswain had broken his pipe;
 only the bowl was left.

When he had very reluctantly bought a new one,
 and the crew were assembled, another delay was
 interposed. No whip had been rove.

"Rig the spanker-boom," snarled the First Lieutenant.

It was just about to descend upon the victim of his spite, when a stern voice thundered "Luff!"

The Quartermasters shook the ship up into the wind. The First Lieutenant turned, and, touching his cap to the Captain, who had come on deck, said humbly, "You addressed me, sir?"

"I wish," answered the Captain, "the Articles of War allowed me to *undress* you, sir, and make you change places with that poor wretch there. Cast off his lashings."

"Anyhow he is free of his lashing already," very audibly whispered the irrepressible Mick.

"You are a disgrace to the service," continued the Captain to the First Lieutenant. "Go to your cabin, sir, and do not presume to leave it until you have written out ninety pages of logarithms."

The men gave three cheers. Captain Jolly was more than ever their favourite. They would have risked their lives for him.

He ordered a treble allowance of grog, and became still more their favourite. They would have gone to certain destruction with him—the moment they had drunk their grog.

Then the whelps were let out of their kennels to keep the first dog-watch, and the men dispersed; those who were fond of sport going aloft for sky-larks, the breeze blowing freshly off the land.

Next day, being Captain Jolly's birthday, was to be kept as a holiday. The day's work of the ship had been done the day before, but of course she had to be made snug, and the First Lieutenant, who had got through his imposition, was going about the decks finding fault in his usual grumpy fashion: "Who blacklead those fenders? Why weren't these wet sheets hung out to dry?" and so on. But the men didn't mind. They were looking forward to the pleasure they would derive from giving their gallant commander their presents after breakfast, and the pleasure they would have in eating it, since generous Captain Jolly had ordered for a treat all round hot buttered rolls, watercress, fried sausages, Yarmouth bloaters, bacon and eggs, and cold ham sprigged with parsley, to give the men an appetite. It was little thoughtfulnesses of this kind

which so endeared the Captain to his crew. When they had finished their breakfast they fell in ahead of the flying-jibboom, and meeting the warrant officers a little way abaft the taffrail, they all went down together. "Come in," said the Captain, when they knocked at his cabin door. In the exuberance of their spirits they had first knocked down the marine who attempted to bar the way. As many as could crowded into the cabin. The others passed their presents over their comrades' heads. These gifts chiefly took the forms of rigged models of ships and fancy knots of cordage, for the material of which, since Jack is ever lavish, their makers had helped themselves liberally from the ship's stores.

The Captain was literally overwhelmed as these *cadeaux* were heaped upon him, with loud shouts of "Long life to your honour!"

In a voice which was very feeble until his steward had succeeded in denuding him of four or five strata of affection, the Captain answered, "Thankee, thankee, my hearties!"

When he was clear to the waist he said, "And now, my boys, I must shake hands with you all; nay, kiss me, I will say with Nelson."

The honest tars made a rush to clasp the patrician palm, to press their lips upon the light-whiskered cheek of their noble commander.

The First Lieutenant, who was looking down through the skylight, turned green with envy. To hide his emotion he rushed to the side.

Soon he rushed back, and seizing a speaking-trumpet, roared down the companion: "Enemy on the weather-bow! Fast coming up under our lee! Not more than ten knots and a half off, sou'-sou'-west southerly, when I sighted her! Tumble up, tumble up, you lubbers!"

The Captain raised his hand. "No hurry, my lads," said he. "We have a minute or two to spare. Let us spend them as British sailors should before going into battle, in singing 'Hearts of Oak.'" He started the song, but finding that some of the younger seamen were not quite up in the words, he, with his usual consideration, gave them out two lines at a time. When the song was finished our dauntless scoundrels dashed on deck, still shouting "We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again!"

Their idol as fearless followed them, and having ordered the Purser to supply him with a puncheon of rum, and the Gunner to get out a keg of powder, with his own hand the Captain served out to each man on board a pannikinful of spirit, with a pinch of the "black pepper" in it.

Faster and faster on came the foe. She could not have been more than nine knots off when the English Captain gave the order, "Sharpen cutlasses!" Instantly round whizzed the grindstones, and the sparks were flying merrily. Then

"There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath,"

or the enemy, a French first-rate man-of-war, had diminished the distance between herself and the English frigate to eight knots, and was rolling along with all bowlines set aloft and alow. At length, calm, solemn, yet cheerful, there rang out the welcome command, "Clear the ship for action!" In the twinkling of an eye the bowsprit was run in, the fore and mizen masts had gone by the board and been stowed away below, and the grey-haired Carpenter, slinging his tool-basket over his shoulder, had shinned up to the mainroyal-head with an agility beyond his years, and nailed the colours to the mast.

As the foe ranged alongside, the English Captain leaped into the hammock-nettings, and hailed her with "What ship is that?" But no notice was taken, although he repeated the inquiry in French. However, in spite of the disparity of force, he was so confident of taking her, that he had sent the Armourer down to get the main-chains ready for the prisoners.

"Steady!" cried the Captain to the men at the wheel; but there was no need—they were as cool as cucumbers. As if aggrieved, they gruffly answered, "Steady 'tis, sir."

When the Frenchman ran under the frigate's stern, she blazed away with both her bowchasers, and raked him terribly. It fell dead calm, and the huge first-rate, finding that the English quarter-guns had opened on her, would fain have changed her posi-

tion; but though she set trysails, and hauled her wind to fill them as fast as her men could pull, the effort was for a time quite fruitless.

But after ten minutes she yawed, and came at the frigate stem on, carrying away the binnacle as she grazed against the side. The sternpost, too, was sprung, but the frigate put her helm down, and so *that* was saved.

As the vessels were now fairly alongside, the English tried to make fast to board, but the Frenchmen cut away the seizing. In the thickest of the firing, the Captain's clerk—so cool is English courage—sat at the counter making up his books.

"Now, boys, give her a broadside!" shouted Captain Jolly. "Hurrah!" he shouted again, still more vigorously, as he waved his cocked hat, in which, to encourage his men by showing that he felt no fear, he had placed a scarlet feather. "She reels, she reels! Give her the other, boys,—give her the other!"

The effect of the two broadsides, one following the other with scarce a moment's intermission, was terrific. The water rushed into the French ship. Her Captain rigged a windmill to pump her, and that not going fast enough, he spun his main-top.

In vain.

"Pikes, boys!" shouted Captain Jolly. "She'll be under before we can board her!"

Only waiting to raise three cheers, the English crew bounded after their gallant leader.

As the monstrous vessel sank, a little midshipman hoisted a white ensign above the tricolor; and just before she disappeared, the English struck up "Rule Britannia," to drown the Frenchmen's "*Marseillaise*."

Every Englishman who came to the surface alive had a French prisoner in his arms; and Captain Jolly determined not to leave his prize, but to keel-haul her home.

Fastening her lift blocks (to lighten her) to the bottom of his ship, he carried her into Portsmouth under his stern; an exploit which caused both himself and his frigate to carry their heads rather high.

RICHARD ROWE.

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

T WAS late last night before I got to sleep,
I couldn't, somehow, keep my mind from
"thinking;"

And now I feel so fagged, I scarce can keep
My eyes from shutting, or my head from sinking;
The dustman's come, I've rubbed my peepers red,
I *do* feel done, I cannot write for yawning;
And yet, my "thoughts," if I go up to bed,
Will keep me sleepless till the day is dawning.
Still—yes! I'll try it, and I will *not* "think,"
So now to put away the pens and ink.

Bad! twelve o'clock! I'll put my watch and chain
Beneath my pillow, since that little locket
Contains *her* face—oh, bother! once again
My money's tumbled from my breeches pocket!
It always does. That's right! now roll away
Beneath the bed, by way of a diversion.
I've got it *now*; but I may safely say
It's woke me up again—has this exertion.
Shall I re-dress? I would for half a pin.
Phew!—There! the candle's out, so I'll get in.

Here! now I've dropped the pillow on the floor;
Why *is it* I should always have to shake it?
Of course! that dog's begun to howl next door:
I'd get some arsenic, but he wouldn't take it.
I can't be helped; I'll try and drown his groans,
And stuff my ears as well as I am able.
Oh, come; that's fine!—That note I wrote to Jones,
do believe it's lying on the table!
And yet I gave the girl instructions clear
To post it when she went to fetch the beer.

It's striking *one*! Oh, dear! I *mustn't* "think;"
I'll turn me over on the other shoulder.
I gape enough, but cannot sleep a wink—
And was it two or three o'clock I told her?
Now, if it chanced that she arrived at two,
And I at three, there's no prognosticating
What awful consequences might accrue.

So *I'll* be there at three, and risk the waiting.
Oh, dear! there, let me put her out my mind,
For love's a curse when Morpheus proves un-
kind.

Good gracious! *two*! "Sleep, gentle sleep" *won't*
come.

I've heard of *counting* at each expiration—
1—3—5—10—15—that's just the sum
Of which Brown begs a speedy liquidation.
I simply *can't*. I'm not the *only* one
Whom money's "tight" with, that's a panacea—
And there's that verse I ought to do for FUN;
Let's see if I can think of an "idea."
Think! why, you duffer, it's the "thinking"
keeps
You wide awake while ev'rybody sleeps.

The clock again! I thought as much—'t was *three*!
I'll ope my eyes, and fix them on the ceiling.
They want to close; it *does* seem odd to me
I cannot sleep, and yet so sleepy feeling.
I'm cozy *now*—oh, hang it! there's a hair
Of my moustache got up my nasal organ;
Sniff, sniff!—I wonder if they've sent the pair
Of boots I ordered yesterday of Morgan?
My own are down at heel—Ah! crow away!
That's all those fowls can do, they never lay.

Ugh, *four* o'clock! No good my sleeping now;
From all *such thoughts* my mind I'll disencumber.
I'll make some capital though, anyhow,
From out my inability to slumber;
I'll think me out a notion for my verse—
The *Government*, that's stale; there's *Education*,
The *Board of Works*, *Home Rule*—Yaw! worse and
worse;
I *do* feel sleepy—yaw!—and *Co-op'ration*?
There's lots things—know—yaw!—le's see, what sh'll—
wri'?

B'lieve I'm go' soun' asleep; jus' m' luck—gee' n't!

CYRIL MULLETT.



1. I anxiously await the arrival of my model, as a few finishing touches is all that is required to complete "The Pirates' Lair." He is now only two hours late, which is very good for him. N.B.—The possible purchaser is to call at 12.30.—2. A knock. My model at last! who says by way of apology for his lateness, "Met a fren'—indooshed me to inshaw m' life—ev'borry's dooty—tickle a marry

man.—3. Somehow or other to-day he has his own notion as to the correctness of the costume.—4. He poses.—5. He dozes.—6.—His slumbers are disturbed.—7. But why on his awakening does he favour me with an accurate imitation of Mr. Charles Warner, and address me as "Rats"?—8. I assume the defensive.—9. He assumes the offensive.

A WARNING BY A. WARNER.



10. He again indulges in a bit of Mr. Warner's business, and put a few finishing touches to "The Pirates' Lair."—11. He sees an imaginary spider.—12. He goes in pursuit;—13. With indifferent success.—14. As a slight refreshment after his exertions

he loudly demands "Boiled yellow dogs—without salt!"—15. He calls my attention to snakes.—16. The fight for the standard.—17. Matters get somewhat complicated.—18. At this juncture my patron is shown in—

THE author of the above too true episode in real life is comforted by the thought that a private circulation of this sheet has seen the happy means of converting no less than 117 artificial flower manufacturers, 12 monarchs, 42 children under two years of age, 2 editors of leading illustrated newspapers, 8 centenarians, 2 body-snatchers, 10 bishops, and a potboy.

LOCH MCGILL'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF,

And how he went into Business to Inherit a Fortune.

MY proper name is Roderick Dhu Loch McGill. When about sixteen years of age, I was placed in a merchant's office in the good town of Glasgow, where I remained several years, during which time nothing of very great importance occurred to me, except one trivial circumstance relating to my name; and this is how it came about. A youth, slightly younger than myself, entered the office—a bright, kindly-hearted lad—but, unfortunately, he was one of those pests of society called a “jokist.” I can assure my reader that many specimens of this offensive class of the *genus homo* do exist in Scotland.

At this time I had dropped the “Mc” as well as the first two of my baptismal names, except using the initials in my signature, so that I was invariably addressed as Loch, or Loch-Gill.

The new-comer soon made himself at home and perfectly at ease with every one in the office. He had not been many days among us, when, hearing a fellow-clerk address me by name, he called out in his cheery voice,

“What’s that! Loch Gyle? Why, that’s—

The dark and stormy water,
That drowned the Lord of Ulva’s Isle,
Likewise Lord Ullin’s daughter!

I say, my boys, you should have told me this before! You should have told me I was living on such classic ground—classic ground, indeed! Why, this house will become famous in history! This very room shall be pointed out in years—ay, in centuries yet to come, as having possessed the proud privilege of performing the most astounding miracle the world has even known; of having subdued and compressed that ‘dark and stormy water, that drowned Lord Ullin’s daughter,’ into a demure, respectable Glasgow merchant’s clerk, contented and happy on the munificent salary of fifty pounds sterling per annum, which, being divided by fifty-two, gives

exactly the gigantic income of nineteen shillings and twopence three farthings per week. Three cheers for dark Loch Gyle!”

From that day my name was changed. So long as I remained in Scotland I was known either as “Loch Gyle,” or “Stormy Water;” most frequently the latter. Even in London, where I fondly hoped to resume my proper name, the cognomen had arrived before me, and every effort failed to cut off more than the “Stormy Water.” My uncle, by the way, he always called me “Roddy.”

At the age of twenty-three I came to London, under the paternal care of my mother’s brother, an old gentleman who had retired from business, and was then living on his private means, which, though not large, were, for his quiet mode of life, ample, and to spare. I had come to London professedly as his companion; yet, feeling certain he would be better pleased that I should take up some occupation than spend my life “loafing about” at home—for himself, he had been a busy man in the world nearly all his life, and naturally must soon tire of seeing a young fellow hanging about doing nothing—so I set myself to think seriously about the matter.

Although I saw several very good openings for going into business, it occurred to me that I *might* not be successful, or, by very great industry, amounting to something little short of slavery, and by constant anxiety, I might be able to keep both sides of the ledger “square;” or, again, suppose me to be an eminently successful man, and at the end of a long and anxious life found myself possessed of, say, thirty thousand pounds—though this is by no means a large sum, as the world goes—yet most people would say I had not done badly, and “most people” would be right; but what suggested itself to my mind at this point was whether the same end might not be obtained, with much less risk, with

less labour, and altogether by what would be to me a much more pleasant path, than the toilsome, weary ways of commerce.

Now, the sum of money I have mentioned I had good reason to know was exactly the fortune possessed by my uncle, so after well weighing the matter, I resolved "TO GO INTO BUSINESS FOR MY UNCLE'S MONEY," that is, I resolved to give myself up entirely to him; to humour his every whim and caprice; to speak as he spoke; to think as he thought; and, in fact, to agree with him in everything he said or did. I would ask his advice in all my affairs, and, in season and out of season, be at his "beck and call," and devote myself as entirely to him as the most ardent man of business could possibly do to his affairs of life; determined that I would lose no opportunity of so ingratiating myself in his good opinions that I should ultimately be made his heir. This I saw a fair chance of doing in much fewer years than the most brilliant success in the City could secure for me. My uncle was at this time about sixty-three.

I took my opportunity—on a beautiful warm sunny morning, when the old gentleman appeared to be in an unusually good temper—to sound him on the subject of my obtaining some employment; so, assuming the most deferential tone at my command, not to make the device too palpable, knowing that on this morning he had nothing on earth to attend to, I asked him, if his other engagements permitted, would he kindly spare me a few minutes, as I wished to take his advice on a small matter that had occupied my thoughts for some days.

With a pleasant smile and a hearty "All right, my dear boy, certainly! Come along into my own room, and let us talk it over, whatever it is," he led the way into a small room at the rear of the house, which was kept sacred to himself. Being comfortably seated, he said,

"Now then, Roddy, what is it? What is this wonderful affair that's been puzzling your thoughtful brains for so many days?"

"Well, sir, I have been thinking that, considering the active and highly useful life you have led, it must be exceedingly irksome, perhaps even irritating, to see a st^rⁿ young fellow like myself

hanging about all day, apparently without aim or object in life, that I have resolved upon asking your permission to take some employment that would occupy my time for a few hours in the day. I am fully aware of the great loss I shall sustain by being deprived of the inestimable advantage of your highly instructive conversation for those hours; still I fancy the change, and any little matter that my poor powers of observation may enable me to pick up during the day, will help to enliven the other part of our time."

After a short pause, during which I trembled lest I had made a mistake in not letting the proposition come from himself, he said, rather drily,

"And what do you think you are capable of doing, Roddy? In what field of commerce do you think you could shine as a guiding star?"

I humbly assured him that I was not egotistical, that I had no hope of shining as a "guiding star," and as I was very desirous of retaining as much of his society as possible—that is, being agreeable to himself—it occurred to me if I could get a position in a good bank, my idea of employment and leisure would be happily combined.

To this proposition the old gentleman gave a very hearty "All right, my dear boy! You are quite right in what you propose, and we will see about it at once."

That very day he called upon his own banker, and in less than a week, some indispensable formalities having to be gone through, I received a note bidding me put in an appearance at the bank the next morning. Thus we fell into a quiet and, but for the few hours I spent in the City every day, a very monotonous existence.

With one exception, my uncle objected to every kind of amusement. If his will could have ruled it so, every playing-card in the world would have been burned. He considered all theatres dens of vice and the high road to destruction, concerts a most idiotic waste of time, &c., &c. The one exception was dancing. This he looked upon as the only rational and health-giving amusement, and deserving of every encouragement, so that we not unfrequently had little dancing parties.

If I wanted to vary my entertainments, for I by

no means held the same objection to variety that my uncle did, I was obliged to do so under shelter of the one allowable indulgence. The reader will easily understand that I *often went out to a dance*. When I told my uncle that such was my intention, he invariably made the same remark :

"Very right, my dear boy. Go and enjoy yourself. Take the latch-key with you, and don't hurry home. I hope you'll have a merry night of it. Dance away, dance away, as long as you can, my boy. Hae yer fling while ye can get it, and dinna forget the Highland Fling at the same time while ye're about it."

This was the old gentleman's favourite joke, and feeble though it was, I never failed, as in duty bound, to laugh heartily, as if it had been the rarest conceit in creation, and the very first time I'd ever heard it. And so the time went on.

I will now relate the great misfortune of my life, the only thing in my life worth relating ; and it will show how one hasty word, uttered in an unguarded moment, may mar the hopes and just expectations of a life's labour. I trust my simple and sad narrative may act as a beacon to many a young man to steer wide away from that disastrous affliction, a hasty temper. I would here give this simple piece of advice. "Never utter a hasty word without being certain that the person addressed cannot retaliate." In such a case, of course you can let off as much venom as you please.

One bright May morning, though the air was clear, there was a bleak east wind blowing, cold enough to break to fragments the softest, sweetest temper that ever crossed the Tweed. I was walking with my uncle, who had now become very infirm, through his favourite fields in the neighbourhood of Hornsey. I may say that this had, for some considerable time, been his only walk. Perhaps it is a characteristic of age that they cling to the old spots with ever-increasing affection. On this day the old man stopped in the middle of a field, and pointing with his stick, said,

"Is that Highgate Church?"

Now, he had asked that very same question at this identical spot every day we had walked in these fields for the last ten years. Unfortunately on this

occasion I had been brooding over my long-deferred hopes, and became cross with myself at wasting so much time that might have been better employed, I lost my habitual self-command, and answered hastily "Confound Highgate Church!" or something to that effect, and I could have bitten my tongue out a moment afterwards with vexation.

The old man slowly raised himself up to his full height, and looked me right in the face. I shall never forget that look, expressing something of surprise, contempt, and secret exultation, as much as to say, "Ha, ha ! my young gentleman, I've tripped you up at last, have I?" But contented himself by saying,—

"Ronald, you've made the most unfortunate remark you ever did in your life ; you'll remember these words one day, and perhaps be sorry for them."

He immediately turned, and we proceeded on our way home.

I made the most earnest, I may say abject apologies that an angry word should have escaped from me in his hearing, and my deep regret that he should for one moment suppose it referred to him, attributing the hasty exclamation to the fact that a small carnivorous insect was gnawing at my ankle, and that the hasty expression was intended for it, and not for the church, or reply to his question. I talked, and pleaded for forgiveness in the most earnest manner during the remainder of the day ; but my austere relative never once raised his eyes from the ground, nor did he reply either by word or sign that he heard my voice ; his expression, indeed, if his face could be said to have any expression during my appeal, appeared to be more of a suppressed chuckle than anything else.

As time wore on, I never lost an opportunity of expressing my deep contrition for the hasty words I had used, and while they were intended to express one train of thoughts, might so easily be applied to something totally different ; and also my deep regret that one I so sincerely loved, and was so deserving of my warmest gratitude, could think me capable of using such language to him.

But all my protestations appeared to fall upon a deaf ear. My uncle was totally unmoved, wearing a constantly dull, even morose expression ; until one

evening on return from business I found the old gentleman more like the man of former days than anything I had seen since the fatal morning in Hornsey Fields. On inquiry I found that he had been to the City in the morning, and on his return appeared so joyous in his words and manners that they at home thought he must have had some piece of rare good fortune. Alas the day! he had that morning made an awful onslaught upon my fortune. But I must not anticipate, as the saying is.

Our home-life was at all times quiet and uneventful; I will therefore at once slip over the few years, and bring my readers to the closing scenes of these "scraps" of my biography.

Some three years after the Hornsey Fields affair, one evening the old gentleman retired to bed, very feeble, but as usual cheerful and happy. The next morning, when our housekeeper, Betty Candlish, went into his room, she found only the mortal part, — the life, the man, had passed away, at the ripe age of seventy-eight.

On the day of the funeral my grief must have been most distressing to behold! And, let me confess, I did hope that those who saw me would consider it so.

On our return from the cemetery, my uncle's will was read by his legal friend and confidant. He left everything he possessed to his well-beloved nephew Roderick, and appointed me sole executor. My grief here became, if possible, more demonstrative than before.

After a very short pause, the legal gentleman said, — with a dry "Ahem!" — I have another document here which I must read. It is called a 'codicil,' dated, I perceive, August the twenty-third, eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, and in the testator's own handwriting."

This was precisely three months after that unfortunate morning my uncle and I walked out together. The codicil was as nearly as possible in these words:

"By this codicil I so far alter the conditions of my will, bearing date January 1st, 1860, that I bequeath and authorize my executor to invest in the purchase of Consols the sum of twenty thousand pounds, and to pay all dividends accruing from the said Consols to my good friend Miss Janet McGoish,

in such sums and at such times as they shall become due.

"And I further bequeath and authorize my said executors to invest the sum of seven thousand pounds in Consols, and pay all dividends arising from the same, as they shall become due, to my good friend and housekeeper, Elizabeth Candlish. And further, I will that on the death of the said Janet McGoish, and again on the death of the said Elizabeth Candlish, the said dividends arising from the said several sums of twenty thousand and seven thousand pounds shall be paid to the uses of my before-mentioned nephew, Roderick Dhu Loch McGill, otherwise Lock Gill, during the term of his natural life. I also will and empower my said executor to invest the sum of three thousand pounds in Consols, and all dividends arising therefrom to be paid to my said nephew. And I further will and bequeath that on the death of my said nephew the several sums mentioned herein shall be divided in equal parts between the three children of my said nephew, on condition that, should their mother outlive their father, then they, the three children aforesaid, do contribute equally, and allow their said mother the sum of three hundred pounds per annum for her sole and absolute use."

I heard the cruel and insulting document read to the "bitter end;" then, in a state of utter bewilderment, everything appeared to swim round before my eyes, and, had I not been seated close by the table, must have fallen to the floor; but my strong northern brain soon recovered sufficient composure to go through the remaining formalities necessary on the occasion, though *how* the day was got through I have not now the most remote idea; but this I well remember,—when Miss McGoish was about to leave the house, she called me aside and laid her large hand coldly—perhaps she meant it for tenderly—upon my shoulder, and said, "Ronald!"

She had been accustomed to address me as "Mister Ronald," and occasionally as "the young Laird." I may mention, by the way, that she never addressed or referred to my uncle in any other way than "the Laird." I have often wondered that it never occurred to me to pay the old man that piece of inexpensive flattery, for I well knew that he was

very susceptible of flattery; indeed, I can in no other way account for his electing Miss McGoish as the recipient of this handsome legacy, for the lady was in noway related to us, and the families were not upon such intimate terms as to warrant this extraordinary expression of favour; I do not think she was in my uncle's house once in the month, and I am confident that neither he nor any one of his family ever took "bit or sup" in her house in all their lives.

"Ronald," she said, "I can see that the last part of the dear Laird's will was a great shock to you, and took you altogether by surprise, and, to a certain extent, it's not to be wondered at; but to show that I wish to be on friendly terms, and to deal generously by you, I will tell you at once that, as you will be put to some little expense in providing such mourning for your wife and children as you would like them to wear in memory of so fond and generous an uncle, I shall be very pleased if you will allow me to contribute something towards it."

I suppose I must have looked grateful, but really I could not speak. She went on:

"I shall be very glad to give you a sovereign for each of the children, and the same sum for your wife and yourself, that will be just five, if you will accept this 'widow's mite,' as I may call it, though I'm not a widow—that is, of course, after the first dividends are paid."

I felt choking! I could not have uttered a word if all the world had been the price for so doing. Then, with a grasp of the hand, she went away.

Heavens! Was I mad? Or was it all a wild dream, that this woman—who by some mysterious power had filched from me my birthright—was taking that for which I had planned and laboured with anxious thought and care for many long years, for which I had sacrificed the joyous part of my life—comes in the very throes of my bitterness, and offers, "as some consolation," the munificent sum of five pounds—a promise to pay six months after date! I felt furious! My whole frame convulsed with suppressed passion. At that hour I was indeed "the Stormy Water."

I resolved to drown myself. I wanted to rush away, "anywhere, anywhere out of the world." I never until that day fully appreciated the inestim-

able treasure I had for years possessed in my dear good wife: the tender care with which she soothed and comforted me was altogether a new revelation; and the wonderful influences that a true woman's love can exercise over the wounded heart had been until this moment a sealed book to me. At last kind sleep closed this the most painful day in all my life.

My vexation and vindictive anger did not end with the day, but kept by me with more or less persistency for a longer period than I care to tell, sometimes urging me to the very verge of self-destruction, at others to commence an action at law against the validity of the will. The adoption of either course would, I think the candid reader will admit, have entitled me to a verdict of temporary insanity.

During the years of hopeful expectation, I had not been anxious nor sought for preferment, at the bank, preferring my desk in a quiet corner where the duties were light, and where I could easily obtain leave of absence, as my pleasure or inclination suggested. Now my change of circumstances demanded a change of action, my appeal for advancement met with a ready response, and, for a bank clerk, I rapidly rose to a good position, and now by my own honest labour earn ample means to support my family in "cosie" respectability; and when my good wife and I occasionally talk over our early days, with all their sunny hopes and their bitter disappointment, we come to the conclusion—that is, her true heart always does its best to make me acknowledge—that we are far better and happier than we would have been had the whole of my uncle's thirty thousand pounds come to us when he died, as we expected it would. And I am daily becoming more and more a convert to her opinion that we are happier without.—What! What's that? Hurrah! Ha! ha! Here's a slice of luck! (The reader should see what a great blotch I have made on this manuscript.)

Why, here's a telegram just arrived telling that Miss McGoish, having caught a serious cold in consequence of these bitter east winds, congestion of the lungs set in, and, after two days' illness, died this morning. Twenty thousand pounds all at once!—and so suddenly, too, and without a moment's warn-

ing, as it were. Why, I began to think the old jade was never going to make her bow and join the great majority. Well, it's very strange how true that saying is sometimes,—I'm sure it's true now,—that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

And now it's only old Betty Candlish that stands between me and the whole of that vindictive old man's money, and she cannot live *very* long, for, poor old body, she must be considerably over seventy; but there! I don't wish Betty Candlish to die, for well I know whose children have had the advantage of the largest portion of her dividends.

P.S.—On the death of Miss McGoish I resolved to live as an independent gentleman, so I immediately gave up my appointment at the bank. For the first month I liked the change immensely; it appeared to me "awfully jolly." But the novelty

soon began to lose its charm, and at the expiration of four months I could stand it no longer. So on a dismal rainy morning I rushed off to the old place where I had spent so many days of my life. The manager very kindly put me to work at once; and in a few weeks an accident to a very deserving young fellow threw open my old post, in which I was once more reinstated; and now I have as much leisure as I care to possess, and always as much work as I wish to do.

P.S. No. 2.—After twelve months I open this to say

*Betty Candlish
is Dead*

G. D.

AT MY TOILET.

I 'M to meet my Matilda to-night
At a dance up in Mornington Crescent;
My heart's overflowing, yet light,
And my spirits are quite effervescent.
I long to be looking my best
When I first catch the eye of my dearest;
Oh! let me be daintily drest—
Though my wardrobe is one of the queerest.

My Matilda confides, I believe,
In the depth of my soul's adoration;
Yet, possibly, pa may conceive
That a clerk's is a mean avocation.
Pooh, pooh! I possess common sense,
Am industrious, honest, and saving.
(Time flies—but I could not commence
Till I got my warm water for shaving.)

I may win from the charmer, perchance,
A reply, should I plead pretty boldly;
A whisper, no doubt, or a glance
Given slyly but not given coldly.
(These old patent-leathers have cracked
In a most inexcusable manner,
Would any one credit the fact
That they cost seventeen and a tanner?)

There be hearts that are trafficked for gold,
Where affection at zero is reckoned.
Shall one like Matilda's be sold?—
(There's a brace-button flown in a second!)
Why should not the worship of pelf
By Morality's laws be forbidden?
(My studs, which I left on the shelf,
Have been either walked off with or hidden.)

My career I would gladly devote
The career of Matilda to sharing.
(I wish that my swallow-tailed coat
Were a shade better fitted for wearing.)
Her father, I fear, like a churl,
Only looks at the cents and the dollars.
(I've waited an hour for that girl
To come back from the wash with my collars.)

It is pouring! I cannot well ride,
As my pockets I've scarcely one rap in.
I look none the better, beside,
For this wound on my chin from the Mappin.
I'll give up the dance, I protest,
And my efforts at brilliant adorning:
By gaslight I'm not at my best,
Though I look very nice in the morning.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS,

ILLUSTRATIVELY ELUCIDATED.



CALCEOLARIA.—“I offer you pecuniary assistance.”



LABURNUM.—“Forsaken pensive beauty.”



MAIDEN-BLUSH ROSE.—“It you love me you will find it out.”



JONQUIL.—“I desire a return of affection.”

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS,

ILLUSTRATIVELY ELUCIDATED.



INK CONVULVULUS.—"Worth sustained by judicious and tender affection."



GARDEN DAISY.—"I partake your sentiments."



GRAMMANTHUS CHLORAFLORE.—"Your temper is too hasty."



SPRING CROCUS.—"Youthful gladness."

WOE TO WHIFFIN!

A Story of Chiffney's Revenge.

I AM a Poet! and as poets are born and not made, I suppose I must have been born one. Suppose, in sooth! do I not know it, feel it, glory in it?

Ah, yes! it must have been so, for ere yet my infant lips could "lisp in numbers," I have it on undeniable authority that I often *composed myself to sleep in my mother's arms*. Chiffney declares that my compositions have since induced similar somnolence in others; but Chiffney is an unscrupulous rival, whose observations I despise.

Born a poet! Oh, yes, indeed I was. I cried, so to speak, for Apollo's lyre to play with—or rather to play on—whilst still in my cradle, and my wails whilst teething were, in effect, my earliest invocation of the Muse, or as Chiffney would put it with his vulgar humour, the *Ca-nine* Muses.

For years I guarded my secret jealously, and no one, I think, ever guessed why I collected all the old envelopes, and so frequently inked my bed-clothes. My father once birched me for rolling my eyes at the dinner-table. *He*, blind man! said I was making rude faces at my Aunt Jane, knowing nothing, of course, of the poetic frenzy that just then was filling my soul. And my mother—bless her innocent heart!—chided me often for evading the family hairdresser when he came to cut our hair on the premises the first Saturday in every month. But I held faithfully to my purpose, and poured out my heart in the privacy of my own bed-room, unregarded save by the cold eye of the faithless moon—to whom the majority of my earlier odes were addressed—and by an uncanny black cat, which I found on one occasion lapping with intense relish from the pomatum-pot in which I surreptitiously kept my ink.

I do not propose to describe in detail how at last my great gift was revealed to the world. Of course the time came, as it was bound to come, when the

yearning for a human audience for my soul's impassioned utterances waxed too strong to be repressed. The black cat, after listening stolidly for years to my nocturnal outpourings, suddenly rushed off one night with a weird caterwaul whilst I was in the middle of an unusually powerful apostrophe addressed to the "Gin Fiend" (suggested by the summary dismissal of our plain cook that day for secret drinking), and never returned to my window-sill again. By a strange coincidence there was no moon on the night to which I refer; and in the absence of both my old friends, I was impelled by an involuntary though irresistible impulse I would have gladly overcome to go and knock up my father, that he might hear the conclusion of my perfervid lines.

I shall never forget my mingled feelings of ecstasy and fear when, in answer to a naturally impatient "Who's there at this time of night?" I replied,

"Oh, if you please, father, it is I, Frederic Adolphus, and I wish to recite to you the latter portion of my lines to the Gin Fiend!"

My male parent, always practical—too practical, it has often seemed to me, for a poet's papa—did not catch at the chance thus offered him of realizing a son's genius. The gist of his answer was, in fact, that my invocation of the power of darkness already named would surely keep till the morning. Fancy poetry keeping, as though it were fresh milk or new-laid eggs!

In the end, after the keyhole had served to convey other and harsher words to my ear, I left the door-mat on which I had been shivering, with the Gin Fiend's dithyrambics, or the greater part of them, still weighing heavily upon my soul, and sought my ink-stained couch.

But not to sleep! It was well, in sooth, my Aunt Jane was not in my chamber, for my eye must have rolled that night as it had never rolled before; but

with the morning light came calm, for the die was cast, the Rubicon was crossed, and I had made my mind up to announce my mission to the world.

When, therefore, my father after breakfast called me to him, and asked me how long I had taken to walking in my sleep, and what I meant by the gibberish I had talked, I could in my most respectful but reserved manner refer him to the "Poet's Corner" of the next issue of the *Muddleton Mercury* for an explanation.

Yes, it had come to that! Burning with a sense of injured pride, I had risen early and rushed off to the editor of the local journal with a biscuit-tin full of my favourite poems, and in a few eager sentences, broken with emotion, laid them at his feet.

To his everlasting shame, I have to record here that he did not rise to the occasion. On the contrary, he descended!—yes, positively stooped to discuss sordid business details, and made me pay for six copies of the next *Mercury* in advance, before he would agree to allow me to address the Gin Fiend through the medium of its columns.

I paid him out, though, ere I slept, in six bitter stanzas, beginning—

"Beware, thou venal huckster, thou
That dar'st to seam the poet's brow!"

though, as he inserted these also the following week on the usual terms (six prepaid copies of the paper), I fear the iron of my wrath did not enter into his soul as deeply as I had intended.

I only refer to the *Muddleton Mercury* and its sordid editor, however, as marking an important epoch in my life. In the "Poet's Corner" of that print I poured out my soul for nearly three years, until, in fact, it ceased to appear. It must evidently have been dying when I first put into it my burning thoughts and galvanized it into fresh life. It says much, I think, for the vitality of my poems that I kept it alive so long.

That odious fellow Chiffney, on the other hand, declares that he can't make out, for the life of him, why my attempts did not kill it sooner. But Chiffney, as I have said, is a rival, whom, let me repeat, I hate and despise. And with good reason too, for to Chiffney I owe the shipwreck of my life's hopes.

But for him I might now have been rivalling the Laureate himself in popularity; my poems might have been on every table, instead of—(down, down, foolish, emotional flutterer, down! the truth must and shall be told!)—on every butter-shop counter; and my name, Adolphus Frederic Whiffin, might have been inscribed on England's bed-roll of fame and glory!

I am still a poet, it is true! No one, nay, not the sinister Chiffney himself, can snatch from me my birthright, or dare to stay my rolling eye. I defy the proudest in this land of ours to bring my back hair beneath the barber's scissors, or to tamper with my cape or collar. My bed linen is now my own, and I ink it at my own sweet will, none daring to make me afraid. I find strange satisfaction too in allowing my finger-nails to grow, and in the thought that there is no theatrical lessee in this great city who has not during the past few years received and promptly lost a five act tragedy of mine in blank verse. It is something too to be the producer and possessor of two portmanteaux and a long-drawer full of unpublished poems.

It is something too—ay, it is a great deal—to have an old Uncle Silas, so poor and so meek that he is glad to come to take an early cup of tea with me every week, though afterwards he has to remain awake in an arm-chair and listen to poems varying according to my mood, till he is fetched by his landlady's son at ten sharp.

Chiffney, to be sure, tells everybody that it would have killed the old chap months ago, had it not been that he is providentially deaf; but I have more than once told you what I think of Chiffney.

Well, all the above things are consolatory as far as they go; but I must candidly confess that that is not very far. I feel, for one thing, that it is horribly selfish of Uncle Silas and me to sit and enjoy my poetical masterpieces alone week after week. It is true I have left all my poems, and the portmanteaux and chest of drawers in which they are, to the British Museum; but it by no means follows, I fear, that the trustees will carry out my wishes, and exhibit the original MS. of my great poem on the "Fallacy of Fame" (unpublished) in the glass case contain-

ing Magna Charta, "Paradise Lost," and the death warrant of King Charles I.

But even if my posthumous popularity was assured, it would be much pleasanter, not to say more profitable, had it been secured by me in the flesh. I am not sordid, thank goodness! but I certainly think it would have been nice to have magazine editors eager to give me gold for every line I write. Nor should I have spurned the more sentimental aspects of renown, which would have made my semi-detached villa a shrine dear to tourists and disciples of my special poetic cult. I will even admit that there was a time when I looked forward to the realization of such fame as this, and actually planted my front garden with specially hardy evergreens that would stand rough usage, and even survive whittling at the hands of enthusiastic Americans anxious to carry off relics of a great poet's home.

But Chiffney, as I have more than once hinted, has blasted my hopes of contemporary fame; and I am anxious to ease my stricken spirit by telling you how he did it.

I have stated that he too claims to be a climber of Parnassus, if, indeed, a comic poet can be said to mount its slopes. For myself, I despise all comic poets, and Chiffney most of all, as the British Museum authorities will find if they only go conscientiously through the contents of the portmanteau marked "NO. II.—SATIRES AND APOLOGUES." From the early days when his ribald and jesting rhymes jostled my soul's outbursts in the "Poet's Corner" of the *Muddleton Mercury* has Chiffney crossed my path. It is true I poured out the bitterness of my spirit upon him in the first instance in a series of twelve sonnets, printed for private circulation; but in that I did but follow the promptings of my higher nature. For him to take it up as a personal matter was absurd. As well, as I told him in a supplementary sonnet, might the worm protest against the boot-heel that grinds it into the dust, or the flea object to the avenging thumb-nail.

But Chiffney had no soul to rise to this view of the relations between us, and he actually took exception to my poetic excursions, as though, forsooth, he could control my pinions, or attempt to direct their flight. In vain I reasoned with him in a special ode, commencing,

"Insensate Chiffney! malice still to bear!
Stick to thy comic rhyming, and beware!"

This, in fact, only made matters worse; and having sent me a ribald post-card assuring me he would be revenged, Chiffney set himself to perfect the plan that has wrecked my hopes of gold and glory this side the grave.

To show you his spiteful malice in all its heinous deformity, I must go back to the month of March, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight. It was a season fraught with the deepest anxiety for me, for then it was that, after numerous vicissitudes, my first volume of poems was to see the light of day. I will not go into the terms on which I had arranged with my publishers to produce it. I must say, however, to their eternal disgrace, that they failed to rise to the occasion as I could have hoped. It was to no purpose that I promised, on certain conditions, to immortalize them in a poem specially added; and it was with equal lack of success I threatened to hand them down to everlasting opprobrium in a modern "Dunciad." They stuck to their terms, which were hard ones, the result being that I had far more than an ordinary interest in my literary bantling—had, in fact, a considerable portion of my small capital in it as well.

But I will come to the morning of publication. Preliminary difficulties had been overcome, my publishers' prejudice as to the propriety of using the Laureate's green cloth for the binding of my book included; and I had been allowed to feast my eyes on 500 copies of

A SOUL ON THE TENTER-HOOKS, *And other Poems,*

BY

ADOLPHUS FREDERIC WHIFFIN,

as they stood stacked in their verdant newness ready for the morning's rush. Then I had gone to my home, and spent the livelong night in pouring out my agitated soul in a blank verse soliloquy.

But in the meantime I had not neglected practical measures for insuring the success of my book. Soon as the morning broke I had arranged for my Uncle Silas to start, accompanied by his landlord's son, in "a growler," regardless of expense, on a tour

embracing all the West-End book-shops. Alighting at each emporium, my aged relative was to inquire in earnest accents for a copy of "A Soul on Tenter-Hooks, and other Poems," at the same time putting down a sovereign on the counter. On being told that the book was not in stock, Uncle S. was to mutter "Dear me! dear me! how very provoking!" and taking up the sovereign, to begin to hobble from the shop. On this the landlord's son, who had also been coached by me, was to chime in with a "Perhaps you could get a copy for the old gentleman by the afternoon," and, without committing himself to call for it, or pay in advance, to leave the shopkeeper with the impression that it would be as well to order the book.

I myself had arranged to inquire for it hurriedly at all the London bookstalls just as a train was starting, and then rush off, shouting out that I would ask for it when I returned the next day. My landlady too, on condition that I wrote out the name of the book on a piece of paper, and did not ring for her whilst she was gone, allowed her servant to go round to all the Kennington and Walworth book-shops in the evening.

In these and many other ways I hoped to stimulate the trade, in their own interest, to take up a volume that I felt was bound to be a success; and was with a sanguine heart that I called on my publishers the next day to see how the work was going off. I was prepared for good news, too, I admit, but not for the glad tidings that met my ear.

"A Soul on the Tenter-Hooks?" returned the senior partner inquiringly to my query, as though in the magnitude of the firm's business he had already forgotten what book it was. "Let me see: it was a cookery book, wasn't it?"

When I had indignantly explained what it really was (which, of course, he very well knew), he held a muffled conversation through a pipe with a subordinate, and then turning to me, said, "Well, sir, you'll be pleased to hear, first five hundred copies of 'Tenter-Hooks' are all gone, and that we have put another thousand in sheets in the binder's hands. At this rate, sir, you will soon begin to make a little profit."

I was too full of joy to answer him. Five hundred

copies gone already! Why, that was a Tennysonian *coup*! a Swinburnian stroke of business! and my brain reeled as I realized the fact. Profit! what cared I for that? It was fame, however—glory, I saw awaiting me in the distance; and, full of wild dreams of future greatness, I rushed speechless from my publishers' premises.

No thought of Chiffney obtruded at that ecstatic moment! Not once did his threats of vengeance recur! I could, in fact, have shaken hands with a thousand Chiffneys in the fulness of my heart at the time. I was overflowing with love to the human race generally; and grateful to my Uncle Silas in the hour of triumph for a victory due, at least in part, I felt, to his good aid, I went into the first hosier's shop I came to and bought him some silk bandannas, knowing they would be acceptable to him, as he suffered from a chronic influenza.

It was in Fleet Street that I effected the purchase, and coming out of the shop, scarcely knowing whether I was on my head or my heels, I found myself turning instinctively to look at the contents of an old bookstall which was next door. In front of this shop, as is often the case in London, was a series of big boxes, in which miscellaneous volumes, thrown there higgledy-piggledy, were marked up, "ALL THESE BOOKS AT 6d.," or 4d., or 3d., or 2d., as the case might be.

I shall never know, I suppose, what led me to turn directly to the box over which was seen the legend,

"ALL THESE BOOKS AT 2d.!"

But turn to it I did; and with my habitual curiosity, although in an unusually absent spirit, I began to toss over the contents of this cut-down tea-chest. They were of the ordinary character, just what from long experience I expected to find—a back number or two of the *Cornhill* with the pictures abstracted; an odd volume of "Blair's Village Sermons," paper boards; a "Continental Bradshaw" for July, 1869; a few political pamphlets of ancient date; some old Books of the Play; a stray part of "Cassell's Bible;" a Guide to Clackton-on-Sea, and other miscellaneous odds and ends of a second-hand book-shop.

I have not yet mentioned, I think, that my sight is bad—injured, I may add, by persistent con-

temptation of the moon in my younger days ; but such is the fact ; and my examination of the book-box was, therefore, a protracted and elaborate operation. But time was just then no object to me, nor money either, for I saw a golden vista ahead, only bounded by the 50th edition of my new work ; and I had lavishly selected five twopenny volumes for purchase, and, regardless of expense, was seeking a sixth to make up the shilling, when I came upon a book of such spick-and-span appearance that I felt it must have got into the box by mistake.

That, however, is no business of mine, thought I to myself, as I brought the volume closer to my eyes for examination,—a reflection that I had summary reason to alter when, a moment later, I opened the cover, and read all too plainly on the title-page,

A SOUL ON THE TENTER-HOOKS,

And other Poems,

BY

ADOLPHUS FREDERIC WHIFFIN,

Author of *Midnight Yearnings*; *Wails of Woe*;
A Stableful of Nightmares, &c. (unpublished).

My eyes, as I have stated, are not so good as they might be, and I had, I thought, some reason, therefore, for refusing to believe them when they told me such an unaccountable story as this.

"It is all a mistake!" I muttered, "a wild freak of an overwrought brain!" and then looking about me, and remarking an intelligent member of the police closely watching me, for I had in my excitement crammed the five selected volumes into my coat-tail pockets, I beckoned him to me.

"Sergeant," I said, well knowing he was a private, but wishing to secure his friendly assistance, "kindly read me the title of this book, for my eyesight is bad, and I cannot quite make it out."

Holding up the title-page to him, I waited for his words as a felon hangs upon the lips of the foreman of the jury.

Each moment was to me as an age ; and as the constable leisurely took the bearings of the page before committing himself to speech, an eternity had seemingly passed before his harsh and unsympathetic voice fell upon my ears.

"Hay—So-ul—hon—the—Tender-'ooks," he began ; and I waited to hear no more.

"It is too ter-rue!" I wailed, adopting in my strong emotion the pronunciation of the tragic stage ; and snatching the book from the astonished policeman, I dashed into the shop, when I found the proprietor on his knees amongst a lot of books just in from a sale at Sotheby's.

In a moment I was on my knees at his side.

"Pardon me for this intrusion," I gasped, "but I thought it right to tell you that this new and valuable book of poems has got into your 'All-these-at-Twopence-!' box in mistake. I happen to know it was only published yesterday, and that nine shillings is the price."

Staring at me through his glasses, the bookseller took the volume, glanced at it contemptuously, as it seemed to me (I felt I could have had his blood as he did so), and then throwing it carelessly aside, and resuming his work, said coolly,

"Oh, no ! it's very kind of you to take all this trouble, but it's no mistake, thank you. Tuppence is the right price of the book, and the worth of it too, I dessay. At any rate, that's what I sell 'em at, and you can have as many 'Tenter-Hooks' as you like at the price."

I am a man of sudden impulses, as you have seen, and scarcely had that ruthless bookseller finished his reply than, struck by a fresh and maddening thought, I rushed from the shop, and running through what was left of Temple Bar, kept on at my top speed till I had reached the first second-hand book-shop in the narrow street now known as Bookseller's Row.

One glance in the "All-these-at-2d.!" box confirmed my hideous suspicion. There only too surely, conspicuous in its bright green cover, was, "A Soul on the Tenter-Hooks, and other Poems"! There was another old book-shop next door, and taking a step or two forward, I could there, too, see gazing at me like a basilisk the same vivid, verdant volume.

At the same moment two urchins went gaily by. "G'long," one was saying to the other, "d'yer see any green?" It was only a coincidence ; but such as it was, it proved the last straw ; and I fell fainting into the arms of a policeman, who, after bring-

ing me to with brandy at a cab stand, said it was his painful duty to hand me over to the City authorities for stealing five volumes, price 2*d.* each, from a book-shop in Fleet Street.



I was too far gone to fully comprehend my awkward position; and, when a considerate inspector at the police station kindly asked me to explain, I retorted with one hundred and fifty or so of the bitterest lines of my somewhat lengthy satire on the "Hollowness of Hope," which I delivered so wildly that it was deemed prudent to let me complete my recitation in the padded cell, and to send for the divisional surgeon without delay.

Fortunately for me, he turned out to be the medical attendant of my Uncle Silas, whom I had often met at my aged relative's rooms in Brook Street, Holborn; and he so far interested himself in my case as to soon secure my liberation.

I promptly hastened to continue my crushing though soul-absorbing quest; and hiring a "growler" (taken by time), I visited, during the next two hours, at least a score of old book-shops between Islington Green and Oxford Circus. Wherever I found the boxes outside, there, only too surely, was my book; though, as I neared the West-end, I found some slight consolation in the fact that it was classed with the "All these at 4*d.*" lot.

How it had come into such a place at all, however, was a mystery that still baffled my soul as I alighted at a shop in Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road, where my eye had been caught by the now-familiar patch of verdant colour. But, as I stood verifying its identity, a voice, only too well known, fell upon my ear.

"If you'd like another dozen of those 'Tenter-Hooks' at ninepence," the voice was saying, "you can have them. I wan't to clear out the rubbish without delay."

Ere the bookseller could answer, I had sprung into the shop, exclaiming, "Viper! It's you, then who have crossed my path!"

"Why, good gracious me!" cried Chiffney—for need I say his was the treacherous voice I heard?—"it's Whiffin!" Then, recovering his composure, he added, "I say, old man, how goes the bookish?"

"Crocodile!" was not the most effective rejoinder in the world to make, but it was all I could then hiss.

"So ho, Whiffy! So ho, then!" retorted my imperturbable foe. "Why, I've been your best customer. I've spent a little fortune on your 'Tenter-Hooks,' I can tell you. Still, I owed you one; and now we're quits. So ta-ta, old man; and let me hear when your second edition is ready."

With that my triumphant rival coolly walked out, leaving me speechless and well-nigh foaming at the mouth.

I did not go to any more old book-shops, for I knew enough of Chiffney to be sure his revenge had been complete; but I went home, and poured out my soul in a tragic ode that will now, alas! never be published, unless, indeed, the British Museum trustees are moved to do me posthumous honours.

Of course, not another copy of my book was ordered from the publishers. The public, seeing a brand-new volume of poems in an "All these at 2*d.*" box, naturally drew its own conclusions, which were not favourable to the work. As a matter of fact, even at 2*d.* it still hangs on hand, as I am only too frequently reminded when I take my walks abroad.

To this day I am paying, by weekly instalments, the cost of binding the one thousand copies, so hastily put in hand on the strength of Chiffney's large order.

And yet I am as far from fame as ever!

AGLEN A. DOWTY.

THE PEW-OPENER'S RING.

I.

THIS story begins where most stories end.

The marriage service, from "Dearly beloved" straight through to "amazement," had been duly celebrated. Pretty Miss Mary Anne Brown-Jones had become the lawful wedded wife of good-looking Mr. John Robinson. A vicar had blessed their union; a curate, with his hair nicely parted down the middle, had smiled approval of it; the bride had blushed and trembled; the bridegroom had exhibited considerable nervousness, but not of an unmanly sort, the circumstances being taken into account; the bridesmaids, eight in number, had acquitted themselves admirably, grouped and posed themselves most picturesquely; old Brown-Jones, as became a fond father losing his only daughter, albeit he in such wise acquired a son-in-law—but then he did not particularly want a son-in-law—had shed tears freely: they trickled fast down his cheeks, and dripped copiously on to the many ridges of his ample white waistcoat; moreover, he had blown his nose so noisily as to be plainly audible even above the Wedding March appropriately boomed out by that other organ in the gallery of the church. The ceremony had been performed at Holloway—commonly pronounced Olloway. Old Brown-Jones resided in that suburb, his semi-detached abode bearing the inscription, "Rhododendron Villa." He rented also an office in Lower Thames Street. He was a timber merchant of credit and renown. He was indeed notoriously rich, and it was understood that his child would be one day possessed of a considerable fortune. The precise amount could not, of course, be stated: it was generally referred to as "a pretty penny." The marriage was one of affection, with yet what may be called a prudential side to it. Miss Brown-Jones had always thought Mr. Robinson "very nice," and Mr. Robinson had for some time steadily admired Miss Brown-Jones. The ground was thus sufficiently cleared for Love to spring up between them. Accordingly Love had

sprung up, striking tolerably deep root and outspreading strong branches, that like arms encircled and gathered the young couple together, gradually constraining them to be more and more near and dear to each other. Money was not exactly an object to Mr. Robinson; still, the fact of Miss Brown-Jones's "pretty penny" was certainly agreeable to him. He might have loved her had she been portionless; assuredly her wealth did not in the slightest degree diminish or obstruct his affection for her. But he had prospered in the City; he was the junior partner in a well-established firm of stockbrokers in Threadneedle Street. He had inherited a small patrimony, and his own merits and diligence had helped him to rise to his position of comfort and comparative affluence. He felt that he could afford to marry, and that the time had arrived when it behoved him to quit bachelorhood and enter the honourable state of matrimony. He was thirty-five; his figure was less slim than it had been, and his hair was thinning a little upon the crown of his head. So he chose Mary Anne Brown-Jones to be the partner of his home—and his life. She was not unwilling to be so chosen.

And now they were man and wife. The wedding breakfast was receiving the earnest attention of the guests; there was much jingling and clattering of silver, of glass, of china. There was a pleasant turmoil of conversation; champagne corks popped, and the wine fizzed and foamed and gurgled. A brass band on the pavement without discoursed much discordant and streperous music.

"I don't think I quite like your papa's champagne," said Jack Robinson to his Mary Anne.

"Well, dear, we needn't get our champagne from papa's wine merchant."

It was a simple speech, but it signified a good deal: adaptability, compliance, desire to consider her husband's tastes, separation from parental prejudice, &c. Mr. Robinson contemplated admiringly the comely, sweet, sympathetic face of his young

bride, and emptied his glass without further murmuring. He had been making wry faces over the wine a moment before.

II.

SUDDENLY the word of a waiter whispered huskily in Mr. Robinson's ear: "If you please, sir, there's a party in the 'all as wants pertickly to see you, and won't take no denial. A party by the name of Pontifex."

"Who? What? I can't see any one at such a time as this. It's absurd; it's impossible!"

"So I said, sir; but, being a female, she's 'ard to convince, as you can understand yourself, sir; and she says it's urgent, and she must see you in private, immediate and without fail; them was her very words; and she give the name of Pontifex."

"I don't know the name. I never heard of the name. I know nothing of her, nothing whatever. There must be some mistake."

A middle-aged party, sir, as wears black, sir, with a crape on her bonnet, and looks like a widder woman, sir, and seems most anxious, sir, and is that obstinate and persistent, as I never saw the like, sir; and nearly tore the tail of my coat off in her excitement; she did indeed, sir, if you'll believe me."

I tell you I can't possibly see her! she must wait or call again another day."

Most respectable party, no doubt, sir, but that worrying in her ways!"

Had you not better see her, John dearest?" interposed the bride; for the whispered conversation with the waiter had necessarily reached her ears, and roused her curiosity; moreover, her sympathies were touched. "It would perhaps be a kindness to see the poor woman, whoever she may be or whatever she may want; and I think this is a day to do kind things, of all days in the year."

After this amiable speech what could he do but follow the waiter from the room, and accord Mrs. Pontifex an interview? He rose from the table as quietly as he could, and trusted that his brief absence might not be noticed. But, of course, a bridegroom could not quit a wedding breakfast without some commotion being excited. It was additionally awkward, too, because, just at that moment some one

was about to push back his chair, pull down his wristbands, lean upon his knuckles, and in the most eloquent terms he could command, propose the health and happiness of the newly-wedded. Was the bridegroom ill? What was the matter? Was it the heat of the room? Did he feel faint? Was he overcome by his feelings? Was it the champagne? These were the questions that the guests put to each other. Then came a rumour that some one had insisted upon seeing him forthwith, had declined to leave the house without seeing him. A policeman? A sheriff's officer? No—much worse: a woman! Thereupon certain of the gentlemen interchanged significant winks; and certain of the ladies, glancing compassionately at the bride, murmured, "Poor thing!" Mrs. Robinson did not look in the least unhappy, however; she was employed upon the wing of a chicken, consuming it calmly and not without appetite.

III.

MR. ROBINSON found himself in the presence of a little old woman clothed in shabby black. She smiled and smirked, bobbed and curtseyed with much assiduity. Her face wore the withered, crinkled look of a winter apple; something about the shape and hue of her nose suggested an unripe mulberry; her eyes were like black currants, they were so round and jetty. To the bird creation, indeed, the fruity character of her countenance generally might have proved embarrassing and disappointing. That was Mr. Robinson's first notion about the little old woman; then came a second thought, that he had seen her before somewhere, that her face was not unfamiliar to him.

She rose from her seat as he entered the room. This was known usually as The Study, and was situated in the rear of Mr. Brown-Jones's villa; but little study of any kind ever occurred in the apartment, and it was now much crowded with the hats, shawls, and wrappers, sticks and umbrellas, of the wedding guests.

"Mrs. Pontifex?" began Mr. Robinson.

"Which right you are, Mr. Robinson," said the little woman, cheerily. "Pontifex being my name by marriage, though I was born a Smythers. But Pontifex, poor man! has been dead and gone this

many a long year : a most respectable man, I do assure you, Mr. Robinson ; in the veneering and cabinet-making business. Which I always knew when he was coming round the corner by the smell of the French polish. And knowing my name, sir, I may say as you know my business."

"Really, Mrs. Pontifex——"

"Well, sir, it's natural as gents should be flurried on their wedding mornings, and there's every excuse to be made for you, I'm sure, Mr. Robinson ; with a sweet young bride as might have been cut out of a pictur-book, and yourself in your blue body-coat, with your cheeks that red, and your 'air that curly, as you looked the moral image of the bridegrooms in the valentines. And it's a many weddings I've seen—likewise funerals ; but of course that's neither here nor there. But to come to the pint—and I know I'm detaining on you from your blessed young wife, as you'd naturally wish to be with at such a moment, of all others, Mr. Robinson. I've come for my ring."

"For your ring, Mrs. Pontifex?"

"For my ring, Mr. Robinson, as I lent you to slip upon the finger of your sweet young bride, and get lawfully married thereunto ; and may you never be set asunder therefrom—which is my fervid prayer. Amen !"

Then there fell upon Mr. Robinson something like a flood of light.

Mrs. Pontifex with perfect truth had spoken of the flurried state natural to bridegrooms upon their wedding mornings. Mr. Robinson was now conscious that he had been very much flurried. He had not been at all his own man, as people say. He had, indeed, been almost beside himself. He had felt most anxious, nervous, excited ; the sense that he was to be a sort of spectacle, an object to be stared at by innumerable eyes, the butt, possibly, for a good deal of conventional ridicule, oppressed and afflicted him ; and an idea that he had forgotten something haunted him painfully. He was of course well aware that the step in life he was taking was of most important character,—had even something momentous about it ; that heavy and great responsibilities were before him. He was something shy and self-conscious, as Englishmen are apt to be,

even when they are stockbrokers, supposing them to be placed in unusual positions. And then, without doubt, matrimony is an effervescing and intoxicating draught, with much fizzing and bubbling and bewilderment at the beginning, however there may be bitterness, and disappointment, and disagreement at the dregs. He was in some degree flushed and inebriated by the fact of his marriage, even before he had quaffed two glasses of old Brown-Jones's champagne at the wedding breakfast.

He remembered that he had remained in the vestry of the church some twenty minutes waiting the arrival of his bride. While in the vestry he had examined the wedding-ring he had safely brought with him in a snug corner of his white waistcoat. He had removed the silver-paper in which the plain gold ring had been wrapped. He was quitting the vestry to take up his proper position before the altar, carrying the ring in his hand, when, suddenly, it slipped through his agitated fingers, and fell with a tiny clash on to the bars of a grating in the paved aisle of the church ! For a moment the poor little ring seemed to tremble, as though trying to balance itself in an unsafe place ; then it vanished ! It had passed through the bars of the grating, and was lost in the vaults beneath the church !

Mr. Robinson was simply agonized. He was faint and sick, with cold perspiration glistening upon his face : it seemed to him at the moment that everything was whirling and swimming about him, and that the pavement was gliding from under his feet and trying to strike him on the head. He had, perhaps, never experienced sensations so strange and distressing since, as a boy, he had smoked, or tried to smoke, his first cigar.

A bony, shrivelled hand, very knobbed as to its joints, had come to his relief, and proffered him a well-worn wedding-ring, removed with difficulty from a rather gnarled finger. Mr. Robinson had married Mary Anne Brown-Jones with the ring tendered him by Mrs. Pontifex, the pew-opener.

And now Mrs. Pontifex had come for her ring. She demanded its return. It was not a gift, she averred ; no one could suppose for a moment that she had meant it to be a gift ; it was a loan simply.

Mr. Robinson said he would speak to Mrs. Robin-

son upon the subject. He was a married man, and he knew it. He was no longer of sole authority. Another must now share, at least, in his counsels and decisions. "Our general's wife is now the general"

Meantime he instructed the waiter to supply Mrs. Pontifex with champagne.

IV.

MR. ROBINSON'S return to the breakfast-table was received with a buzz of satisfaction. The guest who had prepared to propose the health of the bride and bridegroom now again cleared his voice, adjusted his wristbands, and bethought him of appropriate phrases. But Mr. Robinson became absorbed in whispered colloquy with his wife. The wedding guests relapsed into amazement and discontent.

"My dear, I couldn't do it; don't ask me. I couldn't do it for a moment."

But Mrs. Pontifex insists. She's the pew-opener, you understand; a widow—a thoroughly respectable woman."

"Yes, dear, I quite understand. Poor woman! I'm very sorry for her; but as she's a widow, perhaps she won't feel it so much. And—please don't ask me to, my dear; I couldn't give it up, I really couldn't. The ring one's married with is a sacred thing. I never mean to remove it from my finger for a single moment; I hope to wear it all my life, and to be buried with it still on my finger. If I were to give it up I should feel as though I had been divorced from you, John, dear, or had lost you, somehow. I don't in the least mind its being thin and worn and second-hand, as you say; no newer or heavier or costlier ring would be the same to me now as this ring of the pew-opener's. Go to her, John, dear, and tell her she can't possibly have it. Give her whatever she asks for it. Make terms with her, even to your last shilling, John, dear; but make her quite understand that I mean to keep her ring."

V.

A BRIDE'S wishes expressed at her wedding breakfast have all the force of law—and, for that matter, of equity also. Mr. Robinson found it no such easy matter, however, to deal with Mrs. Pontifex. The

waiter had liberally placed at her disposal a bottle of champagne. She had filled her glass and emptied it more than once. The wine had mollified her resolutions, but it had also confused her powers of judgment. She could with difficulty be brought to understand Mr. Robinson's proposal. For some time it seemed to her that his desire to purchase her wedding-ring involved anxiety also to possess her hand in marriage. Undeceived upon this point, and convinced at last that no intention to insult her existed on the part of any one—it had been hard indeed to enlighten and relieve her mind in this respect—she had fallen back upon the impossibility, as she alleged, of the absolute sale of her wedding-ring.



"Why," she declared, "the thought of such a thing is enough to bring Pontifex back out of his grave."

"Well," urged Mr. Robinson, "won't that tempt you?—that, and five pounds?" And he laid a crisp Bank of England note on the table.

"My ring! which Pontifex put on my finger five-and-forty years ago come next Michaelmas! For if you'll believe me, Mr. Robinson, we was married on a Michaelmas Day of all days in the year; and well I remembers the jokes as folks cut because of it: calling Pontifex a Michaelmas goose, and asking him about having his goose cooked, which hurt his feelings sore at the time, as naturally was calculated so to do. My ring! and Pontifex lying in Kensal Green, as you turn sharp round to the left going in

at the front gate, over against the hedge where the stinging-nettles grows so plentiful."

Mr. Robinson placed a sovereign on the bank note, and poured out another glass of champagne.

"My ring!" Mrs. Pontifex resumed. "Why, I declare I feel quite naked without it, and that ashamed I don't know how to speak of it. Such a mixture of feelings! Why, I don't seem to be neither spinster, nor wife, nor widow, with that ring gone from my 'and. For all the world it's a sort of marrying over again! Indeed, it almost seems to me at times, Mr. Robinson, if you'll excuse me, as if you was my second, poor dear Pontifex having been my first. The idea of it! A second husband at my time of life!"

"Pray get such a notion out of your head, Mrs. Pontifex," urged Mr. Robinson; and he produced another sovereign.

"It ain't the money, Mr. Robinson, if you'll believe me, but it's the idea of the thing. I couldn't do it."

"A little more champagne, Mrs. Pontifex."

"Not another drop, Mr. Robinson." But he filled her glass.

"And then there's that other ring, a brand-new one, which fell through the grating; it's quite at your service, Mrs. Pontifex, if you should chance to find it in the vault beneath the church."

"That's down among the dead men a-marrying the bodies below," said Mrs. Pontifex, with rather tipsy solemnity.

Mr. Robinson shivered. Mrs. Pontifex emptied her glass again. Presently she hiccupped, blinked, stared, then she shut her eyes; her head began to droop and nod; she was soon fast asleep. Mr. Robinson softly stole away, leaving the price of the ring, the bank note and the sovereigns, on the table before the sleeping pew-opener.

VI.

AN end comes to everything: even to wedding breakfasts, the making of speeches, the drinking of healths, the interchange of adieux. The old shoe had been thrown so skilfully as to hit the bridegroom a sharp thump between the shoulder-blades. Rice had been showered in absurd profusion upon the

departing couple. The newly married were comfortably settled among the cushions of a first-class railway carriage travelling to Folkestone. Thence on the morrow Mr. and Mrs. Robinson were to proceed by tidal steamer to Boulogne *en route* for Paris.

"You look tired, John, dearest," said the bride.

"I've rather a headache. The excitement, don't you know? And I've tasted champagne I liked better."

"The train rattles so. Don't you think if you were to take a little nap it would do you good?"

"I couldn't go to sleep on such an occasion—a bridal journey!—it would be monstrous. How the carriage rocks!" Mr. Robinson tried to read his newspaper. For he had bought a newspaper. He could not travel without a newspaper.

A scream from the engine! The train was rushing through a tunnel.

It was very odd. Surely Mr. Robinson had many other and much more pleasant things to think about: his young wife, his honeymoon, his wedded life, the happiness in store for him, &c. But—his thoughts would go back to Mrs. Pontifex and her ring. Somehow his mind seemed possessed almost to an insane degree by that subject. For many reasons he felt that he ought to bless the pew-opener for her opportune intervention upon his loss of the ring as he moved towards the altar. But he did not by any means bless her. Quite otherwise.

What had she said about looking upon him as her second spouse, the departed Pontifex having been her first? Suppose she were really to claim him for her husband? It was an absurd notion; but it was ghastly too. Suppose the question submitted to a court of law and a decision given in her favour. Only imagine the Judge-Ordinary pronouncing that he, John Robinson, was the legal husband, not of his adored Mary Anne, but of the dreadful Penelope Pontifex, pew-opener! He could not be certain, of course, that her name was actually Penelope: as a matter of fact he had not the slightest notion what her Christian name was; but in his eyes she was just the woman to be called Penelope.

And it was not a question of one ring merely. There was that other ring, the brand-new one, which the pew-opener had spoken of with grisly levity as

"down among the dead men a-marrying the bodies below." Suppose it had fallen upon one of the coffins in the vault beneath the aisle; suppose the coffin open; suppose it had by some extraordinary chance slipped on to the finger of a corpse! Mr. Robinson almost shrieked at the idea; he felt his blood curdling, his eyes starting from their sockets, his hair stiffly bristling up on end with terror. Suppose him married to a dead bride—dead many years ago!

Then he bethought him of the stories he had heard, the legends and poems he had read, the operas, plays, and pantomimes he had seen and known bearing upon the case. There was Don Juan, who invited the Commandatore to supper, and was carried below by the stone statue. Well, that did not apply particularly; but was there not another Don Juan who married a ghostly maiden, also to be carried below? And what about Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene? True, it was Alonzo who appeared in spectral and skeleton form, *with the worms creeping in and out*, and other terrors clothing him, who sat at the wedding, claimed Imogene as his bride, and finally bore her away to the tomb. But a skeleton bride would only be a slight modification of the theme.

Then what important parts rings played in such stories! He thought of the ring thrust by the freebooter Zampa upon the finger of the marble figure; and of that freebooter's horror afterwards when, looking for his captured bride, there emerged from the nuptial curtains the stern stone effigy, to cast its hard cold arms about him, and crush him in an icy embrace! He thought too of Armida, of Wagner's *Lannhäuser*, and of kindred productions. And he seemed to hear the rumbling, and the crashing, and the roaring of Wagner's orchestra: the screams of the violins, the blare of his trumpets, the thunder of his drums.

He turned to look at his wife. The train was still rushing noisily through the pitch-dark tunnel. The carriage was dimly lit by a starved and shivering oil lamp. Yes, his wife was beside him, happily,

in her trim travelling dress of Navy blue, velvet trimmed, her jaunty little beef-eater hat. Stay! Was it his wife?

She lifted her veil as he thus questioned himself. No; those were not the comely features of his Mary Anne; those were not her dove-soft eyes, her rosy lips, her pinky cheeks, her wavy affluent tresses; that was not her sweet Greek nose, her winning smile, her exquisite expression. He perceived—such a skeleton face as appeared at the fair Imogene's wedding? The stern, stone visage of Zampa's marble bride? No! but the winter-apple countenance of Mrs. Pontifex: her black currant eyes, her unripe mulberry nose! The ring he had accepted from her had made him her husband. He was married to the pew-opener! He was the second husband of her whose first husband had been the late Pontifex, eminent in the veneering and French polishing line of business. He was speeding on his honeymoon with Mrs. Pontifex for his bride!

He cried aloud.

* * * * *

VII.

MR. ROBINSON became sensible that his Mary Anne was gazing anxiously into his face.

"Do you know, John, dearest, that you've been asleep after all? and I'm afraid you've had bad dreams."

"Your papa's champagne," murmured Mr. Robinson. Her left hand was ungloved; he examined its third finger. A new wedding-ring encircled it! "It's hard sometimes," he said, meditatively, "to know where reality ends and unreality begins, and *vice versa*. 'It was a dream'"—he began humming that popular melody. "Mrs. Pontifex was a nightmare. 'Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls!'" he quoted; and he kissed his bride zealously.

"Please don't, John, dearest. A guard and three railway porters are looking on. You'd better see after our luggage."

The happy pair had arrived at Folkestone.

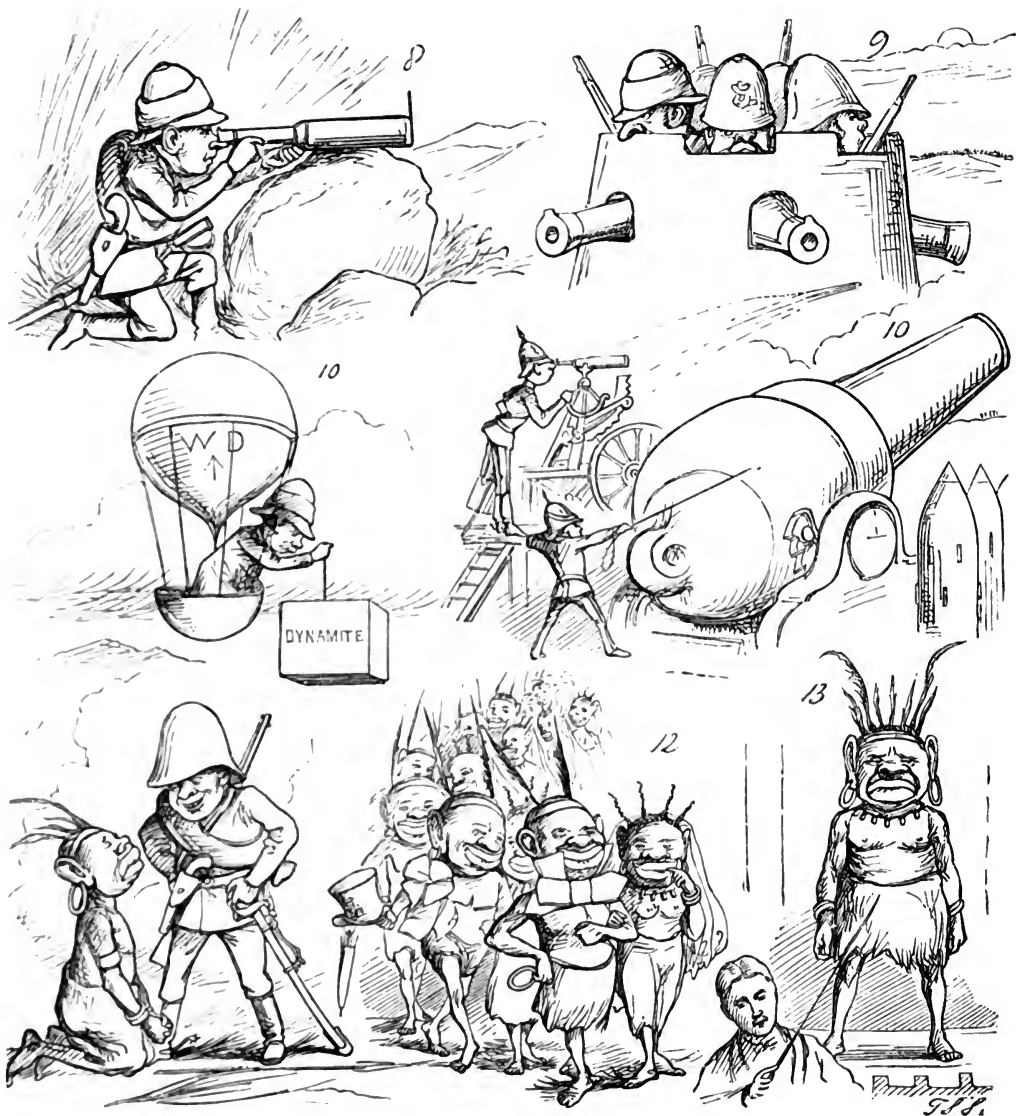
DUTTON COOK.

WAR IN BOOLOO-LAND.



1. Our colony is a prosperous one.—2. But our neighbour Quashimaribo of Boori-Boooloo is a standing menace.—3. He trains his young men to arms from their youth,—4. Refuses them permission to marry on attaining years of discretion,—5. Allows them to lift our live stock,—6. And insults our national honour;—7. Therefore we declare war, and cross the frontier to the tune of the "British Grenadiers."

WAR IN BOOLOO-LAND.



8. Knowing the enemy to have a wily method of fighting, we proceed with caution,—9. Secure our positions with care,—10. And by bringing the appliances of science to bear upon the foe,—11. Reduce them to submission.—12. Peace is followed by universal harmony in Booroo-land,—13. And by exhibiting Quashmaribo at sixpence a head, we recover the expenses of the war.

MY BOOKS.



MY books! my friends, my dear companions all!

My never-failing—
ever true and fair!
There standing round,
come ready to my call,

And talk, and sing,
and tell their wonders rare.

If I am sad, they give
me joyous song;

Or if I wish for sombre talk the while,
My friend is there, and will for short or long,
Just as I please, the ling'ring hour beguile.
With them at ease I play the conjuror's part,—
They bring for me the stores of other times,—
Oh, rare the grace!—oh, rare the cunning art
That stirs the sluggish heart with ringing rhymes!

I see the warrior lift his banner high;
The troops march gaily through the busy town;
Methinks I hear the trembling maiden sigh
As her true knight goes forth to seek renown.
King Arthur, with his gallants brave and good,
Comes forth, the dauntless flower of chivalry;
And there be priests in monkish garb and hood,
As well as motley fools of revelry.
I see from castle wall the banners wave,
The host arrayed in line of battle stand;
I hear the warriors shout, "Godfrey the brave!"
Then fight, and die for love of Holy Land.

By walls of Troy I see the valiant Greek,
Brave Ajax, and the mighty Hector there;
In fancy hear the aged Priam speak,
And see fair Helen with the golden hair;

The warlike braves in single combat stand,
The ponderous spear each doughty hero hurled.
Now Dante takes fair Beatrice by the hand,
And shows the myst'ries of another world.

The pensive Tasso with his blighted love,
His prison, poverty, and laurel crown,
The lustre of his fame, that towers above
The tyrant prince that dared to beat him down.
Sweet scenes of peace! here in my native land
These loving friends will each a posie bring,
With wooing words they take my ready hand,
And lead where meadows smile and brooklets
sing;
Where scented flowers cling round the cottage home,
Sweet new-mown hay, and fields of ripening corn,
The broad smooth lake, the gorge where waters
foam,
The shady grove, or by the scented thorn.

With them I journey over land and sea,
O'er rugged wild or by the sandy shore;
Now o'er the heathered hill with boyish glee,
Or on the grassy bank read magic lore:
I see the fairies in the woody dells,
I join their midnight revels on the green;
The tower where the Enchanted Princess dwells,
Embowered in a blaze of golden sheen.
With them I travel o'er the arid plain,
And wander where the palm and plantain grow,
Through citron groves, or vine-clad summit gain,
Climb mountains clad with thousand years of snow,
The heathy moor, and o'er the high hill-top,
And seem to breathe the cold crisp frosty air,
As from the lofty Alpine icy slope
I see the fertile valleys stretching there.
And still, again, I sail the sunny wave,
I hear the gentle ripple on the shore,
Or on the deck the wildest storm will brave,
Again I hear the blazing mountain roar;

'Mong lofty pines, or where the olives grow ;
 Through far-off lands with Livingstone I roam,
 Or loiter where the mighty rivers flow,
 While sitting in my easy chair at home.
 There is no land in all the world we know,
 There is no mighty lake or frozen sea,
 No hidden depth where foot of man can go,
 But my true friends will find and show to me

And as for fun ! oh, yes, there's lots of fun,
 And jokes that rollick like a group of boys
 Out fresh from school, to have a merry run,
 Or young girls happy with their baby toys ;
 They make me laugh as merry as a child—
 These joyous friends that I can best recall,
 That weary hours with me have oft beguiled,
 Immortal HOOD the rarest of them all.

Or some will sing, and some will tell a tale,
 A simple story full of jocund glee,
 And anecdote with point that cannot fail
 To cheer the heart with sound hilarity ;

Kind jovial friends that merry songs can sing,
 Or with a touch of pathos bring the tear ;
 Anon I hear the wedding bells out ring,
 And now for gallant deeds the ringing cheer.

Here true they stand, the many great and good,
 The fairest names the world can ever tell ;
 For some like gold the test of time have stood,
 And some !—Oh, there be "maidens fair" as well,
 That take a foremost place amid the true,—
 Good trusty friends there loitering by the wall ;
 Here Art and Poetry and Science too,
 With Travellers that come whene'er I call.

When day is done, with all its toil and care,
 The time that busy men together strove,
 My friends come forth the quiet hour to share,—
 The friends I trust, and trusting best I love ;
 Here motley fool may preach a sermon true,
 Or sombre garb may tell a merry tale ;
 Here by the fire where these warm friendships grew
 They talk to me—the friends that never fail.

GEORGE DALZIEL.

A LITTLE MISAPPREHENSION.

MISS ELEANOR DIMSEY was an unmarried lady who lived in genteel apartments and a country town. She was tallish, thin, wore corkscrew curls, and had a pointed nose, which seemed to grow sharper and sharper every year ; whilst as for her age, she was "getting on," a fact that certainly did not entail the prospect of her "getting off"—from a matrimonial point of view, of course. Still, she never abandoned the long-cherished hope of securing some one or other for a husband at last, and any possible suitor always commanded her best attentions.

Amongst the gentlemen of her acquaintance was one Mr. Thomas Broom, a well-to-do widower, with a very bald pate and bushy beard, which gave the impression that his abundant locks must have somehow slidden over the side of his head—it looked so

slippery. His wife had been quite intimate with our singly-blessed Eleanor, mainly through the sympathetic medium of parish work ; and when she died, now about a year ago, Miss Dimsey was unremitting in her efforts to soothe the sorrow of the bereaved spouse, and by numberless little assiduities had so far overcome his natural shyness that she really began to entertain a definite idea of waking up some fine morning as the second Mrs. B.

Imbued with such sentiments, therefore, it is small wonder that she felt a flutter of excitement as she saw him one December day walking up the front door steps to pay her a call (a thing that had happened more than once before), or that her heart distinctly went pit-a-pat when he took a chair rather closer to her than necessary. She herself was sitting beside the fire, employed in knitting one of those

useful but unornamental garments which are thankfully received by Sunday-school children, and in the manufacture of which she was a great proficient; and as she occasionally (not to say frequently) looked up from her work to dart strategic glances at her visitor, it occurred to her mind that perhaps he only wanted a little kindly encouragement to make her a proposal at that very interview.

After a few conventional remarks as to their respective healths and the inclemency of the weather, there was a slight pause in the conversation, so Miss Dimsey considerably fired off a couple of her very best Cupid-tipped shafts—one from each eye—which she fancied must have made a hit, for the target seemed embarrassed, and presently observed,—

"It's an unusual thing for me, but, d'you know, I'm beginning to feel it very cold at home."

"Ah!" sighed the lady, with downcast look, "the lonely heart is ever cold!"

In response, apparently, to this poetical statement, Mr. Broom drew his chair still closer, and continued, with some diffidence,—

"Miss Dimsey, I—I want to ask you a question, a particular question, and—and I hope you won't think I'm making too—too bold."

And she—exulting within herself "Victory at last!"—said, with an air of chastened surprise,—

"Dear me, Mr. Broom! what *can* it be all about?"

"I—I know you to be a lady of—of—of many accomplishments, and—and I especially have noticed your skill in this." And he pointed to the work she held in her hand.

"Indeed!" answered Eleanor, smiling gently, and insidiously letting fly just one more double-barrelled discharge—to make sure.

"It's a fact," proceeded this eligible man; "and I know—how—how—how kind, how—how good-natured you can be in devoting your—your ability to the service of others."

"My *dear* Mr. Broom, you flatter me," rejoined Miss Dimsey, at the same time flattering herself that her countless manœuvres were at length about to reap a triumphant reward.

"Not at all," answered he earnestly, "or I wouldn't say what I'm going to." (Here a maidenly blush

very nearly succeeded in suffusing itself over the lady's countenance.) "Now, Miss Dimsey, I wouldn't impose upon your good-nature for worlds, but—but don't you think you could make me a good——"

"I'm sure of it!" she eagerly replied, adding, in a subdued tone, "D.V., as good as the dear creature that has gone."

"She never tried, poor thing," said the widower.

"Ah! so people used to make out; but I never would believe them," said the spinster; and she turned her head aside (though in his direction), till one tight little row of curls hung down from their roots at an angle of forty-five degrees.

Instead of saluting her as she anticipated, however, Mr. Broom remained bolt upright, and went on.

"People should mind their own business! But—but I didn't feel the want then, as—as I do now. So, as I began to say before, my dear Miss Dimsey, don't you think you could make me a good, warm——"

"Yes, yes, dear Thomas, indeed I will—for ever, till death do us part!" And unable to restrain herself any longer, Miss Dimsey flung her arms passionately around the elderly lover's neck, and imprinted upon his cheek a violent kiss.

Unhappily, this proceeding was not at all reciprocated by dear Thomas; on the contrary, it clearly exceeded his expectations, for he recoiled from her embrace with most ungallant speed, and his beard seemed positively to stand on end as he exclaimed,—

"Good gracious madam! what *does* this mean?"

"Why," she panted, "I certainly understood you to say——"

"You never let me finish my sentence!"

"But didn't you," argued poor Miss Dimsey, agitated by the most supremely conflicting emotions, "didn't you really intend to ask me if I would make you a good, warm, loving wife?"

"No, ma'am, certainly not! but a *good, warm, comfortable waistcoat, if I found the wool!*"

* * * * *

Eleanor Dimsey, spinster, is still on the look-out.

JOHN NORMAN.

THE ILLUSTRATED POETS.



"For such a guest is MEAT."
—SHAKESPEARE.



"With staggering steps and reeling brain,
They scarcely could the postern gain."
—SCOTT.



"The kites know well
The Long Stern Swell."
—MACAULAY.



"Oh, *buy* his cockle hat and staff, and *buy* his sandal shoon."
—BISHOP PERCY.



"For who would rob the Hermit of his WEEDS?"
—MILTON.



"Beginning to faint in the *tight* that she loves."
—TENNYSON

THE STULTIFICATION OF KARL BLITZENBUST.

A True Story.

I.

FRANZ COUNT VON SCHAFFS-KOPF sat in the gilded saloon of his castle. A cup of coffee, a rasher of bacon, and a plate of saurkraut were upon the table, but these delicacies remained untasted, for the young nobleman's heart was too busily engaged elsewhere. A pile of letters lay before him. He had read them with a scornful smile upon his handsome face, and now, as he concluded the last, he laughed bitterly, crushed them together, and cast them upon the fire.

"Paternal and maternal grandparents," he exclaimed, "rich and aged aunts, influential uncles, and all from whom a youth of unblemished reputation and a sufficient income might reasonably expect legacies and social advancement, I despise your admonitions, and thus do I terminate our mutual communications! I scorn your assistance, for I can do without it. I refuse to marry the girl of your choice. The rich, the high-born, somewhat bandy heiress, is not for me. Beauty and simple worth are the only attributes of her I love, yet these I prefer to the riches of Golconda. Ah, Carolina!" he added, drawing a miniature from his bosom and pressing it to his lips, "little do you know the sacrifice I am about to make in marrying you; but you shall, dear maid. But for thee I might have been an equerry of the marine forces, or I don't know what all."

At this moment a servant in gorgeous livery announced a visitor, Karl Blitzenbust.

"Show up the worthy youth," said the Count, adding with an amiable smile as the servant withdrew, "What is there to show up in Karl which is not admirable?"

The next moment Karl Blitzenbust entered the apartment, and the friends embraced; for though Karl was but an innkeeper, the young Count was too appreciative of his moral excellence to recognize their social distinction much.

"How fares it with you, meritorious Blitzenbust?" asked Franz, kindly, as he recovered from the embrace.

"As well as can be expected, noble Franz. I am too honest to be prosperous in these times. I rise early, work hard, and seldom go to bed. Toiling for nothing, I am content to sell a really good and genuine article for half the price it costs, and gladly carry it home when my customers' strength fails. With my scanty earnings I cheerfully pay my way, and what remains I give anonymously to the poor."

"Generous Karl, thou art indeed worthy of my friendship. But think you it is right to work so hard?"

"I sometimes doubt it. For when looking around me I see thousands unable to procure work, I ask myself if it were not better to retire and give some one else a chance."

"Unsophisticated Blitzenbust! I could scarcely believe such fine feelings possible, were it not that the same sentiments dwell in my own breast."

"Is it possible?"

"Nay, I will prove it." As he spoke the Count rose, and crossing the room, opened an elaborately carved scrutoire. Bags of gold in rows were displayed to Karl's astonished eyes; but his wonder increased when von Schaffs-Kopf, touching a secret spring, caused a dozen drawers to fly open, each filled with diamonds, rubies, blood-alleys, and other precious stones. "All that you see here is mine, but this is as a drop in the ocean compared with the sum I should possess were I to marry as my relatives desire. I scorn to comply with their wishes, and I have irretrievably alienated myself from my grandparents, rich aunts, and influential uncles, for the sake of the girl I love and intend to wed—a maiden beautiful and pure as this spoon of German silver—but impecunious to the last degree. Say, am I not generous?"

"You are indeed! It moves me to tears to find

another so unselfish in the gratification of his own desires. Respected friend, tell me the maiden's name."

"It is the village beauty, the orphan Carolina."
"Carolina!"

"You are astonished at my selection of a bride so lowly; but why those clenched hands, those starting eyeballs, those knitted brows, and grinding teeth? You feel unwell: will you take anything?"

"Won't I!" muttered Karl aside, between his closed teeth, glancing at the displayed riches.

"A little water and some salts?" suggested the Count.

"No, no! I shall be better soon. Your kindness is of the overpowering sort: generosity exercised on the behalf of another always effects me thus. Never mind the salts."

"You wish me joy, honest Karl?"

"I wish you joy; but that is not the word for what I fancy you will ere long experience."

"True. Ecstasy—delirium will be mine when I see Carolina!"

"When you get her," gasped Karl.

The friends again embraced and separated.

II.

THAT very day Franz Count von Schafs-Kopf sought the village beauty.

When it is said she was beautiful, it will be understood that her eyes were blue, her teeth pearls, her lips coral, and her nose *retroussé*. Her black and well-oiled hair was dressed in the becoming fashion of sixty years ago. It was bandolined in flat wreaths over her brows, and fastened up over the ears, whence it projected in bunches of short ringlets. Her high forehead was crossed by a simple band of black velvet, decorated in the centre with a pendant pearl. Her dress consisted of a laced bodice with bell sleeves, and a skirt of pink flannel, which descended almost to her ankles. She wore mittens, and heelless shoes, which were fastened by ribbon sandals tied in symmetrical bows. She sat at her loom spinning, but, seeing the Count draw near, she desisted, and tucked her feet under her chair with a modest blush.

"Lovely maiden," said Franz, removing his hat

and making a leg, "you must have been aware for some time past that I regard you with no common interest. Five times, and sometimes six, every day have I passed you, and on each occasion bestowed a languishing glance upon your beauteous countenance. In a word, I adore you. Say, oh, say you will be mine." He knelt gracefully as he concluded.

"Sir," responded the beauteous Carolina, "I am virtuous; likewise I am poor."

"I know it. But I have gold, and my intentions are strictly honourable."

"Then I will not attempt to conceal the fact that I reciprocate your passion. But as an unprotected orphan I must be convinced that you are not larking with me. Before I believe you I must know that what you say with respect to the gold is true; and then it will be but right that you should put your offer in black and white."

"Your stipulation, sweet girl, does honour to your unsuspecting nature. If there is any female of advanced years who can accompany you, I shall be glad to show you my wealth at once, and the notary shall make out a legal agreement to-morrow morning."

"This, sir," replied Carolina, "indeed, has the appearance of business, and if you will allow me to substitute for the female of advanced years a person more competent to defend me in the moment of peril, I will accept your offer without delay."

"Your commendable prudence is what might be expected in one so young and innocent. Pray make your choice of a companion."

"Honest Karl Blitzenbust is reported powerful and the friend of virtue."

"He is respected by me; but will you give me your reason for selecting him?"

"Readily. Karl loves me—he loves me well, and for that reason I prefer his protection to an impartial person's. For though I would trust neither of you alone, yet—such is my simple fancy—one would not dare to offend me in the presence of the other."

The artless Carolina was correct in her surmise. She visited the castle of von Schafs-Kopf, and returned from it escorted by her two lovers, who, with tender regard for her honour, watched each other the whole time.

She was satisfied, having seen the gold, tested

its purity, and calculated the value of the precious stones. She learnt upon inquiry that the château and estate were freehold and unentailed; and promising to give her hand to the Count as soon as the notary had made out the proper deeds, she tripped away with a joyous heart to tell her village companions, who would, she knew, be only too glad to hear of her good fortune.

"To-morrow I shall be the happiest man in the world," said Franz, embracing Karl.

("Perhaps!" muttered the young innkeeper aside.)

III.

ON the morning of the following day Franz von Schafs-Kopf, entering his gilded saloon, found the scrutoire open and empty as a sucked egg. Everything of value he had owned was gone; for to make the show of his wealth as imposing as possible, he had placed all the plate—which was of German silver, and inestimable in value—his watch, rings, trinkets, title-deeds, cheque-book, receipts, Sunday clothes—everything there, and now not a vestige remained!

The window of the gilded saloon had been cut through: there were marks of huge boots in the garden, but all traces were lost at the banks of the river. Clearly the bandits had gone by water, but whither there was no knowing.

Distracted with grief, the unfortunate young nobleman hastened to his friend, the honest Karl, whom he discovered in the parlour of his inn, crushing gooseberries with a champagne-bottle.

"My friend—oh, my friend!" ejaculated the Count, sinking into a chair.

"What means this emotion? calm yourself. Will you take anything?—a little salts, or try our eighteen-penny Rudesheimer—it's all the same."

"No, no—the banditti have cleared me out. Every kreutzer is gone. My scrutoire is burst, and all is gone!"

"Unhappy youth! this comes of displaying your property to a girl," said Karl, who was ready with an explanation. "She has told everybody, and excited the cupidity of some dastard thief."

"Too true, too true—you are indeed a comforter!"

"Have you told Carolina of your loss?"

"No. Oh, now she will have nothing—"

"Nothing to do with you. Come, come, my friend let us go and tell what has happened through her folly; that will be some consolation to you."

"Yes, she shall know it. But what am I to do? The honest tradesmen, hearing of my loss, will supply the place of the receipted bills with others requiring payment. I know them. My servants already demand their wages, and I have nothing in the world. But you, my trusty friend, will lend me money?"

"I will do more than this, Franz. With my hard-earned savings I will purchase your castle, and with the money you shall buy this business of me. Can you expect more?"

"You are too good; but a Schafs-Kopf cannot work—he doesn't like it. What shall I do?"

"Better make it up with your relatives, and marry as they wish."

"Impossible! I wrote insulting letters to them all yesterday. No, I must throw myself on Carolina's generosity; she may have saved a few gilders. But if she has not, there is nothing for me but death. A Schafs-Kopf can die like a gentleman."

"That is a comfort," said Karl, with a cheering smile.

Then Franz went to Carolina, and threw himself upon her generosity, smothering it completely.

"No, Franz Count von Schafs-Kopf," said she, having heard his piteous tale, "I respect you too much to do you injury. I cannot encourage you in idleness. Work, Count, and retrieve your fortune then I will be thine. Till then, adieu!"

She turned aside and shed a tear.

"Weep not for me," said the Count.

"I will not," she replied; "it is bad enough to cry on my own account. Go—work hard for my sake—go, and may you get rich."

"I will, or perish in the attempt. I will sell my estate to Karl, purchase a commission in the army, and rise to fame, buying fortune with my blood."

"Do so, my friend. Let nothing interfere with your praiseworthy resolve. A recruiting sergeant is in the village: enlist at once!"

He enlisted.

IV.

HE enlisted as a common private, for the sum received from Karl for the château was barely sufficient to pay his servants' wages. He shed many tears in bidding adieu to the virtuous Carolina, who, nobly controlling her own grief, tried in vain to console him by repeatedly assuring him that she would be his when he grew rich again. The parting between the two friends was very affecting, especially on the part of Karl Blitzenbust: he affected very much.

Strange as it may appear, Karl was a villain. His nefarious character was concealed from the general public. The public with which he was identified the villagers seldom visited; they preferred to carouse around the village pump, where unadulterated water was to be procured more palatable than the spurious imitation to be had at the inn. Travellers who entered his house were never known to breathe a word against him. It seemed that they came there to stop, for none was ever seen to go away. What became of them was a mystery. Some observed that Karl's energy as a cultivator of the soil received a stimulus by these visits; early risers found him busily digging in his kitchen garden, and the fineness of his potatoes was a subject of general remark. His dress and gait were calculated to disarm suspicion. In the day-time he wore a sloped hat with a particularly broad brim, a cloak that enveloped his figure from ears to heels, and he walked like Mr. Irving. It was only at night, when the lights were out, that he assumed the brimless hat, brass-bound and studded with nails, the broad-belted and slashed tunic, the bucket boots, the horse-pistols, daggers, and short sword, which denoted him a brigand. It was in this dress he had entered the gilded saloon of Franz von Schafs-Kopf, and purloined the treasure from his richly carved escritoire.

After the departure of the Count, Karl took up his abode in the château, and thither he removed his ill-gotten gains, taking the jewels from their settings, which, with the gold, he melted down. He still carried on the business of the inn, only relaxing his efforts and cultivating the soil with less assiduity. He took life, as it were, in a less serious manner,

and gave himself up to the tender passion. All he could do to console Carolina he did, striving to make himself agreeable to the orphan by giving her nice and costly presents. These gifts she accepted readily, for she respected the Count too much to stand on ceremony with his friend. She encouraged his attentions, for, as she remarked, there was no knowing what might happen. As years rolled on without bringing tidings of the Count, beyond such reports as Karl spread, which were to the effect that Franz was dead and buried, that he had married another, that he was in a lunatic asylum, and so forth, she overcame her grief, and looked kindly upon Karl. He showed her bags of diamonds and bars of gold, and offered them to her on condition that she would be his bride. But she, prudent maid, declined to accept the offer until Karl's fate was definitely ascertained.

"He may be richer than ever," she said, "therefore I must keep my vow. But I swear, by all I revere, to marry you should he not return in four years, or return before penniless."

Years continued to roll, during which time Karl frequently suffered from feelings of remorse; but they were not of the kind which make villains confess their infamy.

"Am I reformed before the final throes of death?" he would exclaim after a tender interview with Carolina. "Shall I never more commit a highway robbery with violence? Oh, when I look back upon my long life of irreproachable rascality, and perceive that I am swerving from the path of infamy in the muddy sunset of an inglorious career, I blush. And I—I—I would honourably wed a virtuous village maid! I have but one excuse: I am married to three women already."

Meanwhile Franz von Schafs-Kopf, by punctuality and strict attention to business, had received many orders, and risen from the ranks to the position of general. His success naturally moved his rich relations in his favour. They forgave him, and died leaving all their wealth to him. Moreover, his influential uncles made the facts of the robbery known to Government, which at once set a heavy price upon the unknown bandit's head; and the village was placarded with notices offering an enormous

mous price per pound for the commodity. Karl smiled as he read the posters, for every trace of his guilt was, he fancied, destroyed, and he had no accomplice.

Smothered with medals and stars, General Franz Count von Schafs-Kopf returned to his native village. His wealth was not yet known. He kept the fact as a pleasant surprise for Carolina, should she have been unfaithful in his absence, and given her hand to a humbler suitor.

The village maid would not return Karl's gifts, but she exacted a promise from him to say nothing of their philandering as the sole condition of her wedding him in the event of Franz having nothing more to offer than a general's pay.

The Count's first visit was to his friend Karl. They fell upon each other's necks and wept. Then Franz sought Carolina.

She was dressed in all her pretty things, but with great simplicity. Karl's diamonds were not displayed. The Count could see nothing but her lovely face, and he held out his arms tenderly.

"Wait," said she. "I hope you are rich?"

"I am," he replied; "richer than ever."

Then they embraced.

When the joy of meeting was a little subsided, and Franz could remove his eyes from Carolina's cheek, he looked admiringly upon her simple toilet. But suddenly he started back with horror, and turned ghastly pale.

"That handkerchief!" he gasped, pointing to the elegant article upon Carolina's shoulders, "that cotton handkerchief, blue, and with white spots! The costly fabric was the only one which left the adventurous manufacturer's loom. Its production ruined him and broke his heart. I bought it for an enormous price, and used it only on state occasions. It was among the treasures taken from the elaborately-carved *scrutoire* in my gilded saloon. Girl," exclaimed he, seizing the trembling Carolina's wrist fiercely, and hissing like a goose; "girl, tell me where ye got it! You have been false to me, and

accepted it as the price of your honour! But I will have the villain's name! Reveal it!"



"Forgive me!" cried Carolina, sinking at his feet.

"Never! I can forget, but I cannot forgive. Reveal the bandit's name, or by heavens I will lock you up as a thief!"

"Wait!" implored Carolina, her presence of mind returning. "How long will you give me to exculpate myself?"

"One hour."

"In that time I will prove my innocence, and possess myself of a dower worthy of you."

"I will await your return," said the Count, folding his arms.

In an hour's time Carolina returned, and leading her lover to the foot of the village gallows, showed him his false friend's body hanging there.

"His head will be weighed up to-morrow, and the price shall be thine, my noble husband," said she.

After that they were married, and lived happy ever after.

FRANK BARRET.



LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.

SHE was beautiful as music
 Heard by moonlight on a lake,—
 Sweet enough to make the crew sick
 For its loveliness's sake!

She'd a dog she loved intensely!
 (Little nasty, noisy cur!)
 And I love him *now* immensely—
 But for him I'd married her!

Out the bugle notes rang clearly,
 Out the moonlight shone the same,
 And I almost very nearly
 Offered her my hand and name.

And I whispered, "O my darling,
 How delicious is the moon!"
 But her terrier kept snarling,
 For he didn't like the "toon."

And although it *was* delicious,
 And our hearts with rapture beat,
 That small terrier, suspicious,
 Sniffed a rat beneath our seat.

And she leapt from my embraces,—
 Frightened, fled away!—for that's
 How they bolt and snap the traces.
 When they hear the cry of "Rats!"

Died the music, and the setting
 Moon went down upon the shore,
 And the love-time we were getting
 Came back to us nevermore!

Not because she was ob-*du*-rate,
 But because her terrier "Fan"
 Got her married to a Curate!—
 I'm a happy single man.

C. II. WARING.



BABY AND FLO.

A Sketch in Song.

I.

TWO dainty young damsels of Twelve and of
 Ten,
 Whose graces 't is hard to describe with my pen.

II.

They have round rosy cheeks all be-dimpled and
 fair,
 They have azurine eyes and the sunniest hair;
 They have delicate ruffs round their sweet little
 throats,
 And quaint otter-skin caps, and quite short petti-
 coats.
 So the careless observer may easily see
 Their slim shapely legs from the ankle to knee;
 Scarce veiling the latter, 't is easy to trace
 A fairy-like frilling of Honiton lace.
 They have otter-trimmed coats o'er their velveteen
 frocks,
 And black silken stockings with gay crimson clocks.

III.

A sweet, pretty picture! They're sisters, you know:
 The younger is Baby, the elder is Flo!

J. ASHEY-STERRY.

In the Garden of Our Square,
 November, 1879.

THE INNOCENT ONE.



1. She watched the Missis depart or the sea-side;—2. "Now then, she chuckled, "won't be stinted no more for a ole week!"—3. He was a good, unsuspecting master, and knew little of domestic necessities.—4. "Please, sir, she said, "Missis forgot to put hout enny scented soap for washin' day; and we wants a noo silk clothes-line an' tassels, an' a noo carpet for the washus, an' a— (etc., etc.).—5. "You are a good thoughtful girl," he said; "here is gold; buy whatever you strictly require."—6. She: evelled —7. And the Mistress in time returned!

THE INNOCENT ONE.



1. But he would be revenged: he put this advertisement in the paper,—2. And disguised himself as an artist, taking a studio.—3. She took the bait.—4. "You will indeed do excellently. *Such symmetry!*" he exclaimed.—5. "You will sit posed thus, while I paint you through this small aperture in the curtain."—6. Then he sneaked off for a trip to Paris.—7. On his return,—after some weeks,—she was unable to forbear.—8. So he made a trifle out of it by the sale of her, into the bargain.

CROSS PURPOSES.

A Vaudeville.

SOME time ago, a careful observer of a perspective map of the German Empire might have noticed thereon a valley, and, consequently, two elevations, where, on the side of one, was pitched a little village. This village clung to the side of its particular hill, very like the moss did to the stones (they were stationary) the hill was in part composed of, only the moss was sage-green, and the houses were red and white, of which one was redder and whiter than the others, and it is to this highly-coloured habitation I would draw your particular attention, from the facts that in it dwelt the most interesting details of my story, and that it was diametrically opposite the village *Wein-haus*. Yes, in this aforesaid cottage resided the Widow Margot, and her daughter Elsie. Oh! such a nice girl, Elsie! The sort of wicked, round, rosy-cheeked, red-lipped darling—pretty enough to make you shy stones at your grandmother, as Artemus Ward has it. But allow me to introduce you.

The elder lady is sitting in the porch peeling apples—*drei pfund, zwei groschen*, with a view to prospective *sauer-kraut* and of the “first-floor front” of the inn opposite. The younger is at her wheel, singing a dreamy *spinnelied* with a lock-stitch accompaniment. Suddenly they left off their useful occupations and looked languishingly at what appeared to be a grey bird’s-nest, with a dirty white centre, exposed at one of the upper windows of the inn. The ladies then sighed together deeply, and when Margot recovered her breath she said, “Don’t sigh when I sigh.”

“I never sighed with you,” replied her daughter.

“That’s true from a punning point of view; but don’t do it again.”

Here a long skinny hand appeared, and commenced vigorously scratching the bird’s-nest, causing the ladies to simultaneously sigh again.

“Look here,” said Margot, “if you’re going to sigh whenever I sigh, say so, and I won’t sigh.”

“I don’t; it’s the echo,” replied Elsie.

“Echo! Yes, you’re the echo, and very fond you are of echoing, especially what you may hear to any one’s detriment.”

“Yes, when I hear such things, I hurl them back again—with scorn. You take them all in.”

“And keep them to myself. You keep the pot boiling.”

“You’d better *get* the pot boiling—for supper,” was Elsie’s further and irrelevant remark.

“Suppers are bad,” said Margot.

“Ours are simply awful.”

“I speak as to effect. They make me dream you’re sitting on my chest.”

“A daughter’s resting-place, her mother’s breast!” chimed Elsie, mockingly.

Here the bird’s-nest disappeared, and a perfumed sigh wafted from the ladies’ hearts, and, borne on the zephyr-like breath of their love, softly caressed its ashen fringe as would the gentle motion of an angel’s wing.

“Heigho!” muttered Margot to herself; “I don’t know who that old man can be, but they say he’s very rich, and I love him.”

“Heigho!” thought Elsie; “I don’t know who that old man can be, but I love him, and they say he is very rich.”

“I’ll make desperate love to him on the earliest possible occasion,” continued Margot.

“I’ll evince despairing affection for him at the first available opportunity,” added Elsie.

Then Margot reasoned thus:

“He is an old man; most probably he would prefer a young woman. I must pretend to be my own daughter.”

And Elsie: “He is an old man; most probably

he would prefer an old woman. I must pretend to be my own mother."

Now, here were two entirely different conclusions deduced from a knowledge of elderly human nature, which must have been derived from the same sources. What that knowledge or experience, obtained in that isolated Arcadia, would be worth, is, of course, an open question, but we may rest assured it was the best that could be got in the place.

So mother and daughter, rising from their seats, muttered to themselves word for word with each other: "I—must—put—my—project—into—execution—when—she—is—out—of—the—way;—she'd—split—to—a—certainty,—but—when—I—have—secured—his—affection—then—"

"Elsie," suddenly said Margot, "don't stare up at that window; you're looking after the men."

"You don't, do you?" snapped Elsie. "You're too much occupied in looking after yourself."

And they went indoors.

Soon after this the proprietor of the bird's-nest came out, and after the manner of all obliging old gentlemen in stories, he at once conveniently began to pour into the ears of all the neighbouring walls the important intelligence that his name was Krautz, and that he was a lawyer practising in an adjacent town; that he was in search of a young man named Fritz, in order to convey to him the ordinarily welcome intelligence that he had conveyed to him a sum of money, a legacy from a lately-deceased relative on the mother's side, which legacy he had safely in his blue bag. So having disburdened himself of all that is necessary for the working out of this tale, the kind old gentleman withdrew, observing he was about to prosecute his inquiries among the happy villagers.

He had not gone long when a very ragged and otherwise dilapidated-looking soldier rushed in. He looked about him a good deal, then, placing his hand upon his breast, burst forth into Scott's beautiful lines on native lands.

"Yes," he said, "I was born here—at least, they always told me so, and I was too young at the time to be able to dispute it. They also told me my name was Karl, and if I am Karl, I have been away from my native village for seven years engaged in the

autumn manœuvres. Before I left" (and here his voice became delightfully soft and modulated), "I loved Elsie, and my love for her is about all I have brought back. Ah me! I used to sit on that fellow Fritz for her especial edification in the happy days of old. I think she used to pity him a good deal more than was necessary, though; and pity, they say, is akin to love. I never thought of that before. She must have loved Fritz, and I—oh!"

And here the strong man broke down, and convulsive sobs shook his burly frame. It was the last straw, not the straw sent to irritate grasping, drowning men, but the other straw which is *so* heavy. This man had braved all the dangers of seven years' manœuvring, buoyed up by love; he had never quailed in all the perils of the past, buoyed up by love. But now his buoy was gone. The light had flashed across his soul. His buoy was another's. (They always are.) There wasn't room for two, and he sank down in despair. Suddenly he started up.

"Ha!" he cried, "a big idea! *I will pretend to be Fritz.* I am much altered. No one will know me. Fritz was the same when I saw him last. Besides, he is most probably dead. If he *should* come back, I'll sit on him. Aha! my native ale-house, let me spend my last coin, and crush a cup."

While Karl was busy squeezing the innkeeper's pewter, another ragged and otherwise dilapidated-looking soldier rushed in. He also looked about him a good deal, and burst into Scott's beautiful lines on native lands. Then he monologued:

"My name is Fritz, and Germany's my nation. I have just returned from the autumn manœuvres, owing to my being invalided, and consequently useless. Mem: I was useless before being invalided. This is the village in which I was born, and I left here seven years ago in company with my friend Karl, who I hope is dead. Why do I desire his dissolution? Can I look upon that cottage and ask such a question? Obviously. That is Margot's cottage. But is it Margot who draws forth from me these bursts of rhapsody? No, no; it is her female and only offspring Elsie. I love her! Yes" (and here *his* voice became delightfully soft and modulated), "I have loved her ever since we were children and played together. Karl played too, certainly.

He used to knock me down and sit on me for her, dear one's, amusement. And did she not return my lavished affection? She did, like a rejected MS., 'declined with thanks.' But she kept Karl's. I know she did, though she pretended not to. A woman's life is one continuous pretending 'not to.' She used to pity me, certainly, when Karl sat on me; but pity, they say, is akin to contempt. She despised me, and—ha! a big idea. I am much altered. Karl, of course, is dead. I will pretend to be Karl, and marry Elsie. If he should come back, he may sit on me all day, but he can't unmarry us. Oh! it will never be found out. *I haven't grown fat.* Oh, dear, no. By the way, that reminds me I am hungry. I'll go into the cottage" (which he did), "and see if I can find some German sausage."

Just as he disappeared by way of the back door, Elsie came out of the front, meeting Krautz returning, he having taken the road out of the village instead of the road into it.

"Oh!" exclaimed that artless girl, "what a *nice* old man!"

"You have the advantage of me," returned the nice old man, "if not in years, at least in impudence."

"Oh-h! Well, the child is father to the man—equally, the child (not the same child, you know) is mother to the woman. Woman there, child here; therefore I'm my mother—Margot. *Q. E. D.*"

"My love to your mother," said Krautz, "and do you happen to know of a young man, named Fritz, to be living hereabouts?"

"Well, I never!" deprecated the damsel. "As if I should know anything of the *young* men here! I only care for old ones. Heigho!"

"Oh!" grunted the lawyer, "I suppose I must inquire elsewhere. Good evening."

"Here, I say!" she cried, fetching him back; "there was a boy of that distinction here once, lots of 'em, in fact. But they've all gone to the autumn manoeuvres. You see, it is a difference without a distinction, for they name them all Fritz hereabout. But harkye! I'm a widow with one encumbrance, just twenty—I'm fifty myself. I don't look it, do I? I'm very fond of you, though."

"You are a very forward person."

"I'm not; I'm a simple, open-hearted, ingenuous creature."

"Too ingenuous to be pleasant."

"And you! you are too pleasant to be ingenuous. But there, abuse me if you like. I like it: it shows you take an interest in me. Give us a kiss?"

"A what?" gurgled the scandalized Krautz.

Just then Margot was heard calling, so Elsie said she must go indoors, but that she'd be sure and be back soon, adding that she always kept her word.

"I wish she'd do the same with her affection," growled Krautz. "Hang me if I stop here," he said. "That's about the liveliest specimen of a forward female I've met for a long time. A girl *after* my own heart, with a vengeance."

However, just as he was retiring Margot came out and said, "Oh! what a *dear* old man!"

"Why, confound it, here's another of 'em!" exclaimed poor Krautz. "Who the plague are you?"

"Eh! Oh, I'm my daughter; I mean I'm Elsie."

"Can you inform me——"

"Oh, yes, I'll inform you—about myself. You want a wife, eh? Don't interrupt. Now, I'm just the person you require. I don't mean by that that I'm a wife already. No, I've only got a mother to keep; but if you marry me you'll keep her. She's twenty—that is, twenty years older than I am. She doesn't look her age, you know."

"No, you look *her* age."

"Now don't. But if you love *me* as I love you—Eh! what did you say?"

"Can you give me any information concerning a young man, named Fritz, who used to live here?"

"Oh, you're pleased to be facetious."

"You are pleased to say so."

"On the contrary, I'm sorry to say so."

"Awfully grieved to have caused you any mortification," sneered Krautz; "so to obviate any recurrence of it, permit me to wish you good day."

"You might be a little less brusque," groaned Margot. "Civility, at least, costs nothing."

"Oh! not in a waiter, eh? Good evening."

"Stop!" cried the old lady. "There are heaps of Fritzes about here, and if you step into that cottage I'll fetch 'em. Ah!" she sighed, "I've loved you a little and loved you long."

"Yes," he replied, "a little of your love *would* go a long way."

But she got him to enter nevertheless.

Perhaps it was a good thing he went in when he did, or else he might have witnessed Miss Elsie come out the back way, dragging Fritz with her, and pitching into his devoted ears, while he continued pitching into a gigantic saveloy.

"I say, don't!" he expostulated. "I'm Karl!"

"You are a story-teller," was the reply.

"That's very likely, considering I'm Karl; but I love you very much."

"Run away, you ragged soldier!" she said.

"A soldier never runs away," was the proud reply, "he only retires for strategical reasons."

"Bah! don't speak to a lady with your mouth full."

"I can't help it, Elsie,—my heart's there."

"Give me that sausage."

"But I've bitten it all over."

"No, you haven't."

"Well, I will. I'm so hungry, Elsie."

"How do you know my name?"

"Don't I tell you I'm Karl?"

"It's a cram!"

"Won't you believe me when I speak with my mouth full—I mean, when I speak the truth?"

"When you speak the truth I will."

"You don't seem to know it when you hear it. It may appear strange, but 'truth is stranger than fiction,' you know."

"Yes, to *your* lips. But be off, or I'll have you locked up. Go after that!"

And seizing the sausage, she threw it a long way off into the road.

"Oh!" cried Fritz; "oh, what a struggle in my very human breast! Forced to choose 'twixt you and a sausage! Cruel, cruel girl to put me to such a test. Hunger is gnawing at my vitals, love is tugging at my heart. My vitals, however, are of vital importance, and hunger is the best sauce. It will therefore garnish my fancy concerning you in a manner totally unprecedented in the annals of that too-frequent combination, Love and Starvation. I'll toddle back as soon as I've eaten it."

"Do, if you *can*."

"Oh," he laughed, "as they say at the fair, it's nothing to what there is inside." And he ran off.

When he had gone, Elsie pondered a little, and reminiscences of her happy infancy came bubbling up to the surface of her memory as when one stirs a stagnant pond with a stick, which reflections at last burst into thoughts about Karl.

"Karl!" she said, "he's not Karl. I used to be fond of Karl, and love's unerring instinct and the strawberry mark on the back of his neck would have caused me to recognize him immediately. Oh, Karl! he used to sit on Fritz so gracefully! Why, the old gent inquired after Fritz! A Fritz rather."

And she was so preoccupied in her reflections as to be quite unconscious of Karl's coming in till he put his arm round her waist and kissed her. Then she turned round in a rage and kicked him.

"How dare you, you dilapidated wretch!" she screamed.

"Why, Elsie!" he cried in an *injured* tone, "don't you remember Fritz?"

"Fritz is more likely to remember me—about the shins," she retorted.

"Don't be angry, darling," quoted Karl. "Why, I thought you would have been glad to see me, but now I begin to think you are not."

"Second thoughts are proverbially the best."

"Suppose you try them. You think you are right in resenting my osculation; now think you are wrong."

"So I do."

"Dear Elsie!"

"Wrong to stand here talking to you. Be off."

"What an anti-climax! Cruel, cruel girl!"

"Cruel to be kind; for if the watch find you, they'll lock you up as a rogue and a vagabond."

"If you go on in that way," whimpered the poor fellow, "I shall dissolve in tears."

"Do," she replied, "for then you'll probably 'run away.' Be off, I tell you. You are perfectly horrid." (Where was love's unerring instinct?) "You are as ugly, dirty, and ragged as Karl."

"What!" he roared, "Karl here?"

Now, it was very lucky that Fritz came in at this particular moment, as the conversation began to show signs of flagging; and, besides, his opportune

entry served to form a tolerable tableau; for when in answer to Karl's inquiry he replied, "Yes, what do you want with him?" they both struck legitimate attitudes indicative of great astonishment, thus enabling Elsie to take advantage of the temporary suspension of their faculties and run indoors.

When Karl recovered himself, he said, recovering his perpendicular, "What, Fritz?"

Fritz said, "What, Karl?"

"Why, I thought you were dead," continued the former, in a tone, though highly expressive of regret, yet of disappointment also.

"Thought! The wish is father to *that* thought."

"Is it?" returned Karl. "So you have been borrowing my cognomen, eh?"

"So you have been assuming my appellation, eh?"

"May I inquire what object you had in view to cause you to resort to such nefarious practices?"

"A deal better one than I have at present."

"I'll sit on you."

"Come out and do it. A coroner's inquest will sit on *you* before I've finished with you. I haven't been counted one of the 3rd Yägers for nothing."

"You didn't count for much."

"I'm a better man than you."

"Morally, you are beneath contempt; physically, you are perfectly contemptible."

We will not attempt to follow the pugnacious pair round the corner, whither they forthwith adjourned to adjust their differences, as just then a tremendous row was heard going on inside the cottage, which culminated in the appearance of Margot, Elsie, and Krautz, all struggling to get out at the same time, and as the doorway was originally only intended for one exit at a time, they naturally found the operation somewhat involved. At last, however, Krautz got out and endeavoured to bolt, but the ladies, seizing hold of his coat-tails, effectually brought him to a standstill, while each kept imploring him to make her his wife. Here was the poor old chap well-nigh driven out of his wits between two female fires. They wouldn't let him go, and he was totally unable to obtain any authentic information *re* Fritz. What was he to do to get rid of these importunate persons?—of whom an obviously young one strangely asserted she was old, and an old one, not so strangely,

declared she was young. However, as a last resource, he took Elsie aside, and gasped out that he had made an irrevocable vow never to marry what she declared herself to be, *viz.*, a widow; and before she could utter a word, rushing over to Margot, he told her he had sworn an irrefragable oath never to commit matrimony with any one *but* a widow. But the unhappy and deluded man reckoned without his hostess. They rounded on him in an instant—one pulling him one way, the other the other, with cries of "I'm not a widow!" "I *am* a widow!" "I'm her daughter!" "I'm her mother!" Elderly legal humanity could stand it no longer; so, freeing himself from their tender twining arms with a desperate effort, he broke loose and made a bold dash round the back of the cottage, much to the disgust of the ladies, while to his own he found himself clinging convulsively to a rope, which he shortly after discovered was rapidly descending a well.

"Oh, my!" remarked his pursuers, looking down.

"I say, is it deep down there?" inquired Elsie.

"Is the water wet?" added her mother.

"Come, come, lower me up," said a dismal voice from below.

"Is that well big enough to make a river?" asked Elsie.

"Oh, I'm so cold!" groaned Krautz.

"Jump about and warm yourself, then."

"Excuse the pertinent inquiry, but is there any foundation, do you now think, for the statement that truth lies at the bottom of a well?" asked Margot.

"You lie like truth at the top," returned Krautz, savagely. "But aren't you going to pull me up?"

"What will you give us?"

"I'll give you anything."

"Will you give us yourself?"

"I can't marry you both."

"Marry me first," cried Margot.

"I shall get a chance at that rate, anyhow," observed her dutiful daughter. "But, look here! If we pull you up, will you promise to give me two hundred gulden, and marry mother? If not, we leave you here to a lingering death."

"Agreed!" cried Krautz in a silent-tomb sort of voice. "Of two evils, choose the lesser. I prefer the quicker mode of decease."

Having concluded the bargain, they conscientiously set to work to pull him up; but finding it a little too weighty a matter for their joint efforts, they got Karl and Fritz, who had got their angry passions under, and had returned and were looking on, to assist them. So they all set to work with a will, and after having, at Elsie's instigation, let him flop back several times to see what a splash he would make, they finally wound up the old gentleman and his affairs to *terra firma*.

"Why," remarked Elsie, when he appeared, "your nose is as blue as your bag."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! how cold I am!" shivered Krautz. "My teeth are chattering."

"Don't talk, then," said Karl.

"Oh!" exclaimed Elsie, suddenly remembering, "didn't you ask for a young man named Fritz? Well, there is a Fritz."

And in spite of love's unerring instinct, she not unnaturally indicated Karl.

"Indeed?" said Krautz. "Then permit me, my dear young sir, to congratulate you on your happy fortune, and to present you with this little token of esteem left you by your late lamented uncle."

They were all struck dumb with astonishment at this—that is to say, all but Elsie, who, walking over to Karl, said with much sweetness,—

"Since you have asked me, Fritz, I take you to be my wedded husband. And if any one know any just cause or impediment——"

"Oh, all right," interrupted Karl. "I'll take you. But I'm not Fritz, you know."

"No. I'm Fritz, you know. A Fritz."

"In this case *the* Fritz," observed Karl.

"Good gracious me! really?" cried Krautz. "Then allow me to felicitate *you* on your good luck, and to hand you this little bequest——"

"Oh, all right," cut in Elsie. "We've heard all that before. But since you have asked me, Fritz, I take you to be my wedded husband. And if any one know any just cause or impediment——"

"Oh, we've heard all that before," said Fritz.

"You see, there isn't half impediment enough—in

your speech. You'd knag me to death in a week."

"Pig!" sneered the girl.

"It seems to me that you two fellows have been pretending to be each other," said Margot.

"Like you and Elsie," remarked Krautz; "with the same result. One gets money and the other gets married—that is, if you (to Karl) will kindly suppress this young person by marrying her."

"Oh, yes, I'll have her," said Karl. "But I'd rather have the money."

"Give it me in writing," cried Elsie.

"My word is my bond," said Karl.

"The bond of matrimony," remarked Fritz.

"I say," said Margot, "doesn't all this strike you as savouring considerably of a burlesque? Yes. Well, then, suppose we sing a kind of vocal tag, and then go indoors and be happy."

To this sensible proposition I am bound to confess they unanimously agreed, and without more ado they sang the following:—

"All is over; one thing's needed
Just to set our hearts at ease;
Tell us if we have succeeded
In our poor attempts to please.
If we have, pray be extending
Friendship's kindly hand and true;
Or, you might, the story's ending,
Clap your hands and make it *two*."

As they were going indoors, Elsie remarked to her prospective spouse, "My voice drowned yours."

"Oh, did it?" he replied. "Well, all I can say is my throat is uncommonly dry, considering the circumstances. Let me crush another cup."

When they got in they had another jolly all-round row, but that was nothing. They are all married now, and are as happy as most persons in those responsible situations. And whenever they feel themselves wearying of an every-day humdrum existence, and that the bile is not flowing freely, they all set to work and go through some similar nonsense to this. I haven't heard of any more "Cross Purposes" on their parts lately, but whenever I do so, rest assured I will let you know.

CYRIL MULLETT.

THE BLIND BEGGAR; or, THE BITERS BIT.



1. Proposals are made—2. To irritate the blind man with a straw—3. Or annoy with other materials.—4. Rain.—5. Wind.—6. Departure in search of other implements of torture.

THE BLIND BEGGAR; or, THE BITTERS BIT.



7. But the old man gets wary. He has a purpose. — 8. Arrival of the implements. — 9. The old man simulates unconsciousness —
 10. While the materials of war are safely brought up, — 11. And a preliminary pause is made before the attack. — 12. The old man,
 however, retires, — 13. Leaving the young Scaramouches at the top of the wall.

MARY MIDSUMMER'S GARDEN PARTY.

I.

AS the summer was so blazing hot that nobody liked to be indoors any more than could possibly be helped, there were a very great many garden parties that year. The King and Queen, or one of them, whichever it was, the princes and princesses, the dukes and duchesses, the bishops and marquises, earls and baronets,—in fact, no end of people,—gave garden parties. It was garden party here, garden party there, garden party everywhere, so that even Mary Midsummer came to hear of it, and it excited her mind a good deal.

I daresay I shall make several mistakes in telling this story; indeed, I am sure I must do so, because my mind is so confused about the names of persons and places and all that. I have been talking, I see, of bishops and marquises; but there are no bishops in fairyland, and so, of course, if—mind you, I say *if*—this all took place in fairyland, there would not have been any persons of that description; neither could Mary Midsummer's name have been Mary Midsummer, at least, it does not *sound* right, and I should not wonder if you catch me calling her Midsummerella or Gardenia before I have done.

II.

MARY MIDSUMMERINA—*is* that correct?—lived in a place called Paradise Gardens, and I believe she was a sort of Everybody's Child. She slept in the same house, if it *was* a house, as a woman who was called her aunt; at least, that is what I am telling you, but it really does not matter. Still, you must please to understand that Paradise Gardens was not gardens at all. It was all a row of small houses that you could hardly stand upright in, with back yards that had water-butts in them. At one end of Paradise Gardens there was a little piece of ground where people threw cinders and cabbage-leaves and dead cats, and in one corner of this piece of ground there was a very bad sunflower, and in another the remains of a scarlet runner plant.

Mary Midsummer had been called by that name because, when a baby, she had been picked up in the streets by a policeman on a midsummer's day; at least, as I said before, that is what I am telling you, but it is very likely all wrong, because there are no policemen in fairyland, that is to say, I never saw one there. In the blazing hot summer when there were all those garden parties, she came to hear of them through a little boy—of the name of Christmas—whose father had a brother who drove a cart with ice in it, and had been to some of them with ice to cool the wine and all that.

III.

"I SHOULD like to have a garden party," said Mary Midsummer to Noel Christmas, one day in the autumn of that year; "how do they do it?"

"The first thing," said Noel, "is to have a garden."

"This is gardens," said Midsummerella; "but I suppose it is not proper gardens for a garden party."

"I think not," said Noel, and burst out laughing, and went away and told all the other boys and girls that she wanted to have a garden party.

So Mary Midsummer went up to her aunt, who happened to be carrying a pail of dirty water, and said, "Aunt, how am I to get a garden for a garden party?"

And her aunt (but, remember, I have told you she was only *called* her aunt) threw half the pailful of water over her, and said, "You must grow buttercups and daisies."

"Yes, aunt," says Midsummerella.

"Oh, and roses and lilies," said aunt, throwing over her the remainder of the pailful of dirty water.

That very night poor little Gardenia had a dream all about gardens, and she saw flowers growing in them, buttercups and daisies, roses and lilies, geraniums and fuchsias, dahlias and foxgloves, and many others, all proper. She did not know the names of them, and indeed she had not seen many of them in all her life before, so that proves that all this

must have been in fairyland, now I think of it ; for your dreams and mine are always made up of things we have seen before ; that is according to the laws of—there ! I was going to say psychology, but that is not a nice word for a garden party, so I will leave it out.

IV.

WHEN Midsummerella went about her work next day, the boys and girls called after her :—

“ Mary, Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow,
With cockle-shells,
And silver bells,
And crowslips all of a row ? ”

For Noel had been and told them that her mind was set upon garden parties. However, she felt so much encouraged by her dream that she did not feel it much, and she said to herself, “ I don’t care, I *will* have a garden party, because it will be so beautiful, and because I should like to.”

I do not say this was wise of Midsummerella, and I daresay you do not approve of it ; but I am not going to tell you any of my own secrets, and I leave you to consider whether you have ever made up your mind to have things because they were pretty and because you would like to, when all the while they were as far off from you as the dream garden as from Mary Midsummer.

V.

MARY MIDSUMMER asked every one whom she thought likely to answer her, how to make a garden, because she wanted a garden party. Somebody explained to her that she must have pelargoniums, foxgloves, nemesophila, heliotrope, and things of that kind, and she said “ Oh ! ” and tried to dream them, at least, as much as she could remember ; but how could she think of such long words as heliotrope and pelargonium ? She dreamt a good many dreams about flowers, but there were too many balsams and suchias, such as she used to see in the barrows that the men pushed or drew along the streets. And she used to sit, with the baby in her arms, in her aunt’s little back yard where there was a water-butt, and wish it would turn into a large and beautiful garden.

One day Mary Midsummer caught sight of a blade of grass coming up through a crack in one of the stones of the back yard. “ That is not much towards a garden party,” said she ; but still she began to feel more hopeful. Soon afterwards there came up a sprig of groundsel in another crack, and that made her feel happier still. “ It means that I shall have a garden, and then I can have a garden party,” said she.

I do not say that you have ever been as silly as that, but I know I have myself. But the hot summer drooped, and the autumn came. It did not make any difference to trees and flowers in Paradise Gardens, because there were none ; but where there were blossoms they faded and fell, and so did the leaves of the trees. To Paradise Gardens came fog and cold, and the girls and boys called after Midsummerella :—

“ Mary, Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow,
With cockle-shells,
And silver bells,
And crowslips all of a row ? ”

And by-and-bye there came snowfall, and even the sprig of groundsel was gone, like the dirty old sunflower and the poor little ricketty scarlet runner in the corner of the bit of cindery land that was not far off.

VI.

BUT Midsummerella said to herself, “ After winter there will be spring, and after spring there will be summer, and then, when it is warm and pleasant, perhaps I shall have my garden party.”

And she went on having dreams about it at night, and one day she fell asleep before the fire and dreamt that she was to have it. She had been looking into the red-hot coals and trying to see flowers and trees there, and at last she fell off to sleep, and just as she was awaking she felt sure she heard a voice say to her, “ Yes, you shall have your garden party,” and she started and sprang from her little stool, and called out, “ Did you speak, aunt ? ”

Now, there was nobody in the room, and the fire was out, and it was bitter cold. But she did not think to herself, “ I have been so foolish as to let

my fire out, while I have been dreaming," and I do not see why she should, considering that all this was in fairyland, or *may* have been there.

All through the winter Mary Midsummer kept on thinking of her garden party, except just once for a very short time, when she had seen a Christmas tree, which Noel took her to look at. This *did* dazzle her, and during a few days she gave her mind to Christmas trees. But the winter passed, the spring came, and the summer was even at the doors. Strange to say, there was now more grass and more groundsel in the little yard where the water-butt was, and in that dusty corner where the sunflower used to be there were now two, and there seemed more scarlet runner also.

VII.

AMONG the acquaintances of Noel Christmas there was a gardener, and Noel had told him that Mary Midsummer wanted to have a garden party; and of course he laughed, not knowing much about fairies and fairy godmothers and things of that sort. However, he made up his mind to go and have a look at this fantastic little girl; and Noel took him, and there she sat on a stool, with the baby, right under the pitchy old water-butt, watching her grass and groundsel.

And the gardener man said, "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," and all that, and so did Noel, and she looked foolish; but the gardener man had brought with him a great beautiful nosegay, and this he gave to Mary Midsummer with a pleasant laugh. He also patted her head, and said, "Keep up your pecker, my gal," which does not sound like fairyland, perhaps; but such was his language to her. When he was gone, she laid the baby down and tried to enjoy her flowers; but the baby objected, cried, and tore a blossom or two into shreds.

"Oh, baby," said Midsummerella, "you shan't come to my garden party if you do that."

But the gardener man had been looking over the wall, and now he sent Noel to buy some cakes and sweetmeats, and went in again and gave them to Midsummerella, and said he was glad to see she was so good-tempered to the baby. Then Noel went and told all the boys and girls that she was

in the back yard, as usual, nursing the grass and groundsel, and they came running in a troop, and began singing:—

"Mary, Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?"

But when they saw that Mary had a lot of cake and sweetstuff, they left off singing, and began praising her flowers, and said, "Now you can have a garden party, Mary." And she said, "Yes, yes, come on!" And she arranged the nice things all round the flowers, which she put into a jug of water on the bottom of a round tub end upwards; and they had a garden party, and Midsummerella scarcely touched the cake or sweetstuff herself. And the baby cried and kicked, and nobody offered to hold it for her, and by-and-bye her aunt came in and slapped her for wasting her time, and all the company ran away and left her to her troubles.

But the next day little Gardenia took some of the flowers and set them between the cracks of the stones of the yard where the pitchy water-butt was, and watered them every half-hour. They did not seem to grow, but she said to herself, "That is because they will come up bigger by-and-bye. I am sure the *roots* are growing." So she pulled them up every now and then and looked at them.

VIII.

THE gardener man was kind-hearted, but I am not sure whether he knew a fairy when he saw one, much more a fairy godmother; only he went and told a lady who sometimes employed him a little, and the lady came to see Midsummerella before the summer was over, and had some talk with her, and told her about Cinderella and the fairy godmother.

"I think," said Mary, "*you* are a fairy godmother yourself."

But she did not mean anything, and the lady laughed; only I shall now call her Fairy Godmother if I choose.

IX.

ONE beautiful afternoon Fairy Godmother came to Paradise Gardens in a coach, and I believe she wore a high-peaked hat and carried a wand; at

least, she might have done, and Midsummerella said she did. But when the fairy dame called, Midsummerella was heavily asleep. She had been working hard at a frock for the baby (or perhaps it was a night-gown, I will not be sure), and there she sat, poor thing, with her work in her lap and her head sunk on her bosom, dreaming. Now the aunt was going to box her ears, but Fairy Godmother said, "Hush, hush!" and gently began to bandage the eyes of Midsummerella.

"Who is it?" says she, rousing up.

"Fairy Godmother," said the lady; "you must come with me in my coach."

"Yes, Godmother," said Midsummerella, very pleased indeed, her heart beating fast.

"This is my wand," says Fairy Godmother, giving her a staff to feel.

"Yes, yes," said Midsummerella, "it is a *real* wand. I know it by the feel."

So Midsummerella was blindfolded and put into the coach with Fairy Godmother, and they drove very rapidly indeed till they came to the place where they had to stop. Then Midsummerella, still blindfolded, was undressed and had bright new clothes put on her, and then Fairy Godmother led her through the house into a very large garden. Midsummerella knew she was in the open air; and she heard the rustling of trees and caught the scent of flowers, and then she heard music and laughter and the sound of voices, and the bandage was taken from her eyes by Fairy Godmother, and she saw that it was a garden party. There were boys and girls ever so many, and a group of ladies and gentlemen, and there was heliotrope, pelargonium, nempola, phlox, and petunia, and roses and lilies, and all the flowers you can think of; and there were pretty pavilions in gay colours, and ices, and tea, and coffee, and cake, and sparkling drinks; and Mary Midsummer said "Oh!" and went into a summer-house to cry; and Noel, who had been invited, found her out, and came and whispered:—

"Mary, Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?"

And the gardener man found *him* out, and pulled his ear for him.

X.

FAIRY GODMOTHER was kind, and so Midsummerella did not go home that night; but she had to go and to mind the baby again. At first she felt as if she was walking on air and living in a dream; but this passed away, and she was sad at heart. But it was not only that the garden party was over, and that she was now in the old back yard again, with the pitchy water-butt; it was something else. There was a girl who had eaten more of her cakes and sweetstuff, that day when she had the nosegay given her, than any of the others, and this girl came and said to her:—

"Garden party! It wasn't *your* garden party,

"Mary, Mary,
Quite contrary.

I don't care for garden parties like that. Why don't you have one of your own?

"Mary, Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?"

And Mary Midsummer began to cry; but as she turned and looked at those blades of grass and the little sprig of groundsel, her head began to swim, and the back yard with the water-butt in it grew wider and wider, and was filled with the flushing of flowers and the rustling of boughs, and the sky was clear and blue, and she walked in a garden of her own, and the unkind girl came up and kissed her, and asked her forgiveness, and there was no end to the garden, and no end to the garden party, and I was there myself, and I met you there, and you and I had all the beautiful things we had ever wished for, and so had everybody, and we sat under rose and myrtle eating strawberries and cream and Midsummer Cake, and suddenly our plates were empty, and we wanted some more cake, and without warning the wind blew chill and shook the roses and myrtles, and it was getting dark, and a grinning old witch passed by and said, "You cannot eat your cake and have it," and then the sun came out again, and the air was heavy with the breath of roses, and Midsummerella brought us some more Midsummer Cake with her own hand, and at the first mouthful

I took the garden party was gone, and Mary had lost her way and was crying to find the baby, and we kept on walking hand-in-hand round by a high wall, feeling sure the garden must be inside, and

music came to us brokenly on the wind, and the music said—yes, yes, it said things that you and I understand, but that I can never write down. Oh Midsummerella !
MATTHEW BROWNE.



AN OPEN DRAWER.

HERE lie—have lain these many years,
And scattered as their former owners—
A half a hundred *souvenirs*,

From nearly half a hundred donors ;
The faded flow'rs, the scented notes,
The odds and ends of silk and cotton,
Recall, like floating sunbeam motes,
Old scenes and faces half forgotten.

This curling lock of yellow hair,
This golden brown, this jetty black one,
These photographs of faces fair,
All prove what varied tastes attack one ;
And as I turn each relic out,
With sole intent upon cremation,
Again encompass me about
The incidents of presentation.

This soft and dainty little glove,
(The purest white with blue contrasted)
The sole memento of a love
That was for ever—while it lasted !
To think that simple relic there
That love's surroundings can recall so—
The music, dancing, gaslight—where
'T was born and nurtured (buried also !)

Her form before me seems to stand,
Her face with all this rubbish mixes,
The white glove from her whiter hand
She draws, and whispers, "It is 'sixes ;"
And then I gaze into her eyes,
In broken murmurs lightly swearing
That sixes is the very size
The angels make a point of wearing !

This flow'r reminds me of a trip
Through flowing Thames's sunny reaches ;
I had this tassel from a whip,
The day we rode to Burnham Beeches ;
This shell once rested in a cove
To which a *couple* of us wended ;
And here's a broken fan—by Jove !
She gave it me to get it mended !

Those bright old days arise to view,
And flit before me dim and ghostly ;
Old memories and feelings too,
Which Time has tinged with sadness mostly ;
While, old and gouty, on the shelf,
I draw this moral from the lumber :
I've either been a flirt myself,
Or else I've met a decent number !

JOHN W. HOUGHTON.

STYLES OF LOVE-MAKING.



1. THE MUTUAL.
2. THE ABJECT.
3. THE JEALOUS.
4. THE ASTONISHING (see Othello's courtship).

5. THE EASY.
6. THE SELF-RELIANT.
7. THE POETIC-PICTORIAL.
8. THE PERFECTLY GENTLEMANLY.

9. THE IMPASSIONED.
10. THE INDIFFERENT.
11. THE MODERN PRE-RAPHAELITE.

A FISH OUT OF WATER.

I AM not an individual overburdened with wealth; but I would give a good deal to know what has become of Frank Smart.

Poor dear old Frank! Of all the light-hearted, merry dogs it has been my fortune to know (and I have known a good many), he was the merriest.

If there were a fault in his composition, it was that he was *too* funny. At any rate, his eccentricity upon some points was at times embarrassing, especially that happy knack he had of borrowing money, and omitting to return it. I remember once a mutual friend remarking that he was the most original fellow he had ever met; and so he was. Conventionality was unknown to him; and though his peculiarity in matters monetary frequently caused his friends considerable trouble and expense, who would ever have dared to hint that he was selfish?

Not I, for one; and I suppose, at the time I speak of, I was his most intimate friend.

I know there are many who would have called him—in fact, did call him—a what-d'-ye-call-it young scamp; but they were not his friends. No. *We* only thought him an original, and, like most good originals, expensive. I suppose there have been many other men equally extravagant, and plenty, I am sure, equally unscrupulous; but, somehow or other, he always seemed to impart such an air of originality to every shortcoming he indulged in (and he indulged in most) that with him they were pardonable peculiarities—nothing more.

Many are the funny things I remember his having said or done in the days gone by; one occasion in particular recurring to me.

A party of us were out for a ride in the Kentish lanes, and, cantering along, suddenly descried Frank's horse riderless, galloping madly ahead. Returning immediately, we found our light-hearted companion had been thrown heavily into a ditch. His appearance was so ludicrous that one of the number could not help exclaiming, "Why, Frank, old man, what on earth are you doing there?"

Badly hurt as he was, and aching from head to foot, he pointed to his eye-glass, lying a few yards off, and said, "He had only got down to look for that."

On another occasion, he told us that the sight of one of his eyes was completely gone, and had been lost to him for some time. Whereupon we naturally asked him why he did not get it attended to; but he coolly replied that "he was waiting for the other to go queer, and then he could get them both done at once."

Then with what *gusto* he used to relate an interview he had had with a clergyman, who called upon him for a subscription for the Church Building Fund in his neighbourhood. I don't know that he would have objected to being charitable, but for the very good reason that he never had half a guinea at one time to call his own, except after just visiting one of his numerous friends, and at such a time he would never have been found at home.

Of course, when the clergyman called there were "no effects," but, not caring to admit the exact state of the case, he said he feared he must decline for reasons which perhaps he had better not state.

"Perhaps," said the divine, "you do not belong to the Church of England?"

"I do not," replied Frank.

"The Church of Rome?"

"No."

"A follower of Wesley, perhaps?"

"No."

"Of the Baptist persuasion?"

"No."

"A Congregationalist?"

"No."

"One of the other Nonconformist bodies?"

"No."

"Perhaps, then, you do not belong to any religion?"

"Oh, yes, I do."

"Then *may* I ask what you are?"

"Well, if you must know," said Frank, with the most serious face possible, "*I am a Bhuddist!*"

But all these recollections of my old friend occurred some years ago; and I only mention them to show what an inveterate joker he was.

There is no doubt that he had abilities of a high order, but his insatiable love of fun prevented him from utilizing them; for his apparently unconquerable sense of the ridiculous always cropped up whenever an opportunity presented itself, and to lose the chance, for the sake of some comicality, was to him an out-and-out good joke.

Apropos of this trait, he called upon a picture-dealer one day, in a cab, with a couple of pot-boilers (of course, like most neer-do-weels, he could do a little of everything, painting included); but he had made a mistake in the shop he was to have taken the pictures to, the dealer having two establishments. Upon learning this, he requested the man to jump into the cab, and take them to the right place; offering to mind the shop in the meantime, adding,

"I don't suppose there'll be any callers, but, if there are, I can give a very good guess of the value of anything that isn't marked."

The man consented; and, no sooner had he gone, than in came a pompous, purse-proud City man, one of those individuals whom Frank hated, and whom he designated as "all white waistcoat and gold chain."

"That is a good picture," said the merchant, pointing to one of Frank's.

"Oh, is it?" replied he.

"Who is it by?" said the buyer.

"I'm sure I don't know," was the somewhat surly rejoinder.

"You're a pretty fellow for a picture-dealer's assistant," growled the merchant.

"I know I am," retorted Frank. "I haven't been here long, and I don't care how soon I go."

"Well," said the City man, "can you tell me the subject of the picture?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

The owner of the shop returned at this moment, and Frank left immediately; but the following day was informed that the intending customer, on being

told that he was the painter of the picture, remarked that he would not have it as a gift, so disgusted was he with the artist's behaviour. Whereupon Frank roared immoderately, and explained, suiting the action to the word, that he could not stand being "stomached" all over the place by those portly old parties, with more waistcoat than wisdom.

This persistent flying in the face of fortune always resulted in his requiring assistance from some of us; and when I say that he never went away without what he wanted, it proves beyond doubt what a prime favourite he must have been. But though he was never grudging whatever he required,—for we always had a good many hearty laughs for our money,—we, of course, told him every time "that he ought to know better," and that "he really must turn over a new leaf."

To our intense surprise, we heard one day that he was engaged to be married. I say "to our intense surprise," for his circumstances were such as would have prevented any one else even dreaming of such a thing; but I can quite fancy him saying, "Exactly, but where would the fun be in getting married if you were in a proper position?"

When, therefore, his engagement was made public on undeniable authority, we simply roared with laughter, considering it the most preposterous idea we had ever heard of.

I never understood clearly the exact circumstances of the case, beyond that he proposed to a young lady in fun (of course); but the young maiden, not being aware of his jesting proclivities, treated the matter *au sérieux*, and Frank was literally done for, since any one who has had the felicity of *altaring* his condition must admit that marriage is anything but a joke.

I know the wedding would not have taken place for a long time after it did, had it not been for a funny circumstance. Some Indian relatives happened to be present at the bride's house one night when Frank was there, and lamented that they should be returning to India, in a month or so, without having seen an English wedding. Whereupon Frank remarked that such a thing as that could not possibly be permitted; and, having gained his *fiancée's* acquiescence, he made arrangements

for the marriage to take place within four weeks from that date.

It is not, however, so much the *cause* of his marriage that I wish to dwell upon as the *effect*, which was nothing more nor less than magical. From being the gayest, most happy-go-lucky sort of fellow conceivable, he became positively rational, and, of all things in the world, rigidly respectable.

Never again did he call upon any of us with one of his literally "touching" stories, and, on getting what he wanted, exclaim tragically, "For this relief much thanks." But I believe he did, to everybody's surprise and regret, what everybody for years had been asking him to do—he "turned over a new leaf."

I went abroad about that time, and when I returned I made a point of looking him up, and never shall I forget his altered appearance.

My first impression was that it must have been an ill-assorted marriage, and I delicately hinted that Mrs. Smart's temper might not be so angelic as he could wish. But a visit to his house (where he told me, with a sigh, that everything was paid for) soon dispelled any idea of that sort; for, with the exception of my own wife, who is of course *the* most beautiful and gentle of her sex, I have rarely met with a more attractive and loveable little body.

Then I thought, perhaps it is the children. "Nothing more likely," said my wife. And again I made a suggestion, insinuating that perhaps, to a man of his sensitive nature, they might be a little too much for him. Not a bit of it. He delighted in his children, and, with the exception of their mother, there was not anything else, or anybody, that gave him any pleasure.

To make a long story short, the cause of Frank Smart's absence of liveliness *was caused by the loss of his friends.*

Of course they did not care for him in his new character. They doubtless had plenty of respectable acquaintances (at least, we'll hope so); and Frank being previously regarded as something out of the common, it was nothing wonderful if they did not care to increase the number of their *ordinary* friends.

It seemed quite inexplicable to him that the very people who had been incessantly at him to give up his disreputable disregard of the customs of society should not welcome him with open arms when he had done so. But, as I explained to him, he had acquired such a reputation for attractive Bohemianism that it was not to be wondered at, on the same principle that no one would very much care for a sermon from the popular comedian, Mr. J. L. Toole. He could not see it, however, and lamented most bitterly that the people he did know scarcely ever laughed at his jokes, which did not surprise me in the least, from the lamentable ones he indulged in while I was with him, causing me to assure him that Bohemia and Belgravia had never been known to mix well.

That he would gladly have flung aside the sombre robes of respectability, and once more donned the gay "motley garb that jesters wear," I firmly believe; but there were his wife and children to be considered, and they, being *serious* responsibilities, I don't think he ever again assumed the cap and bells.

The last time I called at his house the place was to let, and no one knew his address; so that I have not seen him for a considerable period. But, as I said at the commencement, I would give a good deal to know what has become of poor old Frank.

H. G. SOMERVILLE.

MRS. FUGGLES'S FIRST FLOOR.

"I SEE no other way out of our difficulty, Oscar. We must let off that first floor."

"Very well, my love, let it off."

"We can well spare it; ours is such a limited

family, you know, and a nice tenant would help us so with the rent."

"A nice tenant—h'm!"

"Yes. They are beautiful apartments, and when

the folding-doors are thrown open they look quite noble."

"It, Mrs. Fuggles, it; not they. One apartment, my dear madam, not a series. Now, admitting for the sake of agreeable argument their insidious beauty, I decline to admit their claims to nobility under any circumstances."

"Oscar!"

"Clorinda Jane! Certainly not, when that hideous contrivance is, as you express it, thrown open. Regarded merely as doors, what are they? Tell me that. A clumsy mask of wildly-grained timber, which groans when it is moved, no matter how copiously you may have oiled its hinges beforehand. A——"

"Oscar, I say!"

"Mrs. Oscar Fuggles, I say! For the structural imperfections of the dwelling which implacable fate compels me for the present to occupy, I am not answerable. The architect did not consult me. It is no great shakes of a mansion, Clorinda Jane, and you know it. If you can persuade your lodger or lodgers that the major section of the first floor is in itself an apartment fit for a king, and the minor (which your lodger or lodgers will doubtless convert into a dormitory) a room that an American traveller would mention with gratitude in his letters to the newspaper of his native city, do so by all means. I have no objection. And since the family circle is small—I doubt, for that matter, whether you and I and Susan, and the dog, would suffice for a circle at any *séance*—and our income ditto, let as much of the house as you please, so that you leave me a corner to creep into. There is the roof—how would that do for a hanging garden of Babylon? There is a roomy attic, which might be deserving the notice of a manufacturer of fireworks. The water-butt, a dealer in gold-fish or leeches would probably treat for. Then there is the back garden—how would that suit a pushing carpet-beater? Only let me alone in the matter. It is your business, Clorinda Jane, and yours only. But remember, Mrs. Oscar Fuggles—remember that oft-repeated imputation in the first column of the *Times*, and bring it home to your business and bosom, my dear: '*No Cards!*' Now I am off. I have the latch-key, and you need not wait up for me. Good bye!"

"Oscar, you are a brute!"

The noise caused by the somewhat energetic pulling-to of the front door was all the reply vouchsafed by the husband to his wife's farewell salute.

She was ready to cry with vexation. He knew as well as she did that, until the new brewery paid, it would be necessary for them to practise the strictest household economy. There was not a cleverer man in the world than her Oscar, the manager of the new concern, but he himself had admitted that ability went for nothing if the thirsty citizens of Hopborough refused to patronize the new tap. And as Oscar's income was to arise chiefly from commissions on the sales, she was determined, good little woman that she was, to do her part towards contributing to the household expenses. And he was a brute to make fun of her; so ill-naturedly too!—not a bit like his usual self.

She did wait up for him, the latch-key notwithstanding.

"Well, Jenny? Kiss me, my dear."

"I have a good mind not to, Mr. Crusty. Of course you have been to that nasty Queen's Head?"

"Yes, Mrs. F., I have been spending some little time at the Postage Stamp. They buy our beer."

"Oh, yes, I know. Oscar, I have let the first floor."

"Ah! you have been precious quick over it.—Susan, my slippers.—Who is the distinguished tenant?"

"There are two. A gentleman and his wife. Such nice people!"

"Well, my dear, I must own that you are quick at mastering details. Who is their reference?"

"Oh, an agent,—your friend Mr. Parkins. After you left this afternoon, I called upon him, and told him what I wanted. He said that only ten minutes before a lady had placed her name upon his books. She and her husband required a——"

"First floor?"

"Exactly. And, should you be satisfied with their respectability, to-morrow morning—on your way to the office—they would enter into possession at once. You can leave me to arrange about terms."

Next day Mr. Fuggles, who had repented him of his ill temper, duly accomplished his part in the

negotiations ; and Mrs. Fuggles, having herself seen and approved of the incoming tenants, the obedient Oscar was detained at home by his wife, to be present when they arrived.

It was dark when the momentous event occurred. Mr. and Mrs. Fuggles, concealed from observation by the window-curtains of the dining-room, took note of the strangers and their select assortment of luggage.

"So, that is Mr. Wimpole?" muttered Oscar. "What is the matter with his right knee, I wonder? Rheumatism, probably. Poor wretch! And yet it does not appear to pain him very much. Used to it, I suppose."

"Not rheumatism, my love, but the result of an accident. He is very sensitive about it, Mrs. Wimpole says; so we must not pretend to take notice."

"Oh! we must not, eh? All right. What is this? A cricket-bat? No. A case of instruments? No; it can't be a case of instruments. The ancestral plate, perhaps? Scarcely heavy enough for that, unless the quantity be curiously small, like ours. Telescope? Not the right shape for a telescope. No business of ours, Jenny; but he seems awfully particular about the parcel; won't even let his wife touch it. Ah! now for a ruction! Go it, Tiny!"

Tiny was the name of Mr. Fuggles's thorough-bred fox-terrier, a creature of offensively combative propensities, which, at this moment, seized Mrs. Wimpole's pet Pomeranian by what is popularly termed the scruff of the neck, and shook that fluffy favourite until its yells were dreadful to hear.

"Oscar, Oscar, do separate them!" exclaimed Mrs. Fuggles, in tones of agony. "It is enough to drive the lodgers away in disgust."

"Not a bit of it, Clorinda. Let them fight it out. Tiny has now got that ridiculous dog's measure, and hereafter we shall have peace. They are quiet now. Tiny, Tiny, Tiny—come in, you young rascal! Lie down, sir! Now, my dear, is your time to follow your first-floorers upstairs, and make your peace with them. I am going out."

Mrs. Fuggles thought it wise, under the circumstances, not to object to her husband's abrupt departure, and having waited until Susan had installed

the strangers in their quarters for the night, she accompanied Mr. F. to the door.

"Don't be late, dear."

"All right, Jenny, I will not. By the way, I am curious about that mysterious case. Without being too apparently inquisitive, you might try and ascertain the nature of its contents. Who knows? they might be explosives. Your elegant Mr. Wimpole looks precisely like the sort of man who would go about in society with his pockets full of Orsini bombs."

"Oscar, you frighten me! I declare I shall not sleep a wink to-night for thinking about that parcel. However, I will endeavour to find out."

Late that night, and at breakfast next morning—a repetition of the narrative being manifestly necessary to impress the information on a mind that was occupied in the first instance with agreeable recollections of the new brewery beer—Mrs. Fuggles imparted to her husband the total failure of her praiseworthy investigations in the matter of the case. Her eyes had been everywhere, on both sides of the folding-doors, but the telescope—something she could not explain convinced her it was a telescope—was invisible. It might be up the chimney, as Oscar suggested, or under the bed—also his conjecture—but why practise such concealment? He must not, if he loved her, say another word about infernal machines or Orsini bombs, or—here her English became confused—she would give them warning on the spot. The Wimpoles were evidently well-to-do people. They had ordered a most luxurious little dinner, and the merchant had sent in sufficient wine and spirits to have lasted them (the Fuggleses) more than a twelvemonth. She (Clorinda Jane) was satisfied that Mr. Wimpole had been in the army,—his air was so imposing and military. And he had the prettiest foot for a man she had ever seen. As for his boots: well, as soon as she got to know Mrs. Wimpole—who was quite the lady—she meant to ask her the name of her husband's bootmaker, in order that *her* husband might be measured for a pair exactly like those of Mr. Wimpole's. They were lovely!

For nearly a fortnight the first floor made no sign. Tiny and the Pomeranian (name of Alpine Flower) were discreetly kept apart by Susan, and, inasmuch

as Mr. Fuggles's duties at the brewery were of that character which necessitated late hours abroad, the military gentleman with suspected astronomical tastes and his landlord came not in contact. On the second Sunday evening after their induction, however, Mr. Fuggles was dozing in the dining-room over his first cigar, when he was startled by the sound of a crash which proceeded from the floor overhead. A crash, followed by a scream. Seizing the first lethal weapon that offered itself, which happened to be a music-stool, he rushed to the door. There he encountered Mrs. F., whose face betokened her terror. Clinging to her agitated mistress was Susan, vainly endeavouring to stifle the voice of Tiny.

"What does this mean?"

"Oh! Oscar, it is not the first time."

"No, sir, not by 'undreds."

"What is 'not the first time'?"

"Them rows, sir."

"Oh! Oscar, I am afraid your suspicion about that infernal machine and those bombs was too well founded. We have not dared to tell you of the dreadful goings-on, but—you shan't go upstairs to be murdered. Remember, I am your wife."

"Rubbish! Susan, take Tiny into the kitchen, and put his head into a bag. Clorinda Jane, allow me to pass. Yes, you can have the music-stool, but—hand me the poker instead. Now, Mr. Wimpole, for a serene explanation!"

Saying which Mr. Fuggles rushed upstairs, and knocked peremptorily at the door of the first floor. After some delay, occupied, as it appeared to him, in putting things to rights within, Mrs. Wimpole appeared on the landing. The glimpse he obtained revealed a face flushed, possibly with exertion, hair dishevelled, and head-gear awry. Promptly closing the door behind her, she exclaimed, in a choky whisper,—

"Oh! Mr. Fuggles, my poor dear Reuben!"

"Just so, ma'am. I was not aware that his name was Reuben; but that makes no difference to ME, ma'am. I insist on Reuben's rendering me an explanation of his conduct! What does he mean by disturbing the calm of my Sunday evening and the composure of Mrs. Fuggles's other evenings—when I am at business—by the production of noises

that would disgrace a bowling-ally? Tell me that, ma'am."

"Oh! sir, he is afflicted with fits. They come upon him without any warning, and when he is seized he falls about dreadful."

"He does, does he? Very well. As I have no desire to turn my first floor into a hospital for fits, take notice from me that you leave this night—I mean to-morrow fortnight. The written intimation shall be sent in with your coffee in the morning. Fits!"

There was gloom upon the brow of Oscar as he descended the stairs. His mouth was firmly set, but the poker hung loosely in his flaccid hand. To the tearful inquiries of his anxious wife he replied not a word. Respecting the solemnity of his mood, she silently handed him a cigar, which he silently lit. Not a sound proceeded from the first floor. Repose had followed the fits. At length Oscar spoke.

"Clorinda Jane, I am resolved. I never did it before, but a regard for the reputation of my home compels me to do it now. I will listen and watch. Lay the cloth for supper, send Susan to bed, and abide with me."

"Very well, dear. I cannot blame you."

Ten—eleven—twelve, and the composure which had fallen on the first floor remained unruffled. The air had scarcely ceased to vibrate with the sound that declared the morning to be half an hour old, when the tempest upstairs (as Mrs. F. afterwards described it) broke out with redoubled fury. Removing his slippers, Oscar crept upstairs and listened on the landing. Clorinda Jane's place of ambush was the dining-room door. She was ready—faithfullest of wives!—to spring forth and summon the police at a moment's notice.

"You did! you did!" shrieked the female first-floor, in tones that scarcely beseemed one who was quite the lady. "You made-up monster! I thought you perfection when I married you, and what are you?"

"Your superior, madam."

"Oh, indeed, my superior! You—. But I keep your secret no longer, miscreant! Now, where are you?"

Oscar's face was white when he rejoined his wife.

"You hear," he whispered; "there is a secret.

Now what am I to do? Shall I burst open the door?"

"Not yet. Step across the street, and watch the window. The white blind may reveal something to guide us."

Now, at the supreme moment, she was more courageous than he. As they crossed the street, shoeless, they heard, in addition to the furious altercation, an irregular stamping, and a dreadful thud—thud—thud, like unto the sound produced by the rapid descent of heavy blows upon a soft substance. From the opposite side of the street, Mr. and Mrs. Fuggles beheld moving shadows on the blind, telling a tale of violence that was only too horrible. Brandishing aloft a huge weapon of strange shape, appeared Mrs. Wimpole, in active pursuit of her husband, who leapt hither and thither across the room, to elude her fury. Then pursuer and pursued suddenly disappeared.

"They are in the other room," said Mrs. Fuggles. "They have passed the folding-doors," remarked Mr. F.

In another moment Oscar had burst into the first-floor, followed by his wife. As they entered, their

ears were made acquainted with the destruction of several panes of glass and accompanying sash-frames, and the descent into the water-butt of a heavy object.

"And what is more, you wretch, I will have the other one!"

"No, madam, you will not," rejoined Mr. Fuggles, stepping forward and possessing himself of THE CASE. "Mr. Wimpole's every-day leg is in the water-butt. At the present moment a cold bath would do you no harm, Mrs. Wimpole, so you had better dive after it. The reserve limb, the Sunday member, with all the modern improvements, I retain until you have cleared out, bag and baggage. Susan, fetch a cab. Clorinda Jane, write a receipt for a fortnight's rent, and a couple of guineas for damages. Pack up, or I obtain the assistance of the police. Let me know when Mrs. Wimpole is in the cab, and Mr. Wimpole is supporting himself on the door-step, and he shall have his leg. That which is in soak can be sent for. And, Jenny, my dear, get Mr. Wimpole to give you the address of his boot-maker. Fits!"

BYRON WEBBER.

PERPLEXITY!

WHAT have I done, that I should earn a smile,

Breathed from the unkiss'd corners of thy mouth?
Why do I stand transfixed, and gaze awhile

At hair gold-tinted like the sunny South?

Why have those eyes a dreamy mystery,

Telling of troubled life, of heart unwon?

I dare not meet thy glance, so base am I.

What have I done?

What have I done, that one face holds me so,

And follows me in fancy through the day?

Why do I seek your love? I only know

That fate is resolute, and points the way

To where you stand, bath'd in an amber light,

As soft as when we greet the new-born sun.

Since first you looked on me I've seen no night.

What have I done?

What can be done? As yet no touch, no kiss!

Only a gaze across your eyes' blue lake.

Better it were, sweetheart, to dream like this

Than afterward to shudder—and awake!

Love is so very bitter, and his ways

Tortured with thorns, with wild weeds overgrown.

Must I endure unloved these loveless days?

What can be done?

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

THE PROBLEM.

THE hour was past which every man
Of head and heart not wholly common,
Finds hard to work into his plan,—
I mean if he loves child and woman,

And thinks about the human lot,
And is not quite rhinoceros-hided,
And lives where the *courvade* is not
The rule for such a case provided.

The hour was past ; the hour, I mean,
In which you try to say your prayers,
As you sit thinking of the scene
Where *she* keeps vigil too upstairs.

Is it all well with *her*? Oh, joy!
But is it also well with *it*?
Which did you want, pray,—girl or boy?
Ah, how you chafe, as there you sit!

That dreadful watch-time, I repeat,
Was past, and I had seen the child;
The child was well, from eyes to feet,
And well too was the mother mild.

So far, so good. But while I gazed
Upon the infant as it lay,
And, sighing, thought, "The Lord be praised
That all things have gone right to-day!"—

I had a thought, a sudden thought,
A thought that gave me quite a turn;
'T was this, "But what a precious lot
That little stranger has to learn!"

To learn to see, to learn to hold,
To learn to know by eye and hand
Solid from plane; then, grown more bold,
The little mite must learn to stand;

Must learn to walk; must learn to chew;
To utter sounds articulate.
"I don't see how it *can* pull through,
I *don't*," said I, and rubbed my pate.

I did not like to ask the nurse,
I durst not tell the exhausted mother;
So, lonely in the universe,
That anxious thought I had to smother.

But thinking of the by-and-bye,
Of paulo-post-futuro tenses,
I daily, with the naked eye,
Or with the aid of powerful lenses,

Did scrutinize that creature small,
Did much inquire of men Darwinian;
But none on this terrestrial ball
Could give a reasoned-out opinion.

The years rolled on. It recks not now
Whether they brought me fame or riches;
But I am certain that somehow
I saw that infant put in breeches.

When time had dulled the pain wherewith
I first pursued that speculation,
The mite had grown a lad of pith,
Had pulled through all that education.

Again, again, as years rolled on,
Without a lens I could discover,
And did, beyond a doubt, that John—
Such was his name—was now a lover.

Soon after that, he looked absurd
While saying, "My wife, Mary Ann, pa,
Will shortly make you,"—mark the word!—
"I hope, will shortly make you gran'pa."

I simply told him I could wait,—
"Don't hurry—no precipitation,"
Said I, and once more rubbed my pate,
Recurring to *that* speculation.

However, Mary Ann stood firm,
She went beyond what John had spoken,
And punctually—excuse the term—
John had twin daughters, more by token.

I looked at them, I looked at John,
And then, my memory backward turning,
"T is passing strange," says I, "upon
My word, how we get through our learning."

John looked surprised. There lay the twins,
Pink, wailing, cutting tiny capers,
And nurse said proudly, mumbling pins,
"This will be put in all the papers!"

AUTHOR OF "LILLIPUT LEVEE."

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WAR WITH A CHIMNEY.

"A FOOL, John, a fool—there! tut, tut, tut! This water smells horribly smoky. I can't shave with water like that under my nose."

"Very sorry, sir; but it's the kitchen chimbley, sir, as——"

"Yah! ha! You scoundrel, you! See what you've done. See how you've made me cut myself."

John Belter, body servant, cook, and factotum to Arthur Furrey, Esq., retired clerk from the War Office, looked aghast at his round plump little master, who, with the greater part of his face covered with a mask of lathe, razor in one hand, brush in the other, turned round to him with a line of blood-red hue streaming down his face.

"Please, sir, I never joggled your arm."

"Joggled! John, I shall have to part with you. It was not my elbow you 'joggled,' but my nerves. You said 'chimbley!' How many times have I told you that it's *chim-ney*? There, get me a cobweb out of the cellar. You've completely spoiled my morning. A comfortable shave means a pleasant day, and now everything will go wrong. Stop! never mind; it's left off bleeding."

For, as the plump little gentleman spoke, he had been busy pressing the towel on the tiny wound, and dabbing it with powder, after which he went on mowing his human lawn in the good old-fashioned style, scanning his face first on one side, then on the other, giving the triumphant upper scrapes under the chin, that used to look like playing at suicide, administering playful dabs with the brush, and polishing them off with the keen edge of the razor; and after making a series of corbelesque grimaces at himself in the glass, ending with a satisfied smile before proceeding to the washstand.

Here he busied himself with scented soap and sponge, fine towel and powder, while John carefully stropped "Tuesday," and put it back with the other razors in the handsome case—a family of seven brothers who lived in red velvet, with their names from Sunday to Saturday etched with acid in their

steel backs. What time Mr. Furrey bubbled and fizzled in the water, making strange noises like a human porpoise, till he came forth beaming and shiny and dry, to anoint himself with that "incomparable oil," and don the garments John held for him—to wit, shepherds' plaid trousers, a seal-skin vest, and a black frock coat.

Then descent and breakfast.

This John brought him hot and hot—his coffee, his crisp French roll, his chop, waiting table with the greatest attention till the meal was ended, when the rosy little man sat back and rustled his *Times*, saying,

"John, you are forgiven; I shall not discharge you this time, but if ever you say 'chimbley' again——"

"I'll be very careful, sir," said John; "but that there chim-*nee* do smoke dreadful."

"Send for the builder, then, John, and we'll have it raised."

Mr. Arthur Furrey was a man of sound sense, who fell deeply in love early in life, and, faithful to his early affection, he had devoted himself to his fancy, buying and presenting his love with nice things of the very best; saving money for his adored one; retiring in due time from official cares, and taking and furnishing his present residence, and filling it with every comfort. In short, he left nothing undone to make the place inside and out a perfect gem. His income being limited, he had contented himself with quite a small house, one of a pretty pair of villas, dubbed by their builder Waterloo and Trafalgar, names that caught the fancy of one who had been for years in the War Office. Trafalgar was to let; Waterloo Villa was occupied. For Mr. Furrey was a War Office man. If he had served in the Admiralty, Trafalgar would have been perfect, but he was military, not naval, by instinct, so he said his place must be Waterloo.

The builder was a man of keen business habits, and he said he could get over the difficulty; and he did; for the tenant of Waterloo Villa consented to

the names being changed. Mr. Arthur Furrey took the house on a repairing lease for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, sighed with content, and installed the idol of his affections in the pleasant little house.

The idol of Mr. Arthur Furrey's affections was himself.

All went well. Mr. Furrey gardened—in gloves and a natty straw hat with a blue ribbon round it, and never made himself hot; he kept bantams in a large wire enclosure, called them "chuckies," and fed them with barley, in happy unconsciousness that the little cock with its dapper ways and swelling breast bore a remarkable resemblance to its master. He was a little fortune to the neighbouring florist, who made the garden abloom in patterns all the summer, and ornamented it for the winter with a complete series of frantic house-leeks arranged round divers plants, that looked like so many spiky sweeps' bushes stuck in the ground, and turned green with fight.

It has been said that there was a tenant next door, but that was all Mr. Arthur Furrey confessed to knowing. In his heart of hearts he knew that the tenant was of the softer sex, that she was round and plump and fair, and perhaps forty; that she gardened in gloves and a straw hat with a green ribbon. That was all he knew, except that he instinctively disliked this tenant, and that this tenant disliked him.

For fully eighteen months had Mr. Furrey lived here a life of bliss, for Waterloo in this case meant peace—the peace that was to crown long service in the War Office. He had friends down to dinner, with whom he afterwards smoked cigars in the little patched summer-house. Time came and time went, and there was nothing to disturb the peace of Mr. Furrey's life but that smoky chimney.

It must have been fate.

Fifteen months did Mr. Furrey live in that house without a sign, and then like some dissipated hobbledehoy that chimney took to smoking without reason, and infected everything about the house with a disagreeable smell.

It must have been a demon in disguise, from the way in which it tempted and disturbed the even currents of two lives. It was doctored; cowed like

a monk; ornamented with a spinning affair that looked like so much zinc making itself giddy; the pot was removed, and a horrible abortion that looked like a chimneypot running to sprouts put in its place; the stove was altered; in short, everything possible was done to cure it, but still that chimney smoked.

Now, of course a chimney ought to smoke, but only at the top. This chimney seemed as if it had suddenly stood upon its head, and had given itself up to smoking right out into the kitchen, whether the wind blew or whether it was calm.

The sweep swept it; John pinned newspapers before the grate; a blower was made; a patent kitchener put in, to fill the house with the smell of cooking greens; but still it smoked.

So to make an end of the trouble, the builder's men came one morning, and to use their own graphic way of expression, they "carried the chimbley up six foot."

They did nothing of the kind; they did not attempt to carry it; they only took off the pot, built up so many courses of bricks, and put the pot on again.

The scaffold-poles disappeared, the mess was cleared away, and the garden renovated where the bricklayers had insisted upon mixing their mortar—for bricklayers have a mortal hatred of tidy gardens—and Mr. Furrey smiled all over the house, for the chimney was cured.

Was it?

The smoke ceased to pour down, but the fire appeared.

Trafalgar declared war.

In other words, Miss Figley sent in her compliments, and would be glad to know what Mr. Furrey had been doing to her chimney.

Mr. Furrey sent his compliments, and that he was not even aware that Miss Figley possessed a chimney. He had merely had his own chimney carried higher, because it smoked.

Miss Figley sent back her compliments, and said it was disgraceful.

Mr. Furrey blew out his cheeks and looked very angry, and taking down his opera-glass, he examined Miss Figley through it the next time she went down

the garden in her gloves, attended by Mary Jane to carry a basket for the dead leaves.

The next morning the builder's cart was at Trafalgar Villa, and for two days the men were at work carrying up Miss Figley's kitchen chimney, till it was equal to Mr. Furrey's; then they replaced the pot, and that evening the tenant of Waterloo was storming about from room to room, declaring that he would not stand it, and finishing off by saying a very very wicked word.

The next day the builder's men came to Waterloo Villa, and again, to use their own words, they "carried up Mr. Furrey's chimbley another six foot."

Victory! It ceased to smoke, but Miss Figley's smoked worse than ever.

Defeat?

Oh, no! The builders were sent for, and Miss Figley's chimney rose another six feet too.

Then Mr. Furrey's chimney smoked again.

"Before I'll be beaten by a woman, and such a miserable little round plump woman as that, John, I'll build my chimney up as high as the monument, John—as high as the Tower of Babel," roared the little man. "Fetch the builder."

The builder came, received his orders, and up went Mr. Furrey's chimney another six feet.

He laughed as he looked up at the additional eighteen feet of chimney, which certainly gave Waterloo Villa a rather peculiar look. But he did not mind, for on the fire being relit, up went the smoke into the ambient air; and Mr. Furrey went indoors, took out his flute, and played "The Woodpecker," as arranged for the German flute with variations by Herr Blumenthall, and ending by singing the words relating to "the smoke that so peacefully curled."

His triumph was of short duration, for during the two following days Miss Figley's chimney arose also to eighteen feet without the pot, and the men, when they left off work for the night, told John that they were coming again.

The next morning the chimney at Waterloo smoked as badly as ever, and Mr. Furrey sent for the builder to come; but he could not come that day, so he said, and Mr. Furrey stayed indoors all day, fuming as

badly as the chimney, which, as the evening drew nigh, went on smoking worse than ever.

Worse was nothing to it. It vomited smoke; it belched it forth; it rolled through the house as if the battle of Waterloo were going on really in the kitchen; and half mad and choking, Mr. Furrey went down into his summer-house, cold as the weather was, to breathe a little fresh air.

Oddly enough, he too began to smoke—a cigar—but before he had taken three puffs, the cigar dropped from his lips, and he stood aghast.

For there before his starting eyes were the builder's men just playing at *finis coronat opus*, or putting on the pot at Trafalgar Villa. But the chimney had not been built up as high as his this time, and here was the secret why the smoke had been so much worse.

Miss Figley had taken the initiative, and instead of being content with making her chimney the same height as his, she had had it carried up twelve feet higher.

Mr. Furrey picked up his cigar, went in, laid wait for the foreman bricklayer, and gave him a glass of wine, asking him how much higher he could carry the Waterloo chimney next day.

The man shook his head, and scandalized Mr. Furrey by beginning to talk about the necessity for stays, ending by saying he had better send his master.

Mr. Furrey ate no dinner that night, but stood at his back window, gazing mournfully down the garden, when, seeing something dim at the bottom, he fetched and adjusted his opera-glass, to see that John had turned traitor, for he was making friends with the enemy. There was no war there, for John and Mary Jane were gracefully exchanging the kiss of peace over the garden wall.

Mr. Furrey sighed, and went away from the window a changed man. He was beaten, and he knew it. He could not go on building up his chimney; he must compromise.

The next afternoon, sad and humbled, he dressed, and directly after breakfast put on his glossy curly-brimmed hat, and called upon Miss Figley, who received him in a bower of Berlin wool work, at the end of an antechamber of antimacassars.

The little lady was very grim and stern, but as she found Mr. Furrey far from fierce, she consented to discuss the question of each party consuming his or her own smoke. Then she grew voluble, and prattled in a very nice pleasant voice about the mischief, and showed Mr. Furrey how many things the smoke had spoiled, and the little gentleman felt grieved.

He was so concerned, and showed it to such an extent, that Miss Figley asked him to take a glass of sherry and a piece of cake, both of which he took, when Miss Figley consented to come in, and see how much mischief the smoke had done at Waterloo Villa.

This she saw, and was equally concerned—so much so that she consented to take a glass of Mr. Furrey's sherry and a biscuit.

Then they looked at both chimneys, and laid their heads together—metaphorically, of course—as to what should be done.

'You know, Mr. Furrey, we can't go on building chimneys,' said the lady, laughing.

'No, nor yet smoking each other,' said Mr. Furrey. 'My dear madam, if I had known, I would not have been guilty of such discourtesy for the world.'

'I'm sure you would not,' said the pleasant little

dame. "But how odd, Mr. Furrey, that we should have lived next door to each other so long and never have known each other till we quarrelled."

"For shame, madam!" said Mr. Furrey gallantly; "no man could quarrel with you, and the fault shall be amended."

"Oh, of course," said the lady, smiling; "but how are we to manage about the smoke?"

"Where there's smoke there is fire," said Mr. Furrey desperately. "Good heavens, madam! I feel as if we had always been the dearest friends.—I have it!"

"Have what?" cried Miss Figley.

"The idea," cried Mr. Furrey, falling on one knee, *mode* 1820; "a hole knocked through the wall; same initials, F. F.—no occasion to alter the marking of the linen. Let Waterloo and Trafalgar blend, the two glorious victories culminate in another—yours. Madam, you are an angel; you have won my heart by your beauty and cleverness. Let the vapour of smoke clear away, to make room for sunshine and happiness. Madam, dear madam, here is the solution to our difficulty: Let us have only one chimney."

They did.

And there was peace.

GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

A RIVER SONG.

I.

DOWN the river one day in June,
By dipping blossom and drooping tree,
Never a sound in the drowsy noon,
Only the song of my love to me;
Only her song with a sweet complaint,
Fretting the shade where the lilies lay—
Only the burden tender and faint,
Floating away—away—away—
Floating away!

II.

Down the river when leaves are blown,
Tawny and tossed in the winter wind,
Into the shadow I fare alone,
Leaving the sunset red behind;

Dreaming I hear, as I drift along,
Between the reeds where the mist is gray,
The burden torn from her summer song,
Sobbing—away—away—away—
Sobbing—away!

III.

Spring and the sunshine come again.
Oh! little sweetheart, tender and true,
The river is still after winter rain,
The stream is running quiet and blue;
Come in the sunlight, and drift with me,
Singing and sweet through the early May—
"By dipping blossom and drooping tree,
Floating away—away—away—
Floating away!"

LAUNCE LEE.



THE STORY OF A HARDENED FAMILY.

To be read with implicit Faith.

PROLOGUE.

A SHORT time since a paragraph went the round of the papers, to the effect that in making certain excavations in a tea gardens on the continent of America, the workmen had come upon and dug up a petrified man. There were not wanting persons at the time to cast doubt upon the authenticity of the statement, and to stigmatize it as only another invention, less ingenious than usual, of an inventive race. In justice to a great nation, therefore, and in the sacred cause of imperishable truth, the writer deems it nothing less than a solemn duty on his part, for which he considers no apology necessary, to place before his readers the following narrative of the exact facts, of which he has long been in complete and *sole* possession.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEAMISHES.

IN a noble and well-appointed mansion, standing in its own grounds of many rich acres, and situated in the heart of Mythshire, in this country of England, dwelt Job Beamish, Esquire, his wife and family. Tender-hearted to the verge of a gentle idiocy was Job Beamish; a model of kindness and large-hearted charity in its broadest sense, open-eared, sympathetic, and a ready victim to the most

transparent fictions of professional woe. To say that he would share his last farthing with needy or suffering humanity is but to "damn him with faint praise." Apart from the practical difficulty of dividing that coin, he would have felt degraded and humiliated in his own eyes had he hesitated for one moment to place the entire sum at the disposal of the needy one. Did he but meet in the streets one suffering from corns, he sent him straightway to his own chiropodist and paid the bill. Was any one but suffering from toothache, he produced instantan an invaluable specific; and if it *did* usually fail to effect a cure, the kindness that prompted its production was none the less. If any one failed or was poor or unfortunate in any way, he would go to them at once and entreat them to draw upon him for immense sums as often as they pleased. Often and often (this was when he was in London, where he had a town house) had he gone home bootless and hatless—on one occasion coatless and waistcoatless as well—because he met unfortunate creatures who were destitute of those articles of apparel. A tale of cruelty or wrong would affect him for weeks together, during which he would weep copiously.

His wife, his son, his two daughters, even the baby resembled him in every respect, and outdoor benevolence was blended with kindly feeling and a mutual desire to yield all to each other in the family

circle. It was beautiful to see them at meals pressing the last potato or the last piece of pudding upon each other, each, albeit yearning for it him or herself, desirous of yielding it to the other; and it was still more lovely to see that potato or that piece of pudding go down into the kitchen intact and rejected of all, though each was filled with inward longing to possess it.

They were always making presents to each other. Job was always bringing home bonnets for his wife and daughters, meerschaum pipes for Tom, his son, and toys and sweetmeats for the baby. They all bought sweets for "baby." "Ma" was always making smoking-caps and slippers for "pa" and "Tom," and buying and hemming handkerchiefs for "the girls." Tom was always bringing home gloves for ma and the girls, and curious old walking-sticks for the "guv'nor." The girls quite overwhelmed pa and Tom with cravats and embroidered braces, and ma with caps, and each other with collars. As for "baby," whenever they gave him any sweetstuff, which was about every quarter of an hour, he insisted on dividing them all round forthwith. A family so benevolent and kind-hearted, so wrapped up in each other, and so congenial with one another in their tastes, you do not often come in contact with.

Speaking of their tastes, it is to be noted that they had in common some of the most curious kind. First and foremost may be mentioned an inordinate passion for *eating bread*. Many a day would they die upon nothing else; at one time with a *menu* of this kind:—

POTAGE.
Purée de Vieux Croûtes.
POISSONS.
Morceaux de Pain aux Huîtres.
ENTREES.
Petit Pain Français. Cordons.
RÔTI.
Pain entiers Rôtis, Sauce Miette.
*Pain à l'argent au naturel.**
ENTREMETS.
Pouding Pain.
Franche de Pain, au Pain de Sucre.
Pain et Thériaque.
DESSERT.
Fruit-Pain.

At another time they would have simply a loaf each. White sugar was another strong predilection of theirs; they were never without a piece in at least one pocket, unless they'd just eaten it, when they immediately took steps for obtaining a fresh supply,—and a loaf of the article always stood on the table at breakfast or tea-time instead of jam or marmalade.



The most remarkable taste of all, however, was their reluctance—amounting almost to horror—of performing their ablutions unless the water had been previously impregnated with a strong solution of soda.

With the exception of these odd tastes and their infinite tenderness of heart, they perhaps differed little from their neighbours. They differed not a whit from the rest of the human race in this respect at any rate—that their widespread and indiscriminate charity began slowly but surely to injuriously affect their income. Signs of this were soon apparent. Job began to sell his fields. He sold them one by one until nothing remained of a vast estate but the house and the back garden.

By-and-bye they had to go also, and the family removed to their London house, and all was pretty well for awhile. But London, with its innumerable beggars and vast resources of imposture, caused the money to go faster than ever, and soon symptoms of its again giving out became painfully visible. The family presents were scarcely so satisfactory as formerly. Job brought home fewer bonnets for ma

* *Pain à l'argent*—bread of money, or "tin,"—tin loaf!

and the girls (and those of inferior quality), and rarely a pipe for Tom, and when he did so it was a common clay. The smoking-caps and slippers made for pa and Tom, and the handkerchiefs she gave the girls, were all of less frequent occurrence and coarser materials, as were the cravats and braces the girls made for pa and Tom, the caps they made for ma, and the collars they gave each other. Tom now never paid more than half a crown for the gloves he gave ma and the girls, and as for walking-sticks for pa, he contented himself with the occasional present of a halfpenny cane. Then the poor baby only got cheap peppermint drops, and these at length grew so scarce, that when he came to divide them there were too few to go round. It is impossible to describe the heart-pangs they suffered at the cruel necessity which compelled them thus to relax their kindly interchange of gifts, or to depict their woe and dumb despair when it at last became plain that they must give up the practice entirely. Things grew worse and worse. For months pa and Tom sought employment; but in vain. They had nothing but bread to eat, which they wouldn't have minded so much had there been enough of it, though they made matters a deal worse by pressing their individual shares upon each other, and then letting them leave the table rather than appear to want them; sugar had to be banished from the table, and soda became a thing of the past.

At length the climax arrived. Job came in one day in his stocking feet and shirt-sleeves, having parted with his last coat, waistcoat, and pair of boots to a tramp who asked his way to Gloucestershire, followed by Tom with a tearful tale of how a woman with a baby had asked him for a half-crown, and he was unable to give it. It was therefore resolved, as a last resource, to sell their remaining house and furniture, and seek their fortunes in America. Old England had served them but ill, let them try New England. For New England accordingly they took ship at the earliest opportunity.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOYAGE.

ON shipboard their spirits rose. True, there was at first some difficulty in settling their berths, arising

out of the generous desire of each to choose the worst, and quite a struggle might have ensued among them but for the steward's prompt settlement of the matter by allotting them berths after his own ideas, and they were too good-natured to dispute his decision. When they were once settled, though, their spirits rose, as I have said. There were so many good-natured little acts to do all day. Job, who was a capital sailor,—all the Beamishes were good sailors,—found plenty to occupy him for a day or two in patting the backs of those who were not, and fetching them nips of brandy or hard biscuits or the steward, as their desires pointed out. When this employment failed him, as it did by reason of the people all getting well, he lent the sailors a hand, totted up the steward's accounts for him, peeled potatoes for the cook, assisted the captain a little, and so on. Tom turned his attention to the ladies, carrying their shawls on deck for them, their novels and their parasols, arranging their chairs comfortably, and reading aloud to them occasionally; while



ma and the girls nursed the babies, instructed in crochet patterns and cap-making, lit elderly gentlemen's pipes for them, and mixed their grog. Nor did the baby fail to make himself as agreeable as the rest: lying on his back on the deck or on ma's lap, he cooed and crowed all day long in such contentment, that he roused all the other babies to wild emulation, and never an infant's cry was heard throughout that ship.

It was not all a bed of roses to the Beamishes, however; and while they strove to make all around them happy, they were themselves a prey to care. Bread and sugar were scarce, soda they could seldom get at all. Job had tried to arrange for them to feed entirely on bread, relinquishing all claim to other kinds of food; but he was informed that it was impossible: there being only a certain supply of flour on board, to comply with his request (it was pointed out) would be to risk exhausting the stock long before reaching land. So they had to content themselves with what they could get at meals, supplemented by what Tom and his father could acquire by going round the tables after each meal, when everybody else had retired, and picking up all the odds and ends of crusts and discarded pieces to be found. Retreating afterwards to some secluded nook, they divided the spoil and made the most of it; but it was far from satisfying them. It was doubly tantalizing, too, for the bread on board had taken their fancy greatly. It was of a close, firm kind, and very white, the flour of which it was made coming, as inquiry had elicited, from New England, so that they had an additional reason for looking eagerly forward to the end of their voyage. New England was now, more than ever, a land of promise. With regard to sugar, they were even worse off, and it was only by confiscating a lump now and then from the bins, and arranging with the other passengers who didn't take sugar, to claim their share and pass it on, that they could shield themselves from despair. As for soda, the quantity they could obtain was so small as to quite justify them in calling it none at all.

So matters went on till close upon the end of the voyage, when a strange change was observable in the family. It was very slight—almost imperceptible: their habits and conduct remained exactly the same; they were just as kind to each other, just as obliging to everybody else; but whereas everything had hitherto been done by them with an appearance of pleasure and kindness, a sort of atmosphere of coldness was beginning to enwrap them, and they seemed to do everything as though it were simply the result of habit and training. The change was so slight at first that people who noticed it thought

themselves mistaken; but it gradually became more defined, until there was no doubt about it whatever. There was a change in their sympathy with each other. Formerly, if ma had a headache, they would have made her lie down, covered her with shawls, brought her smelling-bottle, relieved each other in applying cooling cloths to her forehead, and soothed her with loving words; now they wrapped her up as before, gave her her smelling-bottle, placed the cold cloths within reach, and strolled away, remarking, "She'll come round all right." Formerly, when pa complained of the liver, they tucked him up in bed, had his fire lit, made him warm possets of delicious descriptions, sat up with him half the night, and never rested until he was quite recovered; now they advised him (kindly enough) to "Take a pill, pa,"—or "guv'nor," as the case might be. Their little favours to each other, too, were done in a totally different spirit: once it had been, "You must find that awfully tedious, girls; let *me* do it for you;" or, "Tom, dear, I'm sure you're tired; let us finish that;" now it was, "I'm sure I can do that ever so much better than you, Tom; pass it over before you spoil it utterly;" or, "You'd better let *me* do that, girls, you're the biggest muffs at it I ever saw." The baby was as bad as any of them, and had taken latterly to screaming just whenever it felt inclined, and (oh, direful to relate!) ma had taken to smacking it! The narration of a little incident, however, which occurred shortly before they sighted land, will convey better than pages of description (which my Editor wouldn't allow me to give anyway) the extent of the change which had passed over them. Some one in the course of conversation remarked strongly on the conduct of Nero in fiddling while Rome was in flames.

"Do you know," said Tom, "I think sufficient justice has never been done to Nero's dramatic instincts on that occasion: the sight of such a stirring scene, no doubt, suggested to him the propriety of heightening its effect by a melodramatic 'hurry' or two."

And all the Beamishes laughed—pa, ma, and the girls laughed, even the baby smiled sardonically—at the hideous witticism; a witticism concerning an event over which they had in former times shed

tears and vented sighs and groans innumerable. They were indeed changed. Their fellow-voyagers stared, and one young lady said, with an indignant flash at Tom (his flirtations had been dreadfully tame lately), "You must have a heart of stone."

The remark caused the Beamishes, one and all, to start, not from any sensitiveness, be it understood,—they seemed to have quite lost the feeling—but it must not be supposed that the change which had come over them was unperceived by themselves. Certain candid remarks from one another would have opened their eyes had nothing else done so; but when their thoughts reverted to the past, they could not but recall their former tenderness of heart with surprise,—not at their present state, but at their former "idiocy." Concurrent with this feeling, however, they each experienced an odd sensation in the region of the heart; it seemed to lie heavier, physically heavier, in the bosom, and to beat with a harsh, solid thump at times almost painful. Without inquiring into the matter, they seemed conscious that some strange process was going on within,—a gunpowderlike train of thought lay dormant in the brain of each, upon which the young lady's remark acted as the tinder. *Were* their hearts turning to stone?



Was there any possible connection between the physical condition of those organs and their mental condition generally, and was this the true solution of the entire matter? They still speculated, undecided, on these points, when land hove in sight, an event which, while it excited, less or more, everybody

else on board, they regarded with a cold equanimity which seemed to set them apart from the rest in such a marked degree, that no one bade them farewell or gave them any good wishes at parting; and so altered was this family from what it once had been, that not one of them minded it in the least.

CHAPTER III.

THE FATEFUL END OF ALL.

OUR friends were soon settled in their new quarters. The males were as yet but little better off as regards gaining a livelihood, but, as their reserve stock of money was far from exhausted, this was of less consequence than it might have been, and all things else were extremely satisfactory. The bread, they were rejoiced to find, was the counterpart of that which had so taken their fancy on board ship, and sugar and soda were to be had in abundance—need it be said they immediately laid in a large stock of each?

But the change in their character already noticed had now taken a new phase—a phase of right down stony-hearted cruelty. They would follow a man for miles to watch him ill treat a horse, or over-drive a bullock, or beat a dog within an inch of its life, thoroughly enjoying the scene. So much did they now delight in cruelty, indeed, that they went out of their way to annoy each other. They came home with parcels artfully made up to represent presents, which were simply small rolls of paper, pieces of wood, or other worthless substances done up in many wrappers, the removal of which they watched with intense enjoyment, culminating in a climax of delight as the last wrap was removed and the recipient's bitter disappointment disclosed—a disappointment which they endeavoured to heighten by derisive jeers. Of course occasionally the presents were genuine, or the uncertainty could never have been maintained; but even in such cases they made them as useless as possible. The baby was as frequent a victim as any, but when he did get sweetmeats he was equal to the occasion, carefully and ostentatiously dividing his prize into portions, as though to share them as usual, he would then quietly and deliberately consume each portion in turn until none were left, his disappointed and goaded family

sitting around the while, and gnashing their teeth with rage and greed. How changed from all they once had been!

This state of feeling was, however, of but short duration: it grew fitful—faded—finally disappeared altogether, and its place was taken by one even more extraordinary—a cold, stony indifference to everything. Cruelty of the most vicious description now neither stirred their pulses with the tearful pity of earlier days or the unhallowed joy of more recent times. From habit, too, they still subsisted principally upon bread and sugar, and washed in soda-impregnated water; but had they been deprived of these once (to them) indispensable articles, they would have borne it with perfect placidity. About this time the family fortunes began to take a turn for the better. Tom and his father (albeit now quite unconcerned in the matter) each obtained an unusually lucrative appointment (for indifference to success is frequently a royal road to its attainment), and although, regarded socially as stonily repellent in manner, from a business point of view, they were soon looked upon with considerable respect. They were spoken of as “hard-headed men of business,” “as sharp as flints,” men with “brains of granite, sir, granite,” and, prospering accordingly, were speedily almost as well off as ever—more so, indeed, as they now gave nothing in charity. In these altered circumstances “the girls”—who were sufficiently good-looking—naturally attracted many would-be suitors. These, however, received but scant encouragement, the slightest approach to tenderness or sentiment being met with so stony a stare as to chill the blood of the warmest admirer, and annihilate his pretensions for ever.

But Nature—if it *was* Nature working these strange changes, or rather these phases of what was really but one continuous and progressive change—seeming to have exhausted her resources in manipulating and hardening their mental faculties, or, growing accustomed to the task and seeking for something approaching novelty, now turned her attention to their physical condition, and forthwith began to harden that. I have in a previous chapter spoken of the sensation they all experienced in the region of the heart, as though that organ were heavy

and hard as stone. This sensation now grew and spread to other portions of their frames. Their bodies increased in weight without increasing in bulk. They began to walk heavily, with thumps that resounded through houses, threatening the destruction of floors and staircases, and re-echoed on pavement with the thud of the pestle in the mortar. They moved their limbs with difficulty, and their joints as they did so gave forth crunching, grating sounds, as though two pieces of soft stone were being slowly rubbed across each other with a firm, close pressure. Their hair assumed the appearance and substance of pumice-stone clustering around their marble brows, and they stiffened visibly day by day. They all saw clearly enough, and, in a placid way, wondered at the curious experiences they were passing through; but their minds remained about that, as about everything else—stonily indifferent.

The malady, or whatever it was, affected them in degrees according with their ages; that is to say, baby was most and Job least affected. Baby rarely left his little chair now, but sat calm and for the most part motionless, save when some bit of mischief, which he considered it his baby duty to do, offered itself,—then he would set about it stolidly and stiffly. Habit and a half-unconscious sense of duty impelled ma to correct him on such occasions with equal stolidity and stiffness, and at last this was fatal to baby. He had grown so stiff that only one bit of mischief was possible for him, viz., putting out his tongue. This he was doing one day, very, very slowly, and with an expressionless face, when she observed him. Ma was very stiff herself now, but she managed with difficulty, though without moving the rest of her body, to bring her left hand rather sharply against baby's ear. I won't say the result surprised her, as she was now incapable of that or any other emotion; but it was unexpected. She felt such an intense ringing, thrilling pain rush up her arm, that she gave a sharp cry,—baby's head came neatly off at the neck and rolled on the floor, while three of ma's fingers rolled after it! Both baby's neck and ma's fingers gave a *snap!* as the damage was done, and left nothing behind but a rough sparkling surface—*nothing more or less than actual stone!*



When Job came stiffly stumping in that evening, he found his wife gazing with almost a speculative air at the place where her fingers had once been. She related the incident to him.

"That explains it, you see," she concluded; "we're all turning to stone."

"Yes, I suppose that's it," returned Job, quietly.

He brought a pedestal home next night, and sticking baby's head to his body with a little diamond cement, placed the completed figure thereon, and it made a very nice ornament to stand in the bay window.

Time went on, and the family continued to grow stiffer. Sitting down grew to be such a labour that at last they took their meals standing, and when they could no longer bend themselves sufficiently to reach their food in that position, they made the "help" feed them. Matters were rapidly reaching a climax. One evening they stood together (they had all long ceased to sit down, and the girls were unable to move at all, being stone to the chest), Tom and pa reading, ma and the girls sewing, when the latter two grew slower and slower in their movements,—slower—slower,—and finally ceased altogether, their faces rigid, arms raised, and needles poised in air. They had reached the last stage: they had become stone! Job bought pedestals for them, and they looked very well on each side of the fireplace.

It was but two mornings after that Job and his wife stood at their breakfast-table waiting for Tom,

who slept in the room above, when they heard a loud crash, and a huge mass fell through the ceiling, tearing much of it away, and alighting on the table, damaging it considerably, and fracturing itself into several pieces. It was Tom in his shirt-sleeves,—stone before his time.

"Oh, Tom always was clumsy," said his mother, thoughtfully: "we can't make a statue of *him*."

"A bit or two of him will do to represent Elgin marbles, though," remarked Job; "the rest of him may be swept away with the other crumbs."

The next day ma was stone, too, and Job was alone. He bore it philosophically; but he was *quite* alone. No servant would stay in the place; they objected to serve a family with a taste for becoming statuary.

Job being some years older than his late wife and family, was not so far gone in petrification, although he felt that his conversion would be but a matter of time. At present he was sufficiently of the flesh to feel the pangs of hunger, and as he couldn't satisfy them at home, he looked abroad for a place where he might feed regularly. He made what I venture to call a curious choice (although I don't know why he shouldn't have made it, if you press me). He chose a tea gardens. Selecting a particular arbour, he used to drag himself there regularly to breakfast, lunch, dinner, and tea, slower and slower, and with more difficulty each day. Soon the effort grew too much for him, and he stood there permanently, taking his meals at the same regular intervals, and between whiles doing nothing, not even thinking, until green moss began to grow up his legs, rain streaked and stained his face, and flies, caterpillars, earwigs, and suchlike ran about his person as unconcernedly as though he were any other statue. At length one night, feeling himself at the last extremity, he drew his stiff body along the ground by his scarcely less stiff hands and arms, and seeking a remote part of the grounds, lay quietly down.

* * * * *

Those who doubted the finding of the stone man before may still doubt, even after the circumstantial account here given: I cannot help it. Nor can I give any explanation of the story. I only relate the facts, let those explain them who can. Mean-

time, I have one more fact to add, and I have done. The following extract from a pamphlet appeared in one of the papers which contained the account of the "stone-man" discovery :—"In New England there are several mills constantly employed in grinding a white stone found in that country into powder for purposes of adulteration. In one town in Massachusetts 'thousands of tons' of it have been sold, and have been deposited in the stomachs and

systems of the American people, *with such effects as may be imagined*. Three chief 'grades' of it are supplied to meet the requirements of trade—*flour grade, sugar grade, and soda grade*." The italics are mine (let who will claim them), and I leave it to readers of this story to say whether the effects are "such as may be imagined" or not.

JOHN W. HOUGHTON.

FORMOSA TERRACE.

TO begin with, it didn't lead anywhere, and nothing led to it—no road or way that any reasonable being would without strong provocation ever think of traversing. It stood high and dry among the fields. From it to the nearest thing you could, if you were rash enough, denominate—well, say a track, the land sloped a little, suggesting the probability that some day the Terrace would be gently glided down by means of slips, and launched upon the said track, or slewed round to a position parallel with it.

How the "Moseses," as the residents of the Terrace were locally termed, ever made their way to it was a mystery. From the outskirts of the town of which it was an outlying settlement, it could be descried afar off, with a neighbouring windmill as a landmark by which to steer for it; but no human ingenuity could discover an approach to it. Errand boys and others, sent from the town with goods for the "Moseses," had been known to wander in a circle round the charmed precincts for hours, and return at night to their masters, in a prostrate condition, with a feeble statement that they "couldn't find the way." A gentleman who advertised for a wife received an appointment at the Terrace, and, after being missed by his friends for several days, was eventually found at the edge of a pond within sight of the structure, apparently meditating suicide. A cat which had been removed from the Terrace to the town found its way back to its old home in the

night; but a dog that attempted a like experiment alarmed the neighbourhood in the small hours with distant howlings of a most harrowing description.

The Terrace consisted of one row of houses, all exactly alike. It might have been described as one long attenuated building, divided into several compartments of uniform height, width, and depth. Viewed from either end the Terrace presented a capital object lesson in geometrical perspective. All its lines sought the same vanishing-points. This is generally true of horizontal lines; but whereas some are apt to run rather erratically, the Formosa lines ran as straight as telegraph wires to the goals before mentioned.

There were no numbers to the houses, for the reasons, firstly, that it hadn't yet been decided at which end to commence with No. 1; and secondly, because the doors being very nicely painted, it was considered that figures would not look pretty upon them. As a consequence, most of the Formosas adopted their own devices for the recognition of their dwellings by themselves and their friends.

The devices were many and ingenious, not to say eccentric. For instance, a worthy retired oilman established just before his parlour window, in the centre of the front garden, a flaming red earthenware jar of large capacity. Another gentleman, of the nautical persuasion, deposited at the corner of his doorway the upper portion of an old ship's figure-head, representing a lady of an obscure position

in society, and very much *decolletée* and weather-stained. This apparition exercised various influences upon the infant Formosas. Some could only be led or carried past it blindfold, and even then roaring lustily, while others had to be taken round the back way. A few bolder spirits could be conducted past on the "off" side of a protector grasped spasmodically by the hand or dress; and there were even some small bravos of sufficient hardihood to confront the goblin and hoot it, and then run quaking away. With others, again, of refractory tendencies, its glamour was such that the traditional "bogey" and the sweep were "not in it" with this bugbear.

Yet another expedient for the identification of his domicile was resorted to by a fatuous "Moses." He had been in the "general line," and in the way of business had purchased some ancient and much-oxidized iron. Amongst it were some old area railings, and one of those venerable contrivances sacred to the era of sedan chairs and street links—a time-worn and blackened extinguisher once used for the extinction of the flambeaux aforesaid. For this relic the general dealer had conceived a strong attachment. He had relinquished business, and left behind him everything associated with the shop; but he clung to the extinguisher. To Formosa Terrace he brought it, but what to do with it there was the problem of his retired life. He did not burn torches, and it was much too cumbersome and inconvenient for putting out his bed-room candle. He set it up over his garden gate, where the youth of the Terrace soon found a use for it which he could scarcely approve. A small "Moses" was hoisted up by his friends, and his head being firmly jammed into the extinguisher, the friends ran away, leaving the unfortunate child suspended, and roaring and plunging desperately. After this the extinguisher was constantly being plugged up with miscellaneous foreign bodies—mud, stones, mortar, and other substances more or less unsavoury. Wedged into the machine, they lodged there, until the vibration caused by the opening of the gate discharged the *mélange* upon the head of the person occasioning the disturbance. Similar pleasantries were played with the oil-jar, until its proprietor stopped up the mouth

with a tight-fitting disc of wood, which remedy had to be adopted by the owner of the extinguisher.

The ancient figure-head was comparatively free from insult and contumely of this kind, owing to the circumstance that the gallant tar was frequently found established *in propria persona* upon the idol, offering to it the incense of tobacco. Otherwise he was known to be berthed somewhere near with a stout rope's end; a fact that was quickly demonstrated whenever a brickbat or a handful of mud or mortar was heaved at the "bogey" by some daring scoffers. Then the old salt would instantly emerge, rope in hand, from his moorings, and give chase to the offenders, who had need of their utmost agility to escape him.

These little *facetiae*, however, were merely the innocent ebullitions of playfulness of sundry giddy boys and girls. But in an evil hour there came to Formosa Terrace certain choice spirits of riper years, and more pronounced taste and capacity for mirth and mischief. And when these ill-omened ones had set eyes successively upon the figure-head, the extinguisher, and the pickle-jar, winks were exchanged between the eyes of import dire to the *Penates* aforesaid.

They began, these iconoclasts, with plastering handbills over the red jar and the much-displayed bosom of the ligneous lady, while they converted the extinguisher into an admirable fool's cap. Then they knocked in the head of the pickle-jar and put lighted crackers inside one night, and on the next they nailed Catherine-wheels to the figure-head and set them alight. But these pranks were tame in the estimation of their perpetrators, and they watched their opportunity for more exciting diversions.

They presently found out that on a certain night the sailor, the oilman, and the general dealer would each be abroad, attending some convivial gathering in the town. The night came, and the three worthies were seen to leave their respective homes separately: although neighbours, they were not friends, and the presumption was strong that each would return as he went—alone.

On this pre-supposition the conspirators laid their plans. One of the party was a resident "Moses," the others were his chums from the town. They

sat at the resident's parlour window, chatting and smoking till the time was ripe for their purpose. When a favourable gloom had enwrapped the Terrace, they issued forth upon their scandalous mission. In solemn silence, and with some labour, the wooden virgin was dragged from her berth and deposited at the general dealer's portals. Next, the scarlet jar was removed from its position and established in the sailor's front garden. With a little more trouble and equal stealth, the extinguisher and its framework were transferred to the oilman's gate, and then the authors of the plot returned to their rendezvous to watch the result.

The first of the roysterers to regain the Terrace was the worthy oilman. It was a moonless night, but light enough to distinguish conspicuous objects. The flaming symbol of his trade was therefore perceptible enough to the wearied reveller. With some unsteadiness of gait, he marched up to the door, where lately the naval trophy had stood sentry, and essayed to open it with his key. Amid the stifled mirth of the conspirators he was heard fumbling with the lock, and giving vent to sundry hiccuppy ejaculations at his failure to effect an entrance into the premises. His hat fell off in the struggle, and, ultimately, he was seen to sink down on the very spot and in the attitude of the deposed figure-head.

Then the general dealer arrived, and, sighting the extinguisher, made for the oilman's door, inserted his lock-key, which it seemed fitted the lock, opened the door, and went into the house. The conspirators, now watching outside, heard him bolt and bar it behind him; then there was a heavy thud, and all was still. Restraining, with difficulty, their mirth from explosion at this point, they returned to their former position to wait for the end.

Soon the ancient mariner hove in sight. With professional instinct, he knew his bearings well, and steered right enough for his own anchorage. Undeceived by the apparition of the pickle-jar in his garden, he rolled deviously up to his own door. He was trolling a jovial nautical song, and swinging in his hand a stout crabstick. Pausing at his doorstep to finish the ditty, he flourished the stick over

his head; and, by way of adding force to the refrain, he brought the knobby end down with sounding emphasis upon the head of the figure crouched against the lintel.

Then a groan of anguish broke the stillness of the night, and startled all the neighbouring "Moseses," except the iconoclastic party. Their frantic and uproarious merriment, added to the hoarse-mouthed oaths of the electrified, but now sobered, sailor, and the barking of disturbed dogs, produced a commotion that roused the terrace from end to end, and brought the Formosas, in various conditions of *dés-habille*, upon the scene.

They picked up the maltreated oilman, and bore him home, where a new confusion greeted them. His family, aroused by the clamour at the door, appeared at the windows to ascertain its cause. Hurrying, then, down to the door, they tumbled promiscuously over the prostrate form of the general dealer, taking his repose upon the stairs. From within the house came shrieks and sounds of lamentation, which, being yet quite unexplained, increased the consternation outside; and with this concatenation of alarms, a night of such terror and sensation had never been known in the annals of Formosa. Ultimately, the general dealer, much the tipsiest of the three, though the oilman was in the most grievous plight, was dislodged from his position, and carried to his own domicile, and the oilman to his own bed. Meanwhile the old salt, having found, and towed back to her moorings, his grisly goddess, and pitched the pickle-jar into the road, went quietly to his berth, and peace was restored to the domain of Formosa.

It is sad to relate that these disturbing occurrences have led to the improvement off the Terrace of its most distinctive features. The figure-head has been chopped up for firewood, the scarlet jar has been converted into potsherds and the foundation of a gravel walk, while the extinguisher, wrenched from its framework, is now used to warm the potations of malt liquor in which on cold nights the excellent general dealer is prone to indulge.

H. C. SESSIONS.

EPISODES IN THE CAREER OF A PROFESSIONAL JOKIST.

1.



2



1. The Professional Jokist himself, a-making those spontaneous side-splitters which are "so awfully good, you know."—2. To him his friend the Doctor:—"My dear fellow, you mope and fag and plod too much. Take a week's holiday and go right away somewhere,—say Dartmoor, trout-fishing; you used to have a gift that way. Set off *now*,—at once. Fine fresh air, new people, new faces, new ideas; country fare, charming scenery, purling brooks and heath-clad hills, mountain lakes and speckled trout; comfortable country inn,—jolly fun.

3.



4



Better than word-spinning here."—3. The Professional Jokist thinks he will really take his friend's advice; and having laid in a plentiful supply of all the "swellest" tackle and consulted "Bradshaw," he sets off to a railway-station apparently the nearest to his proposed haven of rest and land and water of delight. In due course having arrived thereat, he finds himself a solitary unit on a lonely hillside, without a house in sight save the station shed, the only mortal visible a surly official, combining the functions of station-master, telegraphist, book-

5.



6.



ing clerk, and porter. To the surly man, with suavity, as seeking to propitiate, the Professional Jokist, thusly:—"You seem to have a jolly time of it here." "No, I haven't." "Well, I meant you haven't." "Then why didn't yer say so?" Striking instance of urbanity of natives. —4. After having with considerable diplomacy negotiated for the hire of the only available means of further transit, the P. J. sets forth into the bowels of the lane,—5. And in due time catches sight of the charming old-fashioned country hostelry, "The Traveller's Rest,"

7.



8.



9.

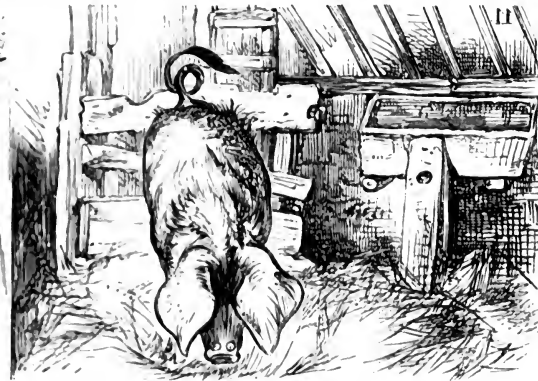


wherein he is to spend one solid week of his precious life.—6. Having dismissed his escort, he interviews the landlady.—7. The Landlord.—8. The Waitress.—9. The handy man,—boots, porter, ostler, post-boy, gardener, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.—10. Being a bit of a horseman, and having heard of Dartmoor ponies, the P. J. seeks the stable.—11. The interior thereof.—12. Horrible visions of approaching famine now begin to torment him. It is manifestly impossible to eat or drink in such a caravansery. Happy thought! Eggs!

10



11



can't defile the inside of a boiled egg nohow! A clean truss of straw to-night,—get some trout to-morrow, broil 'em on the embers. Consults the charming waiting damsel, and learns that, "Loramassyblessthemian! us doant kip no fowls, the foxes 'd ait 'em all. Ware's the highest ouze to ours? Why, Dartmoor jail, sure."—13. Flight. The Professional Jokist shoulders his "kit" and makes tracks for that said house of entertainment some ten miles distant, resolving to throw himself on the hospitality of the Governor thereof, inly

2.



13.



registering a vow never more to test the hospitality of Dartmoor natives, or to attempt to explore the charms of Dartmoor scenery unless backed by a commissariat train equal to a campaign in Zululand. N.B.—It usually rains on Dartmoor,—some! P.S.—There are many merrier jests than finding yourself on a desolate moor ten miles from everywhere on a tempestuous night, with half a hundred-weight of "traps" and no dinner. Rather!

THE OLD BOY.

WHEN, leaving town, I would regain
The place of my residing
(Though I should scarcely seek in vain
Facilities for riding ;
And though I've surely reached an age
To wrap, and ride, and "coddle,")
I daily plod my homeward stage—
The youngsters call it "toddle."

For there are windows on the way
Whose fascination thaws me
To youth again, and whose display
Magnetically draws me ;
In working hours my memory clings
About those windows, gay with
A host of brightly-coloured things
I long to clutch and play with !

There tiny warriors cast in lead
Stand stiffly, game for "closing" ;
And baby locomotives, sped
By clockwork, are reposing ;
And lovely little ships there are—
(How longingly I scan them !)—
With little men, with clothing far
Too stiff to bend, to man them.

I often hesitate and stop,
And, trying hard to stifle
My longings, rush within the shop
And buy some precious trifle :
I hint about some little boy
For whom I would provide it ;
And then I hug the thing with joy,
And take it home and hide it.

But if "the City" were aware
Of such a consummation
Its very desks and safes would stare,
Agape with consternation ;

With me, its senior partner, so
Forgetting my condition
The firm of Cobbey, Webb, and Co.
Would forfeit its position !

The ledger I abhor and scout
With enmity unswerving,
And kick and batter it about
When nobody's observing ;
I loathe each shrewd commercial trick,
And inly scorn and scoff it ;
The junior partners make me sick
With tales of loss and profit.

My years are seventy and three ;
'T is time for lying fallow :
When *will* my partners set me free
From jute, and hides, and tallow ?
I long to have a little play
Before the time that's creeping
Upon me bids me come away
And robe myself for sleeping.

I'm growing absent when they speak
Of Cutch ; my memory passes
From Demerara closing weak,
And dullness in molasses ;
They worry me no more : my brains
Ignore them, like a dreamer's—
I'm driving model railway trains,
Or sailing little steamers.

Hurrah ! the doctor says that rest
Is what my mind's requiring,
And even ventures to suggest
My finally retiring !
I will ! I'll fill the house with toys
And play the livelong daytime !
Come on, you other aged boys—
They've let me out ! It's playtime !
JAMES F. SULLIVAN.

FUN.
EVERY TUESDAY,
ONE PENNY.



THE CENSUS FOR 1881.

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and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies, are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S FRUIT SALT is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woe is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S FRUIT SALT, therefore no family should ever be without it.

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P R E F A C E.

THIS thirteenth issue of "Hood's Comic Annual," we trust, will be found worthy of its predecessors. In entering its teens we hope that as the publication grows in years it will continue to grow in strength as well as in public favour.

DALZIEL BROTHERS.

CAMDEN PRESS,
October, 1880.

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A CHARITABLE FAD.



"OLD place this," said Mirth to an aged inhabitant.
 "Wunt find a menny older," replied the aged one.

"Bit out of repair, perhaps?" continued Mirth.

"Not a atom," said the aged one.

"Might repay a little touching up, I mean," said Mirth, apologetically.

"Pooh!" said the aged one.

"You don't think it might be better for——" said Mirth.

"Wuss!" said the aged one.

"You know best, of course," said Mirth; "and perhaps you will tell me the name of the village?"

"Ole Litterariware," said the aged one.

"Old——?"

"Litter-āri-ware!" shouted the aged one. "P'raps you don't see that old 'ouse over there—'im with a first floor?"

"Plainly," said Mirth, "with the dilapidated projecting storey?"

"That's the 'Old, old, Story,'" said the aged one. "Look at the end of this coat o' mine—that's the 'Well-worn Tail.' Listen to that hen cackling yonder—that's the 'Ancient Lay;' 'ere's the 'Regular Old Style.' Let's get over it into the village. See the wind blowing the foliage about?—only 'Turning over Old Leaves.'"

"And that woodman who is making such a litter of chips with his axe?" said Mirth.

"'Litter'y 'Axe,'" said the aged one.

"And these old horses, too, that strain to drag their burden over the deep rut?" said Mirth, admiringly.

"'Well-known Strain,' 'Old, old, Burden,' 'Well-worn Groove,'" said the aged one.

"Then, too, this ancient clothes-line, worn to a thread, which hangs from these mouldering props?" said Mirth.

"'Same old Line,' 'Thread of the Old Story,' 'Regular Old Litter'y Props,'" said the aged one, chuckling. "'Ere's more of 'em—the 'Blasted Oak,' and the 'Trysting-Tree,' and the 'Ruined Home,' and the 'Well,' and the 'Black and Swollen Torrent,' and the 'Haunted Mill'—see 'um?'"

Mirth had stopped to examine some of them. "Some one seems to have been *painting* them," he said.

"Coats an' coats o' paint," said the aged one. "Everybody as takes 'em up touches 'em up new-like a bit; somebody's always a-usin' one or other of 'em."

Mirth mused, and exclaimed, "I expect I shall require the loan of a few of them for my ANNUAL this year."

The aged one eyed him sideways suspiciously. "Don't come chaffin' a old 'un," he said; "*you* never

use none o' them old things in the ANYUL; it's all noo and erriginal."

"Well, the fact is," said Mirth, confidentially, "even I am occasionally compelled to avail myself of old bases—mere bases—upon which to rear my delightful superstructures of fiction. In fact, I will candidly own that——" the remainder was in the lowest whisper.

* * * * *
"Dear me!" said Mirth, "who is this poor old gentleman—in rags—apparently a starving outcast—whom every one in the village appears to scout?"

"We don't speak to *him*, nobody will 'ave anything to say to *him*. He's an Old Joke—not considered 'the thing' at all. He do sometimes pick up a penny by appearing on the back page of the——"

"I will give this poor old gentleman a new suit of clothes—and a *place in my ANNUAL!*" said Mirth, with a great resolve.

"Wot! an old joke in 'OOD'S ANYUL?" gasped the aged one. "The readers would arise in 'orror!"

"Peace!" said Mirth, "it is my fad. And if any reader shall have the inconceivable acuteness to discover the whereabouts of the one Old Joke in my pages, that reader shall have a copy of the ANNUAL for one shilling." And hastily muffling the Poor Old Joke in an impenetrable disguise, Mirth posted rapidly from the spot.

J. F. S.



SOME INCONSIDERATE PEOPLE.



The most inconsiderate people I know are people with defects—they limit conversation so. For instance, I've known the simple presence of some old party (1) to nip in the bud most interesting discussions on visual obliquity; again, many of the greatest historical celebrities have had large noses, but you can't even refer to the fact before some people (2); there are some girls, too (3), as chatty and nice girls as you'd wish to see, if it you mustn't mention big feet in their presence; before others (4), reference to "old maids" is tabooed, and how can you ask fellows like this (5) to sing "Shy, I've known cases (6) when it would have been positively dangerous to introduce the subject of bow-legs. I've seen a man (7) spoil the pleasure of a whole dinner party, just because I couldn't tell, with him there, my droll story about Scotland being "the land of blue bonnets and carrot hair;" but when it comes to Mr. Irving's being obliged, when playing "Marc Antony," to omit the expression "lend me your ears," just because this person (8) happens to be in the audience. I think the limit has been reached. People have no business to have defects—it's abominably selfish!



THE BROWN WIDOW.

WHEN Geordie McGalpin was Governor of Sangaree—sweet island of sunlight, set in the sapphire seas, I sigh my heart out to thee across the dark billows of trouble and time!—the vexed question at King's House was, should Dinah Fyfe be received or not by the representative of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria? It was no bar to the beautiful young widow, who lived a lonely life in the tropic gladness, that, for all her delicate translucency of skin, her grey-blue eyes, and the lovely auburn shadowings of her abundant hair, she was by birth a Brown Woman. There lingers very little prejudice of race in the Western island of which I speak. Four hundred thousand Blacks, indeed, must be left out of the social reckoning. But the Half-caste and Quadroon minority in the coloured population holds a pretty equal standing with the white section, whether Creole or immigrant. It is often very difficult to discern a tinge of African blood in an Octoroon; still less, of course, in a Sexdecimaroon, as we may reckon Mrs. Fyfe to have been. Recollections of the "Old Time"—of Slavery, that is to say—have pretty well died out

in Sangaree; and the descendants of slaves, after two or three generations of alliance with Scotch and English Creoles, seldom hesitate to classify themselves, and to insist on being classified, as White Folk.

Pretty Dinah Fyfe! Fair step-daughter of darkness! Thou wert Candour in the simplest sense of that bland word! Not only had this lovely being a transcendent complexional excuse for casting off the little slur of dark blood; she had likewise the honest courage to disdain any excuse in the matter. When the population of Sangaree was last told, Dinah Fyfe, widow, described herself on the census-paper as Brown; whereas, coffee-coloured Mother Hogoe, whose ancient visage, tired in the lightest of three-guinea Paris bonnets (from New York), looked liked the smirched face of a mountain ewe projected from out a snowy fleece—Mrs. Hannibal Hogoe, I say, secure in her natural immunity from blushes, boldly announced herself to the statistical department as a White.

Puzzled, I guess, was my old school-fellow, Geordie, a kindly precisian, with a tender heart

encased in many folds of buckram formality, when the names in the big book on the hall-table of King's House were submitted to him, Mrs. Fyfe being among them. She had a perfect right to call at King's House, though Sir George McGalpin's predecessor—or shall we rather say Sir George McGalpin's predecessor's excellent lady?—had persistently ignored the pretty widow. Everybody knew who she was; not a tongue could wag in her disparagement; but if she had been an adventuress or a *cocotte*, Propriety could not have shunned her with a more resolute disdain. Geordie himself, I am willingly bound to say, bowed with cordial courtesy from his barouche, as he passed her verandah, just outside that sandy desert, Government Square, frying in the midday sun. Mrs. Fyfe, in a cloud of white gauze, happened to be standing there, in the shade of her citron-trees, with her little girl by her side. It is not for me to swear on my knightly faith that the widow's presence there, on that spot, at that moment, was the merest of accidental occurrences. Upon my word, I should have admired the woman none the less had I been told by her own lips that the muslin robe, and the delicate child, and the golden fruit in the dark overshadowing foliage, were parts of a studied picture, in which Dinah Fyfe had posed as the principal figure, with deliberate purpose to catch his Excellency's eye—if not his Excellency. Who knows? It may have been so, or it may not. All I can say is that I was passing too, at the very moment, and took in the whole scene at a glance; the good-natured astute old Scotchman, stooping his grizzled head with a kindly grave smile; the pale widow, slightly flushed; the fragile, golden-crowned lily of a child, bare-legged and bare-footed, and clad in the thinnest white raiment, like other little white-skins of the fierce Antilles.

I wish I could answer so natural a question as that which you are burning to ask—Did Mrs. Fyfe ever mingle with the queer mob of sham courtiers at King's House? But I think you will see by-and-bye that it matters little whether she did or did not. I never saw her there, though I have met, at his Excellency's entertainments, a certain Mrs. Macfarlane and her daughters three;—*half-sisters*, these,

of Poor Dinah. Now you begin to see a little into the Brown Widow's story, not new or strange, or at all uncommon, if truth be told, in the island of Sangaree. Yes, Dinah was what we call, no doubt correctly, the child of sin. Her father, Andrew Macfarlane, a Creole of good Scotch family, had inherited two fine sugar estates, one on the north side of the island, the other on the south. Emancipation, which brought ruin upon many broad acres of cane, depreciated the property of the Macfarlanes, and yet left it unembarrassed and moderately productive. No longer a mine of gold, it yielded a sufficiency for the absolute needs of a young unmarried planter; and had Mr. Andrew Macfarlane been as prudent as most of his countrymen are known or supposed to be, he might have thriven on his straitened resources. But long expatriation had perhaps influenced his family, through several grades of Creole descent, till the old Scottish habit of provident calculation had died out. This careless West Indian gentleman, pure-bred Scot though he was, bore no resemblance to the canny type of humanity famed throughout the world for its mingled shrewdness and love of adventure. Hospitably luxurious, even to splendid ostentation, he preferred residence on the less profitable of his two estates, simply because it lay on that side of the island where the military garrison was quartered, where the Commodore's station was situate, where the Governor held his official residence, and where the best society, as a consequence, was always to be found.

Sangaree, as the map shows you, is divided longitudinally by a chain of mountains; and, though not more than forty miles across from north to south, it is, or was at the time in question, badly provided with roads, most of which were crossed by rivers fordable only with danger and difficulty at certain seasons of the year. Managing only the smaller estate himself, and not managing it very well, Mr. Macfarlane necessarily cultivated the more important plantation by attorney. The man whom he entrusted with full powers to act in his place, was unquestionably a clever manager; the doubt being whether he was not a trifle too clever, and did not manage the property too much.

For some time Mr. Macfarlane experienced no

difficulty, whenever he wanted cash, in getting it from his attorney. A Sangaree attorney, by the way, is not an attorney-at-law. Alexander Dinwinkie—also a Scotchman, if you please—was attorney for Andrew Macfarlane, and assisted him readily at all times with money, which, without inquiring too curiously, the young proprietor assumed to be the current yield of his sugar-mills and rum-distillery. The time came when Mr. Dinwinkie could or would no longer answer the calls of his principal; and that time, as the attorney most probably knew, was an exceedingly inconvenient time for Mr. Andrew Macfarlane.

Now, Mr. Dinwinkie had a daughter, who had been educated in England, and had come back upon her father's hands in Sangaree. You shall be spared a pitiful story of matrimonial chicane. Enough, that young Macfarlane was forced into a marriage; too much, that he had formed a *liaison* with a beautiful Octoroon on a coffee plantation in the mountains midway between his two estates. The girl could yet remember the days of slavery, and had hardly shaken off, with her childhood, the sense of being a slave, when she became a mother—the mother, in fact, of our friend with the grey-blue eyes and the dark auburn hair, Dinah. This was at the very time when the married and settled Andrew began to have a lawfully-begotten family growing up around him.

Three daughters were born in wedlock to Andrew Macfarlane, and were duly sent to Europe for their education, while little Dinah, the child of sin—and an uncommonly sweet child, too—was dragged up somehow, not ungently, in Sangaree. Between her half-sisters and herself was never a word, at any period of their lives, exchanged. Bitter taunts, upbraidings, lamentations, more in anger than in sorrow, were continually poured upon the wretched father by the upstart shrew his wife.

There came a new Governor to Sangaree when Dinah was eighteen years of age, and that Governor had a son of three and twenty. Captain Fyfe was often a guest at the pen of the Macfarlanes, and as the head of that family had now risen to office in the government of the island, and had not only recovered but largely augmented his possessions, a match between the Governor's son and the eldest of the Misses Macfarlane was looked upon as a good thing for all

parties. Captain Fyfe, in short, was "all but" hooked and landed, when he ran away with another bait in his mouth, a bait of his own choosing—the illegitimate Brown Girl, Dinah.

Married they were, sure enough, in a neighbouring island; and it suited slanderous tongues to give out many evil sayings, darkly hinting or boldly averring that the marriage had been prevented. The girl's half-hearted father died somewhat suddenly—there are no lingering maladies in Sangaree, where coffins are ordered when people take to their beds—and, worse still, her husband died too, less than a year after their union. He had broken with *his* father, but only for a few months; and their reconciliation was complete before Sir James Fyfe exchanged his governorship for that of Knobkerry, on the African coast. Poor Captain Fyfe left his widow a small freehold residence and three thousand pounds, which sum she managed to invest very safely at four per cent. You have seen how she was living on her little income, with her child; else quite alone, neglected, and despised by all right-thinking members of Sangaree society.

As my friend Sir George McGalpin was a celibate, the feminine honours of King's House were at that time dispensed by Mrs. O'Flaherty, wife of the Jeneral-Commanding-in-Chief. A softer, more motherly and affectionate heart than that central organ of the circulation enshrined in the ample bust of O'Flaherty *femme* never beat under diamonds. But the good lady went in fear and trembling of that awful Priestess of the Ten Thousand Punctualities, Mrs. Macfarlane, whose eye, by Jove! *did* threaten and command!

When I was a quiet observer of that little scene which I have attempted to portray—the passing recognition of Mrs. Fyfe by Sir George McGalpin, shortly after the good old Caledonian's appointment to a governorship, which is usually a stepping-stone to something else—I had by my side a companion with whom I presently afterwards exchanged some remarks, of a harmless nature, on what our eyes had beheld. My friend was a lieutenant of the flag-ship at that time anchored in the Bay. He had heard a little about Mrs. Fyfe—nothing good, of course—and he thought he would like an introduction, if,

that was to say, any introduction were necessary. In this fashion do men discuss the characters of women they don't know. Next Sunday he and I found ourselves at church. Church in Sangaree is less like a little heaven below than it would perhaps be were the climate a few degrees cooler. A hideous temple, with open jalousie blinds in lieu of windows, is the cathedral church of Sangaree, but its ugliness is at all events unpretentious, and it is moreover partly screened by groups of orange, mango, and cocoa-nut-trees, and a gigantic cotton-tree, in whose ample shade the horses of the congregation were tethered. The *coup d'ail* that presented itself to us on our entrance—which was later than it ought to have been—was a congregation for the most part consisting of black faces, before each of which a panta-leaf fan was kept in a continual state of agitation. Incense thereby was offered up to the organ-loft and the galleries; nor did this odour of sanctity altogether refrain from dwelling with the saints below. Near the pulpit was gathered the whole section of the flock: His Excellency the Governor; the Honourable Isaac Moses, Secretary of State, and a stalwart pillar of the Colonial Church, with Mrs. Moses and numerous offspring; Major-General Patrick O'Flaherty, Commander-in-Chief, Mr. O'Flaherty, and Lieutenant O'Flaherty, aide-de-camp to the General; Dr. Kinnean, Mrs. Kinnean, and the two Masters Kinnean, lately returned from school at Peckham in England; Mrs. Macfarlane, Miss Ada Macfarlane, and Miss Blanche Macfarlane; Mrs. Hannibal Hogoe, who was as white as burnt umber, and resembled Solomon in all his glory, as being also *not* like the lilies of the field; and other miserable offenders.

In the Sangaree Litany, a special clause is inserted, praying for deliverance "from hurricane and earthquake," to which the island is chronically subject. For prevention of other and more general ills, very languid supplication is sent up to the Throne of Grace; and of these, "hardness of heart" seemed then to be one. In condescending to worship at the same shrine with Dinah Fyfe, did not Mrs. Macfarlane sufficiently show that her religious heart was in no need of mollifying? To be sure, the good lady may have been quite oblivious of the fact that

Dinah Fyfe and her little girl were kneeling a few yards off; and the fervour of Mrs. Macfarlane's petition that it might please the All-Good to defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows, may, like the whole of her charitable system, have begun and ended at home.

To speak the truth, it would have been better for me and my sailor friend to have stayed at home ourselves. We were there, in the Sangaree tabernacle, entirely under false pretences, the object with him and with myself being to gain a stage in forcing on our acquaintance with Mrs. Fyfe. Men hunt in couples, when pursuing such game, simply because they dare not trust one another to follow the chase singly. After church, seeing the little girl in the verandahed portico of her mother's house, we opened fire by asking whether it was her voice we had heard in the singing. When the child had coloured crimson and murmured an almost inaudible "No," we begged a glass of lemonade, which she speedily procured, picking for the purpose three or four green limes, which she was just able to reach on tiptoe, and soon afterwards reappearing with two goblets of the cool refreshment, their rims adorned with ringlets of the fragrant peel, and their contents rendered cooler by a liberal admixture of the Canadian ice, which is a necessary in Sangaree. Our polite piece of mendicancy gained us the opportunity of raising our hats to the fair mother, who received our thanks very graciously, and was yet more evidently pleased when we spoke the eloquent praises of her little girl.

Still harping on Dinah Fyfe's daughter, we soon found our way to the good graces of Dinah Fyfe. In less than a week we had gained a friendly footing in her house, and found the poor solitary widow naïvely communicative on the topic of her sadness and desolation. It was very touching. Lieutenant Dash declared it was a confounded shame. I went on board the Admiral's ship next morning, and found my young friend writing at a corner of the ward-room table. He was a poet in a small way, was Lieutenant Dash, and this is what he wrote:—

TO HANID.

Where the mangrove dips her branches in the coral-girt lagoon,
And at eve the land-breeze rustles in the palms,
Till their lofty leaves sound rain-like in the rainless blue—

And there he stuck, not liking to complete the line with "aboon" for "above," nor clearly seeing his way to end the stanza with "qualms," "balms," "calms," or "psalms." (N.B.—"Hanid" is what we should vulgarly call *back slang* for "Dinah.")

"I say, my dear fellow," exclaimed the poetical lieutenant, as soon as he saw me, "isn't it enough to bring a what d'-ye-call-it?—a Ban, upon the island? By Jove it is! and I shouldn't be surprised to see the whole concern swallowed up by an earthquake. And what's more, I shouldn't care, if SHE were got off safely."

"Meaning Mrs. Fyfe?" I asked.

"Meaning Mrs. Fyfe, of course. Don't you think she's atrociously ill treated?"

"Indeed I do," said I; and indeed I did; "but how can we help it?"

"Speak to your friend Sir George," was Dash's ready reply.

"Well, do you know, I don't think it would be the least use. He has put all the petticoat ceremonies of King's House into the hands of the Jineraless; and he's the very last man to alter his arrangements. But I'll tell you what we can do: the O'Flaherty only wants a little backing up, to pitch over her friend Mrs. Macfarlane; and I'll see about that, straight."

"Capital notion, by Jove!" says Dash. "The Jineraless is a good old sort, and she'd listen to reason and justice. Only get her to see the cruelty of that feline person's behaviour, and I'm sure she'd pluck up courage to resist it."

So spake, or to this effect (for sailors have sometimes a bluff habit of speech, and I cannot allow Frank Dash, in print, to call a lady a cat, with a couple of adjectives) so spake the poetical lieutenant. And very soon afterwards we were rowed ashore; and very soon after that we were driven in a spider-buggy from the quay to Head-quarters House, where, wonderful to relate, Mrs. Macfarlane was sitting in the verandah with the Generaless.

Something had happened,—something we had never thought at all likely to happen; and when Mrs. Macfarlane had gracefully taken her leave, we

heard all about it from the Generaless before we had time to pop in a word.

"Would ye believe it, now?" said the excellent woman. "That's a kinder-hearted creature than any of us gave her credit for being. She came here and asked me to presint Doinah Foyfe, and sure it's meself wanted to do that same, long ago."

You may suppose we were somewhat surprised and taken aback by this intelligence, which seemed, if not too good to be true, rather too true to be good. Was the artful one scheming some unholy contrivance? No; to do her justice, as we soon discovered, her only motive was one of politic patronage. Some straw had shown her which way the wind was blowing; and a pretty wind it was. We should have taken in sail and put about, had we known the fog-bank into which we were running, stem on.

Bright weather was waiting beyond it, no doubt; but, alas! before it could be reached, a cloud more terrible than any that had yet arisen settled over Dinah Fyfe's house, and broke upon it, and overwhelmed it, and left it a hopeless, comfortless wreck. That same night good Mrs. O'Flaherty was helping Dinah Fyfe to nurse her one ewe lamb; and on the morrow there was no human help or consolation for the broken-hearted, childless widow.

Time heals the wounds he makes; and I suppose, nay, am sure, that nature's kindly balm was laid to the bruised heart of this poor suffering woman. You see, we had intended to make Dinah Fyfe happy in a very poor and commonplace way, after all. But man proposes—and woman accepts. A few months after these events, I read an announcement of the marriage of his Excellency Sir George McGalpin, Governor of Sangaree, to Dinah, widow of the late Captain Fyfe; so *now* it must be plain that whether this fairest of Brown Widows went to King's House or not, *as* a widow, matters positively nothing; and that I was right in saying so. Nor shall I think it worth while to interrogate Lady McGalpin on the subject, when I am invited, as I hope I soon shall be, to dine at Sir George's house in Manchester Square.

GODFREY TURNER.

WIT AND WEDLOCK.

A Fable, after Æsop.

THERE was a youth, De Witling high,
Who had a ready "Pickwick,"
And did for comic papers write
Upon a sort of tick-tick
System, which means, 'tween you and me,
He borrowed his ideas, you see.

De Witling loved a maiden fair,
Of disposition sunny,
With arch dark eyes and golden hair,
And rather to be funny
Inclined, so her acquaintance said,
Who held her in some little dread.

For she was full of playful wit,
And smart and ready banter ;
And Witling loved with her to sit,
And eke trot out and canter
Her humour, for he knew, the wretch !
Good money he could make it fetch

Now this went on some little time,
Till Witling thus reflected :
" If like this I go on, sure, I'm
Safe soon to be detected ;
Or else, some day, some other coon
On this smart girl will haply spoon.

" And then to all my chance, good bye,
Of making fame and money,
Her sprightly wit and humour by,
And sallies smart and funny ;
In short, this maiden must be mine,
Or name and fame I must resign."

To this conclusion Witling came,
And popped, in haste, the question ;
And laying bare his bosom's flame,
Made, too, this cool suggestion,—
She jokes and puns should make *sans* stint,
And he would get them into print.

She blushed and laughed as maidens will,
And begged him not be stupid ;
De Wit but felt a sweeter thrill
Of the sweet dart of Cupid
Through all his soul—this by the way—
She duly fixed the wedding day.

Behold them now, a wedded pair,
De Witling and his Clancy,
By which soft name was known the fair
Young maid of brilliant fancy ;
Their honeymoon was brief and bright,
Then Witling sate him down to write.

Alas ! De Wit had ne'er perused
The fable of times olden,
About the rude clown who abused
The goose that laid the golden
Eggs, day by day, yet fast enough
Could not produce the precious stuff.

Had Witling left this flighty girl
Alone, to cut her capers
Of jest and repartee, the churl
Might still have filled the papers ;
But grasping her unto himself,
She no more brought him praise or pelf.

For married life brought notions new
Of cookmaids and cold mutton,
And Witling's socks and shirts, a few,
That oft need darn or button ;
She finds but sorry cause for jokes,
What time the parlour chimney smokes.

These daily cares and troubles quite
With dulness now consume her,
Her gifted spouse is lost, poor wight,
Without her lively humour.
De Witling sends no joke or pun
To *Punch* or *Judy*, *Folks* or *Fun*.

STRAY LEAVES FROM A SKETCH BOOK.



THE BRITISH PUBLIC WITH THE SUN BANG IN ITS EYES.

STRAY LEAVES FROM A SKETCH BOOK.



THE B.P. WITH THE EAST WIND SLAP IN ITS TEETH.

GLOXINIA'S WILE.

CHAPTER I.

LAVENDER VILLAGE.

IT does not very much matter who Sangster was, or who were his forbears; it is enough to state that he built Lavender Village, and a very pretty little estate it was.

It was pretty in appearance, and, what is decidedly better, it brought in a pretty penny to its owner, the aforesaid Sangster, who lived in stuffy chambers in a squeezey Inn of Court, and abhorred the country except for what it brought into his pockets.

Sangster, then, built Lavender Village, with its twenty-four pretty detached gothic villas standing in their charming well-kept gardens. It was the low-minded commonplace people of the neighbouring town who christened it "Sangster's Circus."

The fact is, that the little river Wirmylong used, so geologists say, to run through that pleasant part of Kent, and they will trace for you its course along the little valleys, before some flood or eating through of the little hills caused it to take an entirely new line, and the bed of the old rivulet became the most tortuous lane in the county, leading almost from nowhere to somewhere else. It would have been a perfectly useless lane, had it not tapped the Bunbourne Road at one end, about three hundred yards from Bunbourne Station, on the Due-South Railway, and the Sneezlehurst Road at the other end, some miles away. It is not, however, fair to say that it was a perfectly useless lane, for certainly in its older days it had a great deal to do with the matrimonial matters of Bunbourne, the young lovers of that salutary town or village affecting it for making up matters prior to being asked in church. In fact, a philosophical mind had calculated that quite twenty-four couples, by a little management, could have exchanged a chaste kiss in its windings without being seen by neighbours similarly engaged.

Directly after you entered Wirmylong Lane from Bunbourne, the rivulet had once wound round in a

complete—a perfect circle, going so nearly back to the spot from whence it started, that when Sangster married and became possessed with his wife of the High Field, he had only to continue the lane for forty yards to complete the circle, and this he did.

For he was a shrewd fellow, was Sangster, and living in London, he had learnt that a piece of land worth pounds for grazing purposes, was, if eligible, worth hundreds for building. So, seeing that the High Field stood so near Bunbourne Station, and that it was sandy and elevated and pretty, and that it came to him as a wedding gift, he called in a surveyor, and cut the round estate up exactly like a wedding-cake, each wedge-shaped piece, with its frontage to the lane, becoming a capital little building plot, and all the gardens meeting in a central point.

Sangster had money of his own, and he sold other portions of his wife's estate to supply the rest of the funds; had plans made, designed by an architect; called in a clever builder, and, his wife naming the place, Lavender Village began to spring up, and the Bunbourne people sneeringly named the ring of villas "Sangster's Circus."

Sangster had *nous* enough to do the thing well, and as fast as the pretty villas, with prettily-laid-out gardens and trim hedges and fences, were finished, with croquet-grounds, conservatories, and the rest of it, they were let at stinging rents to old bachelors, maiden ladies, and, in one case, to a very pretty, plump, clever widow.

It was not everybody whom Sangster would accept for tenant. He wanted people with money,—City brokers, who ran up by the Due-South to the City; people who wanted a bit of stable, or a grape or orchard-house put up; all of which Sangster did at a consideration, so that in the course of twenty years Lavender Village was as good a property in its way as the Burlington Arcade; and if a house was likely to be vacant, it was bespoke twelve deep.

CHAPTER II.

THE SERPENT.

BUNBOURNE was big in horticulture. The Bunbourne Horticultural Society had for president Sir Belgrave Such, M.P., and somehow Lavender Village had drifted into being the great buttress of the society. The strifes of City life and the encounters between Bulls and Bears were left behind with the smoke, and Mr. Quayle devoted himself to pines; Vater of Capel Court went in for grapes; Perkins of Throgmorton Street was great with peaches grown in his orchard-house; Mrs. Seymour Perry, the pretty widow, was famous for her gloxinias,—in fact, she was known by her admirers as Gloxinia, she was so plump and soft in her tints, so downy, and above all, so sleek. All the bachelors were more or less in love with her, to the scandalization of several of the elderly maiden ladies, Miss Olly going so far as to say to Miss Levick that, if she wanted to change her state, she should marry first, “for it seems to me very clear that men have a preference for second-hand goods, though why, I cannot understand!”

It was rather odd that while the gentlemen, to a man, excepting Mallabone, thought the widow very pretty, the ladies, without exception, thought her very plain, and detested her to such an extent that they never met Gloxinia without kissing her and calling her “dear.”

Bunbourne Summer Show was drawing nigh, and the occupants of Lavender Village were growing excited. In every one of those wedge-shaped gardens, separated by trimly-kept hawthorn hedges—for Saggster always drew the line at walls—ladies and gentlemen could be seen of an evening watering, smiling, squirting water to shoot aphides, picking off dead leaves, shading and sheltering plants that were meant for exhibition, and mentally exclaiming against Mallabone.

For Mallabone was the serpent of this pleasant Eden; and but for the fact that he had his house on a tight lease, he would have been sent to some other place long before.

As it was, the Lavender Villagers had to be con-

tent with sending him to Coventry, which did but little good, for Mallabone only laughed.

He was very smooth and pleasant to look at, but he was a regular demon at heart. The maiden ladies hated him because he was a misogynist, and the gentlemen shared their hate because he was better off, had the prettiest cottage, the nearest to the station, and could beat all his neighbours at bowls, billiards, or in the friendly rubber of whist.

It was just three weeks before the Summer Exhibition, and the friendly rivalry was at its height. There was not a soul who did not wish that Mallabone might come down like a blight upon all his or her neighbours, so long as the wisher escaped; and meanwhile Mallabone was busy—maliciously busy—in his own garden, and chuckling and rubbing his hands.

He had come down from the City by the express, met Mrs. Seymour Perry, and blushed as he thought she looked at him reproachfully, and then did not feel safe until he was shut in by his garden gate, for he had a perfect horror of the other sex. A friend of his, and former partner, had been drawn into a breach of promise case, and mulcted in two thousand pounds. Mallabone was determined that this should not be his fate.

Dinner followed—a good one, for Mallabone chose his own fish and poultry, and had them sent down. Then there was a glass of wine, followed by a choice cigar, under whose influence Mallabone went into his garden that delicious summer evening to enjoy himself in his solitary way.

The next minute he was busy over some trays of what looked like silkworms, for which he picked some cabbage-leaves, when a second glance showed that there were half a dozen species of fine flourishing caterpillars, all full of voracity.

Covering these over, he rubbed his hands, and uncovered, one after the other, a series of earthen pots, in some of which were slugs, in others snails, of all sorts and sizes. There were slugs,—great black fat fellows; large drab slimy objects; great spotted slugs with hoods; and hundreds of small ones, grey, drab, brown, and black, all of which he fed with cabbage-leaves before removing the earthenware covers to gaze upon the pet snails which he

had raised from the egg, and some of which were of six-periwinkle magnitude, and with horns three quarters of an inch long.

His next visit was to a kind of aviary, where his gardener had the care of feeding some dozens of young blackbirds and thrushes, principally upon ripe fruit, gooseberries, currants, and the like.

"Ah!" said Mallabone, rubbing his hands, "you'll pretty well do now. I don't see why you shouldn't quite do!" And quickly opening the aviary door, he left the birds to escape.

He next returned to the house for a camp stool, lit a fresh cigar, and quietly filling a little basket with caterpillars, and a jam-pot with slugs, he took them down to the point of his garden where he was all but touching those of his twenty-four neighbours, sat down, smoked, listened placidly to the buzz of conversation, and waited until it grew dark.

Then, as the shades of evening fell, Mallabone grew suddenly busy with what seemed to be—of course it could not have been, and the reader must excuse the simile—a narrow steel very elastic stay-strengthened, believed by the writer to be called a "busk."

Armed with this implement, Mr. Mallabone placed a slug or a caterpillar at one end, bent the steel—well, right or wrong, we'll say *busk*—released it like a spring; and as he tightly held one end, away went the caterpillar or slug into somebody's garden, to alight upon a stray leaf, or on some choice bed of flowers.

So dexterous was this catapultist, that he with unerring aim sent great fat slugs to fall with a soft pat upon green and grape-house, conservatory, and cucumber-frame, knowing full well that the soft moist creatures would stick where they fell, and there, according to their instinct, search for and find some tiny hole through which they could squeeze their slimy bodies, and then cry havoc as they went upon their mission to destroy.

The snails required more delicate handling, and were gently pitched here and there into flower-beds, the peculiar configuration of the gardens placing them all within Mallabone's reach; so that when at last his task was done, he smiled, rubbed his hands, placed the—say busk—in his pocket, and returned

to his sitting-room with his conscience at rest, for he could feel that he had done every one a good turn, and administered equal justice to all.

CHAPTER III.

GLOXINIA.

THERE was a general consternation in Lavender Village, and the inhabitants gathered at the bottoms of their gardens to discuss the matter, for just on the verge of the flower show and general horticultural competition for prizes, it seemed as if the Plagues of Egypt had suddenly descended in the well-kept gardens.

"My gloxinias are ruined," said Mrs. Seymour Perry; "a great long slim slug got into the conservatory, and I shan't have one to show."

"The snails have ruined my Phlox Drummondii," said Miss Olly.

"That fellow of mine left the frames open," said Mr. Quayle; "and the big pair of cucumbers that I meant to show are eaten off at the stalks."

And so on, and so on. There was not an exhibitor who had not suffered: pansies, balsams, pelargoniums, strawberries, peaches, grapes,—every choice exhibition product had been attacked, and Lavender Village was in despair.

"I made sure of a prize," said one.

"So did I!" said another.

"And I!"

"And I!"

And while each lamented his own particular loss, there was a feeling of exultation at the sufferings of the others.

"I wouldn't have cared if my gloxinias had escaped," said Mrs. Seymour Perry thoughtfully, as she caressed her soft round cheek with a jewelled finger.

"Nasty selfish thing!" thought Miss Olly.

"Dreadful creature!" muttered Miss Levick.

Then there was a general chorus about late strawberries, melons, peaches, and nectarines; of green-house- and hothouse-breaking by the slugs, and flowers of the choicest destroyed; and lamentations that were only broken by half the Lavender Villagers going on expeditions to destroy the marauders.

"Now, look here," said Mr. Quayle, sticking his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, "I don't want to make mischief, neither do I want to have an action against me for slander. May I trust you all?"

"Yes, yes!" was chorused.

"Then," said Mr. Quayle, releasing one hand to slap his knee, "it's Mallabone!"

"Oh!" exclaimed several.

"Yes. What's he always breeding in boxes and pots? and what is it he sometimes sends flying with a catapult? I'll bet a dozen of champagne it's slugs and snails!"

"You're right!" cried Gloxinia excitedly. "I've seen him do it, and wondered what it meant."

"Oh, the deceitful creature!" thought Miss Olly; "she spends her time watching his garden."

"Minx!" muttered Miss Levick. "I haven't patience with her."

"Well, now you mention it," said one, "I have heard things come into the garden—*pat*—of a night."

"So have I!" said a second.

"And I!" said a third. And by a remarkable coincidence, so had everybody else.

"What's to be done, then?" said Mr. Quayle.

"Oh, it must be stopped," said several.

"But who'll beard the lion in his den?" said Mr. Quayle.

"Oh, you must!" was chorused. "Tell him we are going to bring an action against him for damages."

Mr. Quayle buttoned up his coat, and stuck his hat on one side of his head, as if he meant going; but his friends found out that he only meant not going, and the question arose then, Who is to go and see Mallabone?

"I will!" said Gloxinia at last, as no one else seemed disposed to enter the breach.

"Oh, how good and brave of you!" chorused the ladies aloud; and, "oh, the forward creature!" they chorused under their breaths; while the gentlemen each declared to himself that she was a wonderful woman, and wished that the others were not present, that he might the better express his feelings.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT SNAIL!

It was about half-past eight o'clock on the following evening that Mr. Mallabone, after a pleasant distribution of his gifts all round Sangster's Circus, was calmly seated near the open French casement enjoying a perfect cigar, when, to his utter astonishment, a draped figure walked swiftly across his lawn, and entered the room by the open window.

The large moderator lamp was shaded and turned down very low; and it is worthy of remark that at that moment a great white moth was circling round the lamp-glass, trying to singe its wings.



The draped figure looked so strange that Mr. Mallabone felt pinned to his chair, and he could not move. As the visitor walked straight to the table and turned up the light, the moth flew inside the glass and singed its wings, and then the large cloak was allowed to fall, and Gloxinia stood before the trem-

bling Mallabone in evening dress, and looking extremely bewitching.

Mallabone blushed, trembled, and glanced at the door; but his visitor was between him and the place of retreat, and as Gloxinia fixed his eye, she raised one hand and pointed with a tapering white finger to something upon her plump white shoulder.

Mallabone stared and saw what it was, and trembled more. He felt horribly guilty, and, what was worse, he felt that the lady was reading him through and through.

There was a horrible pause, and then, in angry emphatic accents, Gloxinia exclaimed,

"You nasty man!"

"My dear madam," faltered Mallabone.

Gloxinia, who for a few moments had been doubtful, knew that she was right.

"See what you've done!" she exclaimed again.

Mallabone felt ready to go down upon his knees and beg his beautiful visitor's pardon.

"I—I—never thought——" he stammered.

"How could you treat me so?" she exclaimed again.

Mallabone was fascinated, and he rose from his seat as his visitor pointed at the snail.

"Take it off directly!" she exclaimed, with a little stamp of her foot.

"I would not have done it for the world!" he stammered.

"Take it off, you nasty man!" she exclaimed. And with trembling hands Mallabone essayed to remove the disgusting object from its pleasant seat.

"Oh!" exclaimed the lady with a cry of pain, for the shell stuck tightly; but the next moment it was off, and Mallabone held it tremblingly in his fingers.

"Throw it away," she cried now; and the snail was thrown out of the window.

"Now," exclaimed the lady, fixing him more than ever with her lustrous eyes, "take that handkerchief and wipe the place."

She held out a lace cambric handkerchief to the trembling man, whose fingers touched hers as he took the handkerchief, and he trembled more and more. Then, in a state of confusion such as he

had never before experienced, he lightly brushed the lily shoulder where the snail had rested, and then blushing like a girl, gazed full, helplessly, completely conquered, in the beautiful eyes that met his.

"Now go down upon your knees, and beg my pardon!" she exclaimed.

Poor Mallabone threw himself at her feet, her vanquished, humble slave, remaining there until she gave him her hand, which he kissed like that of a queen, and then rose, penitent and forgiven, to help the lady on again with her cloak, whose hood she threw over her bandolined head; and so confused was Mallabone, that he noticed not that the slimy ring upon the alabaster shoulder was of gum-arabic, which had been used to fasten on an empty shell.

In fact, just then he was wondering what would have been the consequences if he had kissed the place he had so insulted; whether he would have been slain on the spot, or committed to prison, or what would have become of him; and he was still thinking, when the lady glided away as she had come.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT FOLLOWED.

IT was not from any dread of a breach of promise case—nothing of the kind—but solely owing to the fact that Mallabone could not get that soft white shoulder out of his eyes. It haunted him night and day, and the result was that one morning a letter of apology came round to all the Villagers, expressing Mallabone's regret for the trick he had played; and when in time the triumphant party went to call upon and thank Gloxinia, they found that she was out.

Mr. Mallabone was out too!—gone from fear, his neighbours said. Be that as it may, there was an announcement in the morning papers directly after; and a month later Gloxinia led Mallabone back, an altered man, who smiled instead of blushing when she called him "Alfy, dear!" And there was one of the houses in Sangster's Circus to let.

GEO. MANVILLE FENN.



A CONCERT AT THE ZOO.

AMERICAN LEGENDS.

No. I.

THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN OLD MAN.

IT was a balmeous day in May, when spring was
springing high,
And all amid the buttercups the bees did butterfly;
While the butterflies were being enraptured in the
flowers,
And winsome frogs were singing soft morals to the
showers.

Green were the emerald grasses which grew upon
the plain,
And green too were the verdant boughs which
rippled in the rain,
Far green likewise the apple hue which clad the
distant hill,
But at the station sat a man who looked far greener
still.

An ancient man, a boy-like man, a person mild and
meek,
A being who had little tongue, and nary bit of cheek.
And while upon him pleasant-like I saw the ladies
look,
He sat a-counting money in a brownsome pocket-
book.

Then to him a policeman spoke, "Unless you feel
too proud,
You'd better stow away that cash while you're in
this here crowd;
There's many a chap about this spot who'd clean
you out like ten."
"And can it be," exclaimed the man, "there are
such wicked men?"

"Then I will put my greenbacks up all in my pocket-
book,
And keep it buttoned very tight, and at the button
look."

He said it with a simple tone, and gave a simple
smile,—

You never saw a half-grown shad one-half so void
of guile.

And the bumble-bees kept bumbling away among
the flowers,

While distant frogs were frogging amid the summer
showers,

And the tree-toads were tree-toadying in accents
sharp or flat,—

All nature seemed a-naturing as there the old man
sat.



Then up and down the platform promiscuous he
strayed,

Amid the waiting passengers he took his lemonade,
A-making little kind remarks unto them all at sight,
Until he met two travellers who looked cosmopolite.

Now even as the old was green, this pair were darkly brown ;
They seemed to be of that degree which sports about the town.

Amid terrestrial mice, I ween, their destiny was Cat ;
If ever men were gonoffs,* I should say these two were that.

And they had watched that old man well with interested look,
And gazed him counting greenbacks in that brown-some pocket-book ;
And the elder softly warbled with benevolential phiz,
"Green peas has come to market, and the veg'tables s riz."

Yet still across the heavenly sky the clouzs went louding on,
The rush upon the gliding brook kept rushing all lone,
While the ducks upon the water were a-ducking ast the same,
And every mortal human man kept on his little ame.

And the old man to the strangers very affable let lip
How that jealousy policeman had given him the tip,
And how his cash was buttoned in his pocket dark and dim,
And how he guessed no man alive on earth could ammon him.

In a dent conversation ere long the three were deeped,
And in that good man's confidence the younger they deeped.
The policeman, as he shadowed them, exclaimed in a looming rage,
"They're stuffin' of that duck, I guess, and leavin' out the sage."

He saw the game distinctly, and inspected how it took,

And watched the reappearance of that brownsome pocket-book,
And how that futile ancient, ere he buttoned up his coat,
Had interchanged, obliging-like, a greensome coloured note.

And how they parted tenderly, and how the happy twain
Went out into the Infinite by taking of the train ;
Then up the blue policeman came, and said, "My ancient son,
Now you have gone and did it ; say what you have been and done?"

And unto him the good old man replied with childish glee,
"They were as nice a two young men as I did ever see ;
But they were in such misery their story made me cry ;
So I lent 'em twenty dollars—which they'll pay me by-and-bye.

"But as I had no twenty, we also did arrange,
They got from me a fifty bill, and gimme thirty change ;
But they will send that fifty back, and by to-morrer's train——"
"That note," out cried the constable, "you'll never see again!"

"And that," exclaimed the sweet old man, "I hope I never may,
Because I do not care a cuss how far it keeps away ;
For if I'm a judge of money, and I *reether* think I am,
The one I shoved was never worth a continental dam.

"They hev wandered with their sorrers into the sunny South,
They hev got uncommon swallows and an extry lot of mouth.
In the next train to the Noth'ard I expect to widely roam,
And if any come inquiren', jist say I ain't at home."

* *Gonoff*. A Scriptural term for a Member of the Legislature, or suchlike.

The p'liceman lifted up his glance to the sunny
skies,
I s'pose the light was fervent, for a tear were in his
eyes,
And said, "If in your travels a hat store you should
see,
Just buy yourself a beaver tile and charge that tile
to me."

While the robins were a-robbing acrost the meadow
gay,
And the pigeons still a-pigeoning among the gleam
of May,
All out of doors kept out of doors as suchlike only
can,
A-singin' of an endless hymn about that good old
man.

No. II.

CARRYING COALS.

In the gloomsome abysses where darkness is kept,
And the spirit of silence for ages has slept,
In the great shaft of Pottsville, way down in the
hole,

There came seven parties, all dealers in coal ;
But they never had been in that chasm before,
Nor had the sensation of darkness all o'er,
Which so greatly expandeth the soul.

And one of 'em said, "It's an awful delight
To be infinite deep into no end of night,

Where the heavenly sunshine can't manage to
spring,—

And, talking of that, I've a notion, by Jing !
Let we ourselves mine out some coal lumps to-day
To show to the folks,—which I think, by the way,
Would be a poetical thing."

So they filled up their pockets, untried by a doubt,
And in the hotel they unveiled 'em all out ;

But their glances grew strange as they turned o'er
the weight,
Till one of them shouted, "By thunder, it's
slate!"



Yet the youngest among them had dealered in coal,
And unto that traffic surrendered his soul,
Since the Anno Eighteen_Forty-eight.

For all of man's wisdom is only a dream,
Which passeth away like a plate of ice-cream,
And the best of experience fails as we mark,
If you go for to dig when you're all in the
dark ;

For there's always a moral inside of a tale,
And big things in little things always prevail,
As sure as there's wood in the bark.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

THE HAPPIEST DAY OF HIS LIFE.

WITH a heroism second only to that of Macaulay's Horatius, Marmaduke Miffins, grocer, oilman, and general provision dealer, of Little William Street, Old Kent Road, had decided to marry!

In these days of overwork and underpay it is a heroic act in most, for the lottery of marriage is more productive of blanks than prizes; but to a man of Marmaduke's physique it was heroism of the highest order.

He lacked presence; his frame was of the slightest and smallest; and what there was of him was irregular. His chest seemed to have slipped somewhat, or at any rate to be unusually low down; his legs were fine to a fault; and the colour of his cheeks was chronically located in his nose. Consequently, when these characteristics are the property of a man barely 5 feet 2 inches in height, it will be conceded that the individual was scarcely born to threaten an command.

As a matter of course, when he determined to enter for the Matrimonial Stakes, being a singularly short man, he looked exceptionally high; and in selecting Lucretia McStinger, he engaged himself to a lady to whom he could not help *looking up*, for she was 5 feet 6 inches at the very least!

For the whole of the week preceding the happy day, the state of the provision dealer's mind baffles description. There surely never could have been nervousness like unto his nervousness: it was horrible to witness. And had it lasted longer his business could not have, for no customers could be expected to put up with receiving starch and glue instead of tapioca or sago, the kind of thing he was repeatedly found doing; and it was no wonder the neighbours wanted to know "What *had* come to Mr. Miffins?" when he was detected giving vermin powder for potted tongue.

It was a great mistake his attempting to attend to business, for the only service he could have rendered anybody was the marriage one, and that he was continually repeating aloud; so that when Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Anyoneelse put some

very ordinary question to him, they invariably received a very extraordinary (Church Service) response.

The cause of his anxiety was not far to seek, for Lucretia lived in the next street but one; and it was on her account, or rather, on account of her, that he underwent such distressing agitation; for, to tell the truth, Lucretia was a particularly particular person, and was for ever putting him through his part in the then forthcoming comedy of the Wedding Day, her great desire being that the ceremony should go off well.

To her matured maidenly mind (she owned to thirty-seven years) marriage was the true definition of woman's *rites*, and the ceremonial connected therewith consequently of the greatest import. She knew with what envy all the other local virgins would watch the proceedings, and her triumph, to her thinking, would have been sadly marred by any hitch.

Hence it is not surprising that the *little* man should have been in a *great* state as the day drew near: for himself he cared not, but knowing how his Lucretia dreaded the possibility of being made to look small (fancy a woman of 5 feet 6 inches looking small!), his perturbation was pardonable. Most married men, if they can recall their wedding-morn, will agree that it is a trying time, many of our greatest heroes, who have not blanched when surrounded by shot and shell, having paled on the occasion of a marriage *engagement*.

Apart from the clothes, there is so much that is new in the position, that it is little wonder that strong men should feel and look awkward. The thought of bidding good bye to all the scenes of bachelorhood, the total surrender of the freedom of the will—and latch-key, are things scarcely calculated to make a man hilarious, and Marmaduke was no exception.

Had his preparation been in consequence of an engagement with Mr. Marwood, his agitation could scarcely have been worse, or his propensity to give

at the knees greater. He literally shook in his shiny shoes, and his trepidation was *patent* to all: the whiteness of his face contrasting strangely with the rich scarlet hue of his *unhuesually* red nose, and when he took his seat in the carriage with his best man, his appearance ill accorded with his friend's ejaculation that he was indeed "a lucky dog."

If it were "the happiest day of his life," as he afterwards declared in returning thanks at the breakfast, his previous career must have been unnecessarily mournful.

When they arrived at the church, where a good sprinkling of friends and neighbours were assembled, his friend fortunately suggested "he supposed he had the ring all right?"

"Oh, yes, of course he had." But stay! it suddenly strikes him that he may not have brought it.

He feels in this pocket, he fumbles in that, drops all his money on the chancel floor, and hears it roll in all directions, but no ring can he find!

Back they both drive to his house.

"You must have left it on your dressing-table," suggests the best man.

Nothing of the kind! "He searched, they searched, everywhere"—but in vain.

"Are you sure you had it this morning?"

"Positive," groans Miffins; "it was done up in silver paper; it was here, I know."

"I expect it's in one of your pockets. Here, let me feel." And his major domo quickly produces it from the waistcoat-pocket, where the bridegroom had never looked.

"Drive like old boots," says the friend to the coachman; and though the simile is inexplicable, they arrived at the church in the twinkling of a bed-post, according to the same gentleman's vernacular.

Quick as they had been, they had not been fast enough, for the fair bride, with her four juvenile bridesmaids and the clergyman, were waiting.

With beads of perspiration about the size of half-crowns standing on his forehead and face, "the happy man" stumbled up the aisle, and was jerked into position by the clerk, who luckily remained near him and prevented his doing anything very dreadful, though he could not keep him from trying to force the ring on the bride's thumb.

Lucretia's look was grand, but rather awful!

The vicious way in which she rolled out her "I will!" was unmistakable. If ever the sentiment "Wait till I get you home!" were conveyed in a sentence without being uttered, it was at this time.

The ceremony concluded, the party drove to the house of the bride's papa, where, according to the local paper, which described the affair as "An Elegant Wedding at Camberwell," a most *recherche* breakfast awaited them. Every one assured the bride "they had never seen her look better in her life," which was not saying much, for if she had never appeared better tempered than she did that day, poor Miffins will not have a very gay time of it.

Much merriment prevailed during the discussion of the feast, and things generally had assumed a fairly festive stage, when the inevitable old friend of the family rose to propose the "health of the bride and bridegroom." So touching a picture did this doubtless worthy but disgustingly *h-less* old person draw of Lucretia's matchless amiability and devotion to the fond parent, who was now, so to speak, to lose the very apple of his eye, that every one sobbed simultaneously.

It really was a *crying shame* the way in which the agony was piled on, for, not content with what had been said already, another elderly joker, who was old enough to know better, thought fit to impress upon the bridegroom the awful responsibility of such a treasure—"a woman whose graces he himself had watched for years, and years, and years." A decidedly doubtful compliment, which had the effect of impressing Marmaduke *sadly*.

In returning thanks, "he apologized most humbly for the misery he had caused them that day, assured them that when he had asked for the hand of Miss McStinger, *he had no idea what he was doing*. (Lucretia did not look particularly pleased!) He explained that he had done it with the very best of intentions; that the old gentleman (he meant Mr. McStinger) would always be welcome—that they would all always be welcome. We must all trust in this life (possibly he was thinking of the provision business); and he begged them to trust him that day—the happiest day of his life. He thanked

them for all the kind things they had said about his wife. He knew she was no child (Lucretia looked *anything* but pleased), and he would study her every whim and fancy (here somebody pulled him violently by the coat-tails). He assured them that he was so miserable—he meant so happy, that he didn't know what he was saying, but he knew they were all friends, and he hoped this would not be the last time he should serve them *under similar circumstances*.



Whether or no Lucretia took this last remark literally it is impossible to say, but she at once began to betray symptoms of impatience, and as there was not much time before the train they had settled to go by to Brighton started, they soon after took their departure, amidst the customary shower ofoppers and rice.

Acting upon a hint given him by one of the guests "who had travelled," Miffins rubbed the palm of the guard's hand at London Bridge with a little silver shilling, and secured a first-class compartment to themselves. Then, having seen to the luggage, he respectfully placed himself *vis-à-vis* with his fair bride, and began to talk of how well everything had gone off.

Unfortunately, however, for conversational purposes, the train they travelled by was an express, so in order to catch what the lady said, the gentleman was compelled to bend forward, and, as ill luck would

have it, his nervousness was such that he invariably managed to bring his forehead into such sharp contact with hers that she could not help *feeling hurt at his clumsiness*, and told him so. Alas, poor Miffins! If clumsiness had been all that could have been laid to his charge it would have been well.

On their arrival at Brighton he engaged rooms at a very nice and exceedingly private sort of hotel a short distance from the station, giving most extravagant orders for everything to be of the choicest, in order to win back the smiles of his lady-love, who was suffering severely from the headache he had caused.

As may be imagined, his manner was nervously eccentric, and the landlady, a woman of exceptional propriety, began to have forebodings that something was wrong. There was nothing about either to suggest that they were a *young* married couple, and his attentions to the lady were so obtrusively apparent that the proprietress regarded them with more or less suspicion. Being suspicious, she would have liked to have asked them to go elsewhere, but of course could not without reasonable pretext.

It was not long wanting.

The bride, not feeling well, had retired to the bedroom, and Marmaduke, in his solicitude, had rung the bell for the chambermaid, and desired her to see if his wife required anything—at least, that is what he meant to say, but in his excitement and nervousness he had requested the girl to wait upon *Miss McStinger*.

As soon as the landlady heard this she was furious. "She thought as much. Of course they're not married. I might have known it. Catch a middle-aged married man being so attentive to his wife!" And up she rushed to give them notice to quit at once.

In vain the poor wretched man explained how the mistake had occurred—that they had been married but a few hours. It was no good. Nothing would satisfy her but the production of the marriage certificate, and Lucretia's wrath and indignation at having to produce it may be imagined.

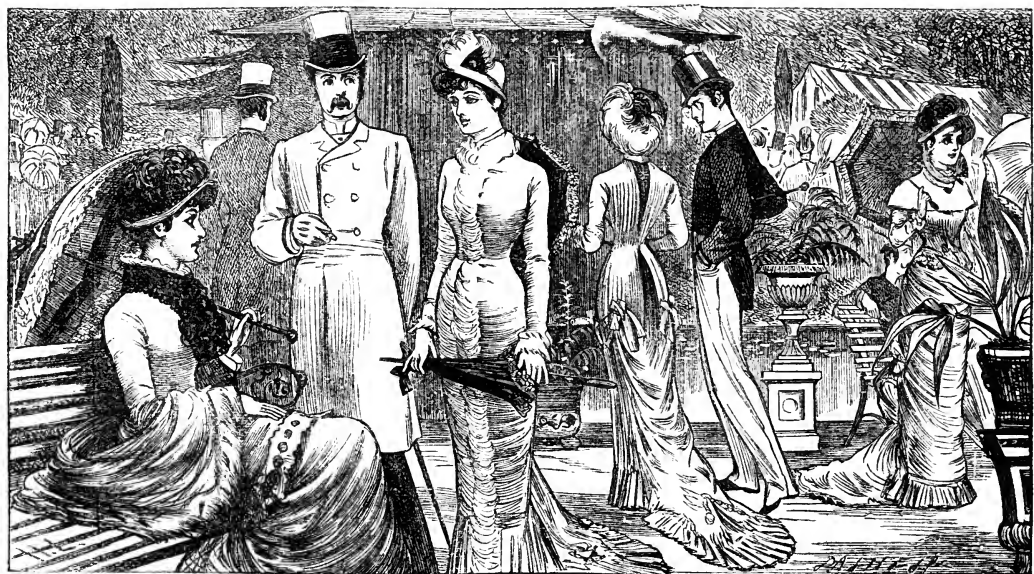
I do not blame her for thinking it hard *lines*, but I think he was very wrong in alluding to the day as the happiest one of his life.

H. G. SOMERVILLE.

PARTIES.



PICNIC PARTY.



GARDEN PARTY.

PARTIES.



1. A Bewitching Party. 2. A Bewitched Party. 3. A Laughing Party. 4. A Boating Party. 5. A Severe Party.
6. An Artistic Party. 7. A Sporting Party. 8. A Childish Party. 9. An Elderly Party.



“ALL THE WORLD’S A STAGE.”

RING up!—a little tinkling bell rings up
 The dull green curtain o’er the world’s wide
 stage;
 Another actor comes to drain the cup,
 To make or mar another unwrit page
 Of that grim book whose burning records tell
 Of hope, of joy, of tender love and tears,—
 Of those who played their busy part so well,
 That nations sing their fame for years and years.

And all this great wide world is but a stage,
 Where man shall come and quickly pass away;
 Shall laugh and woo, shall dance, and fret, and
 rage;
 Where good and bad live out their little day.
 The infant “mewling” on its mother’s lap;
 The schoolboy creeps “unwillingly to school;”
 The sighing lover; well, with time, mayhap,
 He plays the wise or plays the giddy fool.

The tender maiden blushing in her teens,
 To her the world seems sunny bright and fair;
 With merry bound she onward trips, and gleans
 The golden hours that never tell of care.
 Now nature looks so full of light and green,
 While birds fill all the woods with silv’ry song,
 And round her path the glow of summer sheen,
 For glad young life bounds joyously along.

The youth who dashes fearless to the fray,
 And recketh not of barriers that oppose;
 He sees the goal, then forward on his way,
 And conquered only by o’erwhelming foes.
 The soldier—Oh! it is not he alone
 Who wears the scarlet coat and flashing sword,
 Must brave the battle-front, and still swim on,
 For very life the fierce storm-swollen ford.

The soldier who goes daily forth to fight—
 To battle with the ever-surging crowd,
 From early morn till late into the night,
 All weary worn, with heavy labour bowed;
 This toiler in the weary work-day world,
 Hath he not care that few can know or tell,
 To stand where fiery shafts are rudely hurled,
 And guard the little ones he loves so well?

And actors come as happy as the day,
 Here on the stage in flush of manhood’s prime,
 While ruddy children gambolling shall play,
 And pealing bells ring out their merry chime;
 For there are sunny scenes of life to tell,
 Where scented roses in the garden grow,
 Broad grassy meads and sunlit woody dell,
 And valleys where the gurgling brooklets flow;
 And honest poor who dwell in cottage home,
 Through guileless youth to quiet cheerful age,—
 Who pass upon their way, nor wish to roam
 ’Mid busy scene of this world’s shifting stage.

Here prince and peasant meet upon the way ;
 Here hunger croucheth, close upon the scene
 Where revelry may hold its merry sway,
 And thoughtless youth dance light upon the green.
 Some loiter through the busy scenes of life ;
 They laugh and quaff the sweets of glad delight,
 As though wild-beating storm, nor war nor strife
 Had never been from dawn to dark'ning night.

And then the lean and slippered pantaloon
 Comes wheezing, shuffling slow upon the stage,
 "Shrunk shank in youthful hose ;" alas ! how soon
 The pride of youth sinks down to tottering age !
 "Out, out, brief candle !" let the flicker die,
 "Life's but a walking shadow" on the scene,—
 A flutter of sweet song, a parting sigh,
 And all the toil of life lies there between.

Then, as the curtain falls, the scene to end,
 That told its tale from infancy to age,
 There aye hath been, howe'er the way did wend,
 Fierce fight the soldier of the world must wage.
 Quick now as hurried words the tale can tell
 Of all the joy and sorrow by the way,
 We hear the tinkle of the prompter's bell,
 New actors step upon the stage to play.

Ring down ! the little bell once more shall sound,
 And let the heavy curtain slowly fall
 To close the scene that had its merry round,
 For here again the prompter's tinkling call.
 Our play is done, and lo ! the lights are out ;—
 Some chances lost,—we little care who wins ;—
 The crowd dispersing goes with song and shout ;
 Ring up ! ring up !—a new play now begins !

GEORGE DALZIEL.

CIGARETTE RINGS.

A Comedy in Smoke.

ACT I.

HOW it blows ! How it rains ! I'll not turn
 out to-night ;
 I'm too sleepy to read, and too lazy to write ;
 So I'll watch the blue rings, as they eddy and twirl,
 And in gossamer wreathings coquettishly curl.
 In the stillness of night and the sparseness of chimes
 There's a fleetness in fancy, a frolic in rhymes :
 There's a world of romance that persistently clings
 To the azurine curving of Cigarette Rings !

ACT II.

A SWEET picture comes back from the past-away
 times—
 They are lounging once more 'neath the sweet-
 sented limes :
 See how closely he watches the Queen of Coquettes,
 As her white hands roll deftly those small cigarettes !

He believes in her smiles and puts faith in her sighs,
 While he's dazzled by light from her fathomless eyes :
 Ah ! the sweetest of voices delightfully sings
 Through the weird intertwining of Cigarette Rings !

ACT III.

How we dreamed in the skiff on that bright summer
 day,
 Where the winds whisper low and the stream swirls
 away !
 You gave me that bunch of forget-me-nots blue,—
 I thought your eyes honest, I thought your words
 true !
 Those flowers soon faded : much sooner, forsooth !
 I found your fair face but a mask for the truth !
*Ah ! the words of a woman concerning such things
 Are weak and unstable as Cigarette Rings !*

(*The Cigarette goes out.*)

J. ASHEV-STERRY.

THE ENCHANTED HARLEQUIN.

I.

A SHABBY-LOOKING man sat smoking a very short, very black pipe in a shabby-looking room. He sat before a fireless grate; his rush-bottomed chair, tilted back, formed an acute angle with the floor; his slippered feet rested upon the mantelshelf. He was young, but his face was worn and lined, and his hair was turning grey. He was sallow of complexion and most downcast of expression. It was plain that he was in a very low-spirited condition.

"If I had but a little money!" he murmured gloomily as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and with a moody swaying of his head to and fro allowed his weary eyes to glance listlessly about him. They found little comfort from their rather torpid survey of his surroundings.

It was a poor and confined room enough, of irregular shape, up several pairs of stairs, and very near the roof; the wall-paper dingy, stained, and tattered; the low ceiling cracked and clouded; the floor creaking and uneven, barren of carpet. There was very little furniture. Through the soiled window—the starred panes of which had been opaquely repaired with knobs of putty—could be dimly viewed a dreary, wide-stretching prospect of red tiles, grey slates, and brown chimney-stacks, heavily canopied with smoke and fog and leaden skies. It was wintry weather; the cold entered at every possible aperture; and with the cold came noise: for a busy thoroughfare ran hard by, and the grinding roar of the street traffic,—that unceasing *obligato* accompaniment to life in London,—would not be denied—could not be kept out. Sometimes the rattling and jolting of specially ponderous vehicles seemed to set the house pulsing and trembling as though it had been a living thing.

The sad-toned, poverty-stricken aspect of the room was relieved by one bright object only. On the deal kitchen table, which stood midway between the black grate and the dismal window, there rested

in a tumbled but gay and glittering heap,—a harlequin's dress!

II.

THE man's real name was James Higgs, and he was London born; but professionally he was known as Signor Trippanti. He was a dancer, and to such minds as dancers possess, an Italian surname has always offered attractions. No doubt, too, that in the playbills "*Signor Trippanti*" *did* look better than plain "*Mr. Higgs*." But he did not know a word of Italian; English was the only language with which he had any acquaintance; and it must be said that his English was not all that could be wished. His accent was of Cockaigne. His words were often as the coins of a base mint: they were uttered in a clipped and defaced condition.

"What's come of mother and the kids, I wonder?" he said, as he shivered, and, weary of solitude, looked round the room in quest of company. He found none—he was alone with the weariness and indigence of his dwelling-place.

He rose and stretched himself, yawning noisily and persistently. It was as though his jaws had dissolved partnership absolutely. He walked to the window, shaking himself like a wet dog, to be rid of the cramped feeling that oppressed him. But he soon turned from the window, finding the prospect, perhaps, more cheerless than he could well endure. He was back again presently at the fireplace, gazing at his own reflection in the little wooden-framed looking-glass fixed above the mantelpiece. It was almost without consciousness, possibly, that, being before the glass, he fell or threw himself into a series of attitudes that suddenly changed, and were attended by much rolling of the head from side to side, stiffening of the outstretched fingers, and twirling of the wrists. A certain conventional grace attended these postures and movements, which may be described as part of the usual stock-in-trade of the harlequin of English pantomime.

As harlequin, James Higgs, calling himself Signor Trippanti, had in his time won much applause.

It was rather a gaunt and hungry countenance he saw, or might have seen, in the looking-glass. His cheeks and chin were blue and bristly, needing the razor. His eyes were lustreless, and a certain dazed expression overspread his face. Did this result from his so frequent assumption of a harlequin's mask? Was he somewhat perplexed and discomfited when deprived of that screen? What may be called harlequinism had a good deal entered into, and possessed itself of, the constitution, moral and physical, of James Higgs. Like "the dyer's hand," his nature was much subdued to what it worked in. He was nothing if not a harlequin, alike in the theatre and out of it. He was only, and always, a harlequin. If only he had but possessed harlequin's magic wand!

III.

THE sound of footsteps upon the stairs; voices became audible; and then there entered a woman and two little children.

"Well, mother; well, Teddy; well, Tilly," said James Higgs, dolefully enough.

"Well, father," said Mrs. Higgs.

A pretty woman, although her prettiness was a little pinched by care and penury; her dress a trifle too thin and threadbare for the time of year. The children unsubstantial-looking and sharp-visaged; they lacked the rosy cheeks and well-fed air of thoroughly prosperous infancy. Mr. Higgs interchanged kisses with his family.

"Any news, mother?" he asked.

"Not much to speak of, father," she answered; "but I've brought you a bit of supper."

It was but a small bit. She produced from her market-basket, with some pride, however, a diminutive pork chop with a rich crescent of fat.

"Have you got nothing for the children?" he asked; "a chop isn't a thing to divide."

"There's the heel of a loaf in the cupboard, and a pinch of tea, I think. We shall do well enough, father."

"You've brought no money, I suppose, mother?" Mr. Higgs asked, not hopefully.

Mrs. Higgs shook her head.

"I didn't much think you would. Money's always hard to come by—specially when you want it badly—and Aunt Jane is a skinflint, and Uncle Peter is a hunk, I know that very well. Relations is never good for much, except advice or abuse—and those are things a fellow can generally make shift to do without. Yet it seemed on the cards as Aunt Jane might have stood a trifle."

"Well, she said as she'd given so much to the missionaries of late, she'd left herself quite short; and then she went on about your way of life."

"I know," said Mr. Higgs, bitterly: "she thinks harlequins is sinful, pantaloons is no good, and clowns is the devil and all. As for columbines, poor things——"

"She hoped Tilly wasn't to be brought up to the profession: it made her shiver, she said, to think of the child's dancing in short petticoats on the public stage."

"Let her shiver," said Mr. Higgs, abruptly. "When it is a question of whether you'll dance or starve, I think it's better to dance—if you know how to. I should like to set Aunt Jane and some of them missionaries dancing. They'd find it none so easy. I'd teach them as the bears are taught.—I'd set them hopping about on hot plates. And Uncle Peter?—hadn't he so much as a good word to give us?" Mr. Higgs asked, after a pause devoted to a mental portrayal of Aunt Jane's compulsory dance with the missionaries.

"Uncle Peter is a hard man, father."

"Hard as nails. I know that. What did he say?"

"Well, he said——But perhaps it's best not repeated."

"I'd like to hear it, mother; I'm in the humour to hear unpleasant things."

"Well, he said that if it was to bury you, he wouldn't so much mind a small subscription; but otherwise he must decline."

"To bury me, eh? He might wait till I'm dead. And he calls himself a Christian beadle, with money in the Funds! Yah, I hate him!"

And Mr. Higgs knit his brows and clenched his fists, and put himself into various pugilistic attitudes.

He seemed, indeed, to be administering severe punishment to an imperceptible antagonist.

Mr. Higgs lacking money sorely, had applied to certain of his relations to assist him in his necessity. The result had not been fortunate. There were members of Mr. Higgs' family who disapproved of his method of life. They had, indeed, habitually and persistently found fault with his proceedings. A man's relatives are very apt to constitute themselves his critics and censors,—to pronounce judgment against him, and to take particular care that their sentences are carried into effect. So James Higgs had found it. He had been condemned by his kindred from a very early period in his history. The sad fact that his mother had died upon his entry into the world was often charged to his account. He had been blamed, too, with still less reason, in that his father, deeply afflicted, and with a sense of bereavement heavy upon him, had sought consolation and found destruction in drink. The orphan boy had rather brought himself up than been brought up by others; there were few indeed who cared what became of him, or concerned themselves much about him, except to cuff and buffet him whenever chance brought him under their notice. Some small measure of education he had received at an infant school. He had learnt his first dancing steps in the streets, where he had also learnt a good many other things. He had practised greatly in early life upon the round-trap-doors that cover the cellars of public houses. A kindly clown engaged at an East-end theatre had witnessed his juvenile exertions of this kind, and encouraged him to appear upon the stage. He became a pupil of the ballet-master of the establishment, who, during several years, levied a heavy percentage upon the earnings of his apprentice—when he arrived at earning anything. In due time, however, his gifts as a dancer—enhanced by practice and cultivation—acquired a market value. When engaged as harlequin he received what many would hold to be a very handsome salary.

Then he had married pretty Eliza Pink, who was employed in the wardrobe department of the Royal Patent Theatre. A most imprudent step, so all James Higgs' relations pronounced it. But then, as he felt, his every action had been imprudent from

their point of view; the world had met him and assaulted him, as it were, at every turn. His dancing for his living was—imprudent; his figuring on the stage—imprudent. His love for his Eliza, his marriage, the children born to him—these were all reckoned as so many imprudences. A bad attack of rheumatic fever which had thrown him out of his engagements and exhausted his resources,—more imprudence; until at last Mr. Higgs became convinced that quite his most imprudent action had been his coming into the world, and that the least imprudent thing he could do would be to go out of it again as promptly as possible.

IV.

MR. HIGGS' Aunt Jane, to the rest of the world was known as Miss Wilcox, an elderly spinster who had prospered as a clear-starcher, and was understood to be possessed of considerable means. But it was as though her very nature had become starched and ironed; as though all sympathy had been stiffened and crimped out of her. What she called her religious opinions were in strict opposition to her nephew's professional pursuits. She was one of those good people who discover evil in everything. Theatrical diversions she regarded as simply diabolical. It had been said of her, that she prized missionaries because of their neck-cloths, which trade reasons commended to her favour. Referring to James Higgs, she had been heard to observe that souls could not be saved by spangles. Possibly she thought that starch might be more efficacious in that way.

Mr. Higgs' Uncle Peter—surname Copsey—was the beadle of the parish of St. Mungo's, Poplar. In the way of caning a charity boy, or browbeating a pauper, he was probably the equal of any beadle in Britain. Wearing his bright official uniform, a gold-bound cocked hat shadowing his inflamed and truculent visage, and his right hand grasping his massive silver-knobbed staff, he presented a very imposing figure indeed. Otherwise there was not much to be said about James Higgs' Uncle Peter,—except, perhaps, that he had saved money, and was particularly loth to part with it. It may be added

that he thought very poorly of his nephew : at the same time he frankly admitted that all could not be beadies. But a play-actor and a harlequin ! A man might almost as well be a pauper at once : so opined Uncle Peter.

V.

"YOU'VE not heard from the theatre, father?" asked Mrs. Higgs.

"No, mother."

"Well, perhaps no news is good news, father," she said cheerily. But he was not to be comforted in that way.

"No news is bad news, mother. It means that I've no chance, that I'm not wanted, that they're going to do without me. They're cutting the pantomime down to a burlesque ; that's about what they're doing. How I hate burlesques !—stockings and breakdowns, comic songs and cackle ! One trip dance of harlequin and columbine is worth the lot, to my thinking. But harlequins have come to be a drug in the market, and columbines of no account. As for clowns, the public has got them down and jumped upon them. There's no fun in your modern pantomimes ! that's the cry. Yah ! There's fun enough if people would only look for it, and think it fun when they'd found it, and kindly welcome it as such. We do our best. But it's hard to see the people get up to go away just as we go on, at the tail of the transformation scene, as though we wasn't worth looking at. That's enough to take the fun out of the clown and the liveliness out of the harlequin, I can tell you. I don't think people ought to be allowed to leave the theatre once the comic business has begun."

"You're low in your spirits, father ; and it's hard to bear, I know, dear, and you such a lovely dancer, as all acknowledge ; the sweetest harlequin that ever danced, to my thinking, father. You'll be better after your bit of supper."

He eyed the little pork chop curiously.

"Credit?" he asked.

She shook her head sadly, and placed a square inch of cardboard before him. Her warmest shawl had gone to the pawnbroker's.

VI.

THE harlequin's dress had been tossed from the table on to a chair to make room for the little pork chop, which did not require, however, so very much room. The glittering patchwork falling over the back of the chair, partially reclining on the seat and flowing down to the floor, suggested one of those accidents so apt to occur in all well-regulated pantomimes—the flattening of harlequin by the process of mangling or some like operation of levelling and compression.

"All that glitters is not gold !"

Mr. Higgs sighed as he thought how much happier the world would be if now and then the shams of life were to turn into realities and the realities into shams. For his part, he would be content if, for five minutes, he could be the great magician he had seemed in so many harlequinades. To strike the wall with his bat and change his garret into a palace, to bring a banquet through the floor, to cause wine to flow from empty bottles, to make light shine in dark places, to produce bank-notes from vacuous pockets, to convert the rich into the poor and the poor into the rich, to turn dross into gold, and transform misery into happiness !

Pantomimic visions floated through his brain, or appeared in the clouds that rose circling from the glowing bowl of his short black pipe.

The good fairy Content, benignant of face and form, clad in muslin draperies, daisy-trimmed, crowned with field flowers sparkling with dew, encompassed by attendant fays skilled in picturesque grouping and fancy dancing. A smiling landscape, with a sunny sky. The Happy Valley, and the Village of Cheerfulheart, on the borders of a gleaming lake, with a background of cobalt-blue mountains in the scene-painter's very best and brightest manner. A joyous population with freshly-rouged cheeks, very gay of apparel, with trunk-hose of blue and pink satin, very much beribboned, silk stockings and dancing-pumps, the invariable costume of pantomimic peasants. All happiness and animation, lightness of hearts and heels, lively music and lime-lights. Then portentous strains, and enter the malignant geni Splendidemendax, the representative of vicious luxury, whose vocation it was to inspire

men with a thirst for gold, and tempt them to quit the Happy Valley, to resign their lives of peacefulness and content, and even to barter their souls, in exchange for the indulgence of their every dream of shameless avarice and guilty ambition. What a chance for the scene-painter was that Home of Splendidemendax, and his attendant imps Electrotpe and Flashnote in the Temple of Precious Metals on the summit of the Quartz Mountains! The grand transformation scene, composed entirely of Brillianté Diamants, might well be regarded as the most resplendent exhibition of its class ever presented upon the stage. Of the *dramatis personæ*, of course the virtuous young peasant, Claude, became harlequin (Signor Trippanti), and his affianced bride, the lovely shepherdess Agnes, columbine; clown and pantoloön being discovered lurking in the persons of Chawbacon, a comic farm-servant, and his master, Mangelwurzel, an absurd farmer. The imps Electrotpe and Flashnote figured very satisfactorily as sprites and contortionists in the harlequinade.

VII.

A THEATRE crowded to the roof. A Boxing-night audience; pit, boxes, and gallery closely packed as possible with spectators; lines and lines of excited faces, joining each other as nearly as onions roped together or beads on a string. What a roar of applause rang through the house upon the entrance of harlequin! What a graceful figure! How his dress glittered! Did ever spangles shine so brightly before?

Still, all was not well with the dancer. Something had gone wrong; so much was soon apparent.

"What's the matter, Jemmy?" inquired the sprite Electrotpe, sympathetically. He had just been tying himself in a double-knot, and grinning at the audience with his head where the calves of his legs should properly have been found. The harlequin, panting and pressing his hand upon his side, was leaning against the side-wing.

"I'm terrible blown, somehow, to-night," he said. "I can't get on anyways."

Clearly something clogged and weighed down his movements. All animation and agility had gone from his dancing. He was strangely stiff of limb.

Instead of tripping lightly over the boards, he passed across the stage with a dragging action of his legs.

He tried to leap through a window—he failed ignominiously. The house gave a groan of disappointment, to be followed by a growl of wrath.

"You're out of sorts, and that's a fact," said Electrotpe. "If you'll stand a glass of brandy and water, I don't mind doing your jump for you."

But the harlequin determined to try again. He carefully removed his mask, sliding it from his face as though it had been the beaver of a helmet, drew a long breath, took a run, sprang in the air, and then—fell heavily down again prostrate upon the stage!

There came a storm of hisses, a hurricane of yells, a whirlwind of whistles. "Off, off, off, off! Take him home! Turn it up! He's drunk; he's drunk! Off, off!"

Never was harlequin so reviled and condemned. But then never before had harlequin failed so egregiously!

It was in vain he endeavoured to rise. He was overcome by shame and mortification. He was furious with himself and with all about him. He was a prey to despair. And something else weighed him down and bowed him to earth—to listen to the execrations of the house! He glanced at his dress as he lay stretched full length upon the stage, incapable of movement. He shivered—almost he screamed, but his voice had lost all tone; he could but pipe feebly, like a baby or a centenarian. Amusement and alarm took possession of him wholly.

He had begged that the shams of his life might become realities—that all that glittered might turn to genuine gold. He had wanted money—he had got it now with a vengeance! His beautiful harlequin's dress had glittered with thousands of spangles. *Every spangle had become a bright new sovereign, fresh from the Royal Mint!* No wonder he could not dance—could not leap—could not even rise from the ground. He was kept down by the weight of thousands of pounds!

Why, oh, why had he listened to the malignant geni Splendidemendax? Where, oh, where was the kindly fairy Content, the Happy Valley, and the sweet Village of Cheerfulheart?

Meantime, what a prodigious and deafening din

the audience were making! Their roars and screams, the stamping of their feet, their angry swaying this way and that, seemed to set the whole theatre rocking. The chandelier swung in the air like the pendulum of a clock; the footlights uprose and darted about like shooting stars; the tiers of the boxes, gallery, and pit wavered and zigzagged till they lost all form and regularity, and became a shapeless and nebulous mass;—all was confusion, a wild blending and blurring of light and darkness, form and colour, while over all, like the bewildering crashing and clashing of a Wagnerian orchestra, resounded the angry turmoil and uproar of the offended and exasperated audience.

VIII.

JAMES HIGGS awoke with a sudden start. He was trembling all over; his hair stood on end; his forehead was dank; his mouth was agape; his lips were twitching nervously. That little pork chop with the large crescent of fat had tried and troubled his digestion gravely!

Some one was knocking loudly at the door. Presently a hand appeared, and tossed a letter into the room. He recognized the handwriting, and tore open the envelope with agitated fingers and a fluttering heart.

"All right!" he murmured, as he read. "Thank God! Things are looking up a little."

It appeared that the management of the Spitalfields Theatre had finally decided upon the production of a pantomime, and needed James Higgs' services as harlequin.

He turned to look for his patchwork dress. It still hung upon the back of the chair and dropped towards the floor. He examined it curiously. No! they were not sovereigns; they were simply spangles. There was plenty of glitter—no real gold.

"Thank God, I'm poor," he murmured. And he began to move his limbs with a suspicious inquisitive expression of face. Presently he was twisting and twirling, capering and tripping, bounding and skipping about the room. Almost he was tempted to try if he could not leap through the window. Fortunately, he remembered in time that his room was on an upper floor up several pairs of stairs, and very near the roof, that the street was below, and

that there would be probably no one waiting there to catch him or to break his fall.

There was a great hubbub outside the door. His wife and children burst into the room.

"Father, I don't know whether we ought to laugh or to cry," she said.

"God knows!" he observed. For his part, his eyes were full of tears already.

"But Uncle Peter——"

"He's sent us some money?"

"He's dead, dear. Quite suddenly. A fit, people said; because of the talk of abolishing his cocked hat for economy's sake, and making him wear a Scotch cap instead. 'A beadle in a Scotch cap!' he cried; and he turned the colour of pickled cabbage, fell down in a heap, and never spoke again!"

"Poor old Uncle Peter!"

"And they do say that he's died without a will, and that all his money will come to you."

"Bear witness I never wished for his death. But his money will be a real help and comfort to us, I'll own that. And we shan't starve any more, mother; and we'll get the things out of pawn, and buy new frocks for the children; and——"

But he couldn't continue. His voice was stifled by his sobs, and he covered his face with his hands. He did not want the little ones to see him crying.

His wife threw her arms round his neck and kissed him tenderly.

"Don't give way, father, dear," she said. "We've borne bad fortune; we can bear good, surely."

"I shall be better presently, mother," he said simply. "But good luck and I seemed to have parted company some time ago; and now we've met together again on a sudden with something of a crush that almost knocked me over and done for me, just as people meet in a pantomime when a spill and pelt is going on."

He gets better gradually, however. He was, indeed, nearly himself again after he had pressed his Eliza to his heart, and kissed and cuddled Tilly and Teddy by turns, and enjoyed a cup of tea, and soothed his excited feelings with another pipe.

Possibly the good fairy Content had unawares visited James Higgs' attic chamber, and diffused a tender and benignant influence. Who knows?

DUTTON COOK.

ON THE ART OF KISSING.



Old Style.—Just the tips or the little finger.



New Style.—The Supreme æsthetic Kiss of tuppenny-'a-penny Passion



MY RELATIONS

People you may Kiss



OTHER FELLOW'S RELATIONS

People you mustn't.

ON THE ART OF KISSING.



The Kiss of Detestation, or Kiss feminine.



The Kiss of youth and innocence.



The family Kiss, when they want to get something out of Kissees.



Caught in the Act.

NOW AND THEN.

MY verses are to reach you, reader dear,
About the dull beginning of November.
I pen them while the summer yet is here,
And partridges are dreading the September.
You possibly may like my little rhymes,
May recollect my stanzas, and may quote them.
Let Fancy bring you back again betimes
The sultry sunny day on which I wrote them.

The Fahrenheit is now at eighty-five ;
I see a sky without a cloud above me.
The roses and the birds are all alive ;
The latter sing as if they seem to love me.
Ah, reader mine! when you peruse the lay
I strive to make so musical and pleasing,
The birds and roses will be far away ;
The Fahrenheit most likely under freezing.

This kind of morning—though intensely hot—
Is just the kind of morning that I dote on.
“The world forgetting, by the world forgot,”
I pen these lazy lines without a coat on.
Ah, reader mine! prepare to meet the storm,
When snow and fog assail you both together.
An ulster is considered pretty warm,
And comforters are used in wintry weather.

Yet, after all, it is a merry time
When Father Christmas is a blithe new-comer ;
The days of mistletoe and pantomime
Can challenge all the sunshine of the summer.
Good reader, when this little song you see,
It is for pity that I must implore you ;
The sunny pleasures will be dead for *me*,
And *you've* your Yuletide pleasures all before you.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

IN A HAMMOCK.

I.

WHEN the green is all aglow,
I can see the sun slip through ;
Leafy laces hang on high,
And between, the broken blue.
Where the clouds go gliding by,
—Little cloudlets in the sky—
Sailing, sailing—drifts of snow,
To and fro!

II.

Then the river steals below,
Like some sleeping faëry maid,
Floating down in shade and light,—
Silver lights and amber shade ;
And above her, willows slight,
Lilies gold or glossy white,
Bending, bending—as they blow
To and fro!

III.

Through the silence, swinging slow,
Swaying in the summer sun ;
Now a brown bird gossips near,
Now the water-whispers run—
Run and ripple to the weir,
With its rhythm cool and clear,
Falling, falling—as I go

To and fro!

LAUNCE LEE.

"REVENGE!" TIMOTHEUS CRIES.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young, while yet in early Greece she sung, the lady, one has reason to believe, was innocent of the art of obtaining either money or praise under false pretences. She was not Philanthropic. The Passions who exulted and raged and fainted in her manifestly commodious shell had not been attracted thither by any Mission of Mercy. Of course they were filled with fury: it was a free concert. Equally, of course, they were wrapped up and inspired with a belief that they could themselves do a great deal better than the giver of the *matinée* if they only tried; but it is clear that, whether actuated by curiosity, or ambition, or a neighbourly desire to dress the house, the Object of the throng was not Charitable.

All Lady Leviathan's objects were. She, a Baroness in her own right (and ample enough, as Mr. Waggle on the amateur comique once rather rudely remarked, to be a Baroness of Beef) was a conspicuous Object of Charity herself. She was at the head of every benevolent movement, whether it was a quickstep or a slow march, and she acted as drum-major. Her name was to be found scattered up and down the columns of every annual pamphlet and subscription list; as thus: "Doorstep Society. Collected by Lady Leviathan at a garden party, ten pounds seventeen shillings and ninepence. Offering from a few friends of Lady Leviathan's, seven shillings and sixpence. Dripping money from an awakened undercock of Lady Leviathan's, four shillings and threepence, three farthings. Proceeds of the sale of a bicycle, the property of a youthful kinsman of Lady Leviathan's, two pounds five shillings. Realized by the sale of goose feathers gathered upon the village green by the children of Lady Leviathan's infant school, elevenpence. Profits of a grand amateur concert given under the patronage of Lady Leviathan, fifteen shillings and sixpence." Lady L.'s own name never appeared as a donor. She was too modest. What she gave she carefully concealed from the public gaze. Her ladyship's servants were frequent givers. Deeply imbued with the spirit of proselytism,

she so ordered things that her menials remained with her but for brief periods. One thankful cook had scarcely been induced to bestow her dripping money on a deserving society, before another grateful cook felt it incumbent on her, under firm but affectionate pressure, to follow the good example. The youthful kinsman referred to is a nephew. The purchaser of the bicycle (an early example) was the village curate, who had confidentially imparted unto Lady Leviathan his yearning for a course of gentle equestrian exercise. She admitted during the progress of the bargain "that bicycling was *not exactly* equestrian exercise, but," she contended, "it was more soothing to the brain." It was to be deplored that the curate's efforts to soothe his brain should have been rendered futile at the outset by the intervention of an obtrusive stone-heap. On the occasion of the young gentleman's next public appearance on foot, he wore a shade over his eyes, and exhibited a combination of hues in the immediate neighbourhood of his nose that would have filled the soul of Mr. Burne Jones with joy. The bicycle (I think I mentioned that it was a very early example) was ruined beyond redemption. I have dwelt on this little circumstance by way of illustrating the practical bias of Lady Leviathan's mighty mind.

Her strongest point was concerts. That alluded to in the report was her first attempt; she, as one may say, had not then learnt to draw; neither, to follow the figure, had she mastered the use of "the material." The Refreshment Department at her ladyship's concerts is now personally conducted. She is skilled in the art of making a Canadian sugar-cured ham travel a long way in the direction of—may I be permitted to say the Sandwich Islands? and her method of dispensing the sherry of Ham-burgh is only excelled, for grace combined with economy, by her manner of frothing the contract beer. At this point I will, with your permission, withdraw the curtain.

Timotheus is alone. Timotheus Llewellyn Snowdon-Jones I mean. Alone—at home, in his semi

detached villa, the eighty-three years' lease of which he has just acquired. Fifty miles from London, in the heart of a lovely country, in a quiet terrace, free from organ-grinders and howling mendicants, there is nothing now to prevent him from settling down in earnest to finish his great work on the Wild Welsh Harp. In the day long and pleasant walks, at night tranquil study. He owes his good fortune to Lady Leviathan. She found this haven of rest for him; bless her! It was a happy chance when he read that essay (in Welsh) at a Bardic Gorsedd in aid of the Stocking-Knitters' Society, for did it not make them known to each other? His next-door neighbour he has not yet seen. Lady Leviathan informs him that he is an artist of unusual endowments, and so benevolent! Bless him too! Artist in one villa, author in the other. De-lightful! A briar-root on each side of the detaching fence; a commingling cloud of fragrant incense above! He——

What in the name of Solitude was that?—and *that*?—and *THAT*?—and *THAT*?

"A party wall," mutters Timotheus, with the smile of one who is about to be operated upon by an implacable dentist. "Yes, a wall through which one party can hear the other breathe. Oh!"

The decomposition of his peace of mind had begun. Timotheus thought, more or less in the English of the Principality, look you, of the fame which his pook would pring him (when it was written) in the peautiful palace of Taliesin (or the place where the peautiful palace once stood) on the banks of Lake Geirionydd, in the peautiful Valley of Llanrwst; yes, yes! put he thought also, if this wretch next door is the leader, look you, of a pand of wind instruments, and stringed instruments, and instruments of sheepskin, and of prass, that pook, look you, will never pe written in *this* villa—NEVER!

After being wrenched out of all appetite for dinner by the tuning of the instruments, Timotheus bore the rehearsal, which was five hours long, with comparative serenity. He learnt, as he listened from his darkened drawing-room window, that the name of his neighbour was Beethoven Smith. As the merry friends of the monster of melody parted with him at the garden-gate, they called him "Beety!"

Next day Snowdon-Jones went to town and re-

turned with a friend. They dined together, and hearkened in the drawing-room to a vigorous repetition of the previous night's appalling rehearsal. On the second day he brought another friend from town, and the pair explored a house immediately opposite which was to let. From that moment Timotheus ceased to chafe. The hope of his name resounding through Gwydyr Woods, and upon the sacred summit of Bryn-y-Caniadau, was revived. He would yet be with them by the margin of Geirionydd and py the plood of the Choneses and his kinsmen the Effanses, look you—yes, yes!—the names of Gwalchmai, Myfyr, Eos Bradwen, and Hywelfryn should not pe more glorious! "Hen wlad fy Nhadau!" exclaimed Timotheus with emotion, "his cheese shall be stewed for him as it was never stewed before."

The house opposite commanded a view of the room next door in which the nightly attacks on Mr. Snowdon-Jones's sanity took place. On the fourth night the two friends of the latter entered the empty house from the back garden, and, each provided with an opera-glass, steadily reconnoitred the enemy from underneath the Venetian blinds. On that night the concert party was strengthened (oh, dear!) by the addition of two soprani and a contralto, and the Tooting Warblers, a glee party of seven. Next day was Sunday.

Behold Mr. Snowdon-Jones at Lady Leviathan's. Her ladyship has just returned from church.

"I assure you, he is a most *charming* man, Mr. Snowdon-Jones. The concert, which is in aid of the Society for the Abolition of Sunday Dinners amongst the Poor, takes place on the tenth. Now, as you and I are such *old* friends, I shall expect you to take quite a *number* of tickets."

Timotheus would do his best.

"And I know what *that* is, Mr. Snowdon-Jones. Now, I am going to bribe you. Here are autograph copies—autograph copies, mind!—of two new ballads, which will be sung for the first time at our concert. The words of one might have been written by Mr. Tennyson, of the other (I am informed, for I never heard of the person), by Mr. Boucicault."

Timotheus accepted the gift and read the titles.

One was "Lisp, lady, lisp! the lily lisps and lingers," and the other, "When Larry was waked there was lashins of liquor."

Continued her ladyship, "We do not wish the ballads to be sung in public *before* the day. Let me give you some programmes. There is to be what one might term a dress rehearsal of the concert on the Wednesday before; will you come? No?—Well, I must make you two talented people known to each other at another time. *Good morning.*"

The friends of Timotheus were constant in their attendance in the empty house, especially on the night of the "dress rehearsal," when they numbered four. Timotheus was with them. Thereafter the empty house knew them no more.

It wanted two days to the concert when Lady Leviathan, as she was leaving Mr. Smith's, was brought up suddenly by the presentation of a telegram. It was from Snowdon-Jones, London, and it ran thus: "Must see your ladyship, here, at once. *Very important. Society Abolition Poor.*"

Lady Leviathan left for town by the next train. Mr. Snowdon-Jones's communication was *most* important. By the most wonderful accident in the world he had been able to secure the services of the Lladudno Linnets, a party of Welsh minstrels of world-wide fame, for a concert. They had but one afternoon to spare, and that, unfortunately, was the afternoon of the day fixed for Mr. Beethoven Smith's concert. The two undertakings, however, would not conflict if the Smith party were only reasonable. The Linnets warbled in Welsh. Moreover, his (Snowdon-Jones's) friends guaranteed the necessary expenses. He had secured the hall by telegraph, and would see to the printing. In order to obtain for his friends, the Linnets, a large as well as an appreciative audience, her ladyship might, if she thought proper, make a reduction of twenty-five or fifty per cent. to those who took tickets for both concerts. What did her ladyship say?

Her ladyship said "I consent."

Mr. Beethoven Smith also consented, gleefully. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, that night at full rehearsal, "let us all go. A concert in Welsh! We shall have some fun."

They had. But we must not anticipate.

The Arwest was fixed to begin at two. Lady Leviathan had evidently wrought hard in the cause of the Society, as the Hall of Orpheus (for that was its name) was full. Snowdon-Jones's friends from London were present in force. Every member of Beethoven Smith's party was there. Mr. B. S. sat next to Lady Leviathan, and made gentle jokes in his well-known patrician manner. Mr. Waggleton, who sat near, made irresistible comments on the programme, which was in Welsh. Snowdon-Jones, from a seat behind a laurel in a tub at the corner of the platform, viewed the proceedings with great complacency.

Beethoven Smith was a tall thin gentleman, with closely-cropped coal-black hair, a thick and pendent moustache, an olive complexion, and an extraordinary breadth of shirt front. Waggleton was dumpy, with a bald space upon the crown of his head, the size of a turkey's egg, which shone like a billiard-ball. He wore dyed whiskers of the mutton-chop shape, and "trick" eyebrows, thick and shaggy.

The opening piece, an overture by the band, was applauded mechanically by the Smithites, who exchanged glances of mysterious import, and talked into each others' ears. Snowdon-Jones, craning his head towards the reserved seats, fancied he heard the word "coincidence," and that the speaker (to Lady Leviathan) was Beethoven Smith. The audience encored the young lady who followed, but without the aid of the Smith party, who were manifestly perplexed. One female member of the party was heard to remark, heatedly, that they must not talk to her about coincidences. She was sure, indeed! Presently there was a rustle of cream-laid note-paper all over the room. The Smithites and their friends were comparing English and Welsh programmes, and vainly endeavouring to make out the meaning of the Welsh. It was time. A party of seven males had come forward and were singing, with all the imitations, a Welsh version of "The Dorbeetle's Dream!" This was to have been, in English, the Tooting Warblers' great effort at the Smith concert!

That might be a coincidence, but what in the name of—of—of treachery, malice, and all uncharitableness, was this?

A tall thin gentleman, with closely-cropped coal-

black hair, a thick and pendent moustache, an olive complexion, and an extraordinary expansion of shirt front, advances amid breathless silence. All eyes are turned on Beethoven Smith, who is rigid. Snowdon-Jones is all over twinkles. The pianist is in the middle of the prelude, when a resonant voice, the property of one of Snowdon-Jones's London friends, exclaims,

"The Corsican Brothers, to a hair!"

The shouts of laughter which followed probably cracked the ceiling.

If the horror of Beethoven Smith was great when he beheld his counterfeit presentment approach, imagine the intensity of his amazement when, in a tubby tenor, which might have been his own, the vocalist rippled forth the opening strain, in Welsh, of "Lisp, lady, lisp; the lily lisps and lingers!" In vain pacific-minded persons clamoured in a highly disorderly manner for order. The Arwest ceased to be serious, except to the Tooting Warblers, who were ferocious; to Lady Leviathan, who was ready to sink, and would have been thankful to any one who had afforded her the means; to Smith, who would have enjoyed assassinating Lady Leviathan on the spot; to the soprani and contralto of the Smithites, boiling with rage; and to Waggleton, white and flabby, whose turn was bound to come next.

It did. There stood *his* double. There, bowing and smiling to the convulsed audience, was a dumpy little man with a bald space upon the crown of his head, the size of a turkey's egg, and as shiny as a billiard-ball. There were the trick eyebrows and mutton-chop whiskers, and—oh, agony!—the wretch was singing his song "When Larry was waked there was lashins of liquor," and NOT in Welsh! The real Waggleton ground his false teeth together until they shook in their sockets; but that was all. He dared not trust himself to speak. It was when there was a slight lull in the uproar caused by the inability of the audience to raise another laugh, exhaustion having supervened, that Lady Leviathan gazed loftily around in search of Snowdon-Jones. He

should explain! Was she, a Baroness in her own right, to be exposed to the scorn and contumely of persons like Mr. Beethoven Smith and Mr. Waggleton? An explanation was her due.

Snowdon-Jones was not to be seen. Mephistopheles had fled to the anteroom, through a crevice in the door of which he tearfully surveyed the result of his shameful conspiracy. The "dresser" was touching up the spurious Smith and fraudulent Waggleton for their final effort.

This was a duet between the pair. It proved to be too much for the audience; and in respect of the shamefully aggrieved portion thereof, it brought matters to a crisis. Beethoven, bristling with fury, leapt upon a chair, and exclaimed in a voice which defied imitation,

"I denounce this as a vile and wicked conspiracy!"

"So it is!" exclaimed Waggleton.

"A regular plant!" shouted the principal tenor of the Tooting Warblers.

"A downright shame!" piped the soprani, while the contralto wept.

"Hear! hear!" cried the band.

"And what is more," continued Mr. Beethoven Smith, employing the most penetrating notes of his upper register, "Lady Leviathan is at the bottom of it all!"

"Hurrah!" shouted the Tooting Warblers.

Nobody can say what dreadful thing might not have occurred if her ladyship had not had the presence of mind to faint away, which she did on the spot.

There was an end to concerts for that day—and night, Mr. Beethoven Smith flatly declining to give his. Lady Leviathan now cuts Timotheus dead, to his abundant comfort and profit. The semi-detached villa in which the practice took place no longer knows Beethoven Smith. He sold the lease and went abroad. The present tenants are maiden ladies, who gather ferns. Snowdon-Jones hopes to be able to finish his book on the "Wild Welsh Harp" in time to read it at the next Bardic Gorsedd.

BYRON WEBBER.

A FISHY ADVENTURE; OR, THE ANGLER'S 'AT.



THE DEPARTURE.



THE PREPARATION.



THE THROW.



THE EXIT.



THE WAIT.



THE BITE.



THE STRIKE.



THE COMPARISON.



THE CHANGE.

THE MISFORTUNES OF GABRIEL SLIPPERTON.

IT was on a very cold wintry night in December, when the snow was lying thick upon the ground, that Gabriel Slipperton had the misfortune to be born. It is our purpose to touch only upon two or three of the many misfortunes he had to encounter in his journey through life, and this, as it was the first, so it proved to be the greatest of them all. Gabriel himself certainly always looked upon the event in that light. We will not attempt to chronicle his lesser troubles, such as all infantine flesh is heir to : how, for instance, he was dragged through the painful period of teething, convulsions, measles, whooping-cough, etc., etc. He did struggle through them all ; but he was wont to declare as his firm conviction that he would doubtlessly have escaped them every one but for the great misfortune recorded above. We now only allude to these events for the purpose of stating that he had an elder brother, who, being his mother's pet, could do no wrong, while Gabriel, being nobody's pet in particular, could do very little that was considered right, so that in the distribution of paternal or maternal favours he generally came in for the kicks, while his big handsome brother got all the halfpence and the kisses ; for we wish it to be known that there was no lack of these "sweet sweeties" in the house, though few fell to poor little Gabriel's share ; so that when the pet of the family chanced to be laid up with any of the complaints alluded to, Gabriel was sure to be blamed, in season or out of season, as being the cause of all the trouble.

We will not dwell upon these lesser griefs of this unfortunate youth, but pass on to his school-days, when it may be truly said the business of his life, or rather, the real downright troubles, which were to him a very heavy business indeed, really began to assume their due importance.

Perhaps no person in the world ever looked forward to a coming change with greater pleasure than Gabriel did in contemplating the advent of leaving home, with all its uncomfortable surroundings, for school. What would be his fate in the new sphere was altogether a mystery ; but of this he felt sure, that it would be an emancipation from a life of perpetual

irritation ; from a home where he was altogether misunderstood ; where everything he attempted was either ridiculed or condemned, or, it might be, held up in unfavourable comparison with the achievements of his older and more favoured brother ; and the best he could ever expect was that his efforts would be passed over with ill-disguised indifference. So far was this painful treatment practised towards him that he began to look upon life as a very poor and unsatisfactory affair, hardly worth the having ; but when the proposition was started that he should go away to school a new world appeared to open up to him, and, it may almost be said, for the first time in his life he looked forward to a change with some degree of pleasure, for he felt that whatever might be his natural shortcomings or dullness of his perceptive powers, here at least he would to some extent start fair, and, all the old grievances left behind, begin, as it were, with a "clean slate." With a firm determination to work hard and, if possible, win a reputation for steady application if not for brilliant talents, his star of hope really began to twinkle with a degree of brilliancy it had never done before ; so that the last few days previous to his departure were the very happiest he had ever known in his father's house.

Now Gabriel, although he had been so much frowned down at home that scarcely a trace of self-reliance or independent feeling appeared to be left in him, was not without considerable natural courage, and being a big stout boy for his age, when fairly put to the pinch, could hold his own with a tolerable degree of success ; moreover, he had quite sufficient knowledge of the world to be well aware that the "new boy" at school must be prepared for some few disagreeables, and that he is fair game to be "put upon" by the elder boys ; also that, as a general rule, there is, in every school, one big boy that lords it over all the others. He was, therefore, not altogether taken by surprise when the first attack was made upon him, which occurred on the second day after his arrival.

The boys were seated on forms running parallel

across the room. Gabriel, whilst looking over his lesson, was startled—although, as we have said, not surprised—to receive a stinging fillip on the ear from one of the boys sitting behind him : of this he took no further notice than to rub in a slightly playful manner the side of his head, and mutter to himself, “Well done! that’s nice—very nice, I rather like this sort of thing; perhaps there may be more where this has come from?” It was not long before his speculation was satisfied, for very shortly there came a repetition, considerably sharper than the first, which made Gabriel turn quickly round; but all the boys near him were apparently deeply absorbed in their studies. Gabriel, however, had marked his man, and feeling that this sort of game must be checked at the outset, was quite prepared should another blow be given: he did not rub his head quite so playfully, nor did he mutter any audible remarks upon the subject; patient waiting he was not called upon to endure, for soon there came another fillip still more severe than either of the others: the sharpness of the sting, perhaps, gave additional weight to his blow, for turning round with considerable dexterity, he dealt his tormentor a back-handed “cropper” on the side of his head with such force that it knocked the boy clean off his seat or to the floor.

“There now,” he said quietly, “you take that just as a specimen of the sort of boy I am, and if you want any more, why, you can have as much as ever you please, and at any time that’s most convenient to yourself; but if you’re in a hurry for a further supply, why, you can have it as soon as we go into the playground, for I’ve always a large stock on hand—at your service, sir!”

Now this boy had been for a considerable time what is called the “bully” of the school, and like all of that peculiar turn of mind, be they boy or man, invariably quail before those that are at all their match in physical prowess. This boy, to his utter amazement, found that he had met with his equal, if not something more than his match, in everything where fisticuffs were concerned, so we may as well let the reader know that Gabriel was never again, so long as he remained at school, openly molested by that boy, although he had good reason to believe

that some scurvy tricks and practical jokes were done at his instigation.

From this boy’s domineering disposition the incident just recorded was looked upon by the others—especially the younger portion of them—with a degree of perfect satisfaction, which they expressed most warmly in praise of the new-comer; and, trifling as it was, it told tremendously in Gabriel’s favour. But his glory was destined to be very short-lived; for, unfortunately for him, at the very moment when the vanquished hero was, with a rueful visage, gathering himself up from the floor, one of the masters entered the room and heard the words uttered. Now, however much he might be disposed to shut his eyes to these minor broils among the boys, this matter came too immediately before him to be overlooked, so that he was obliged for his own authority’s sake to have that turbulent boy, as he at once termed Gabriel, up and punished for his unruly conduct.

Thus on the very threshold, as it were, of his new start, for which he had made so many wise resolves, and from which he held such cheery hope of winning a good reputation, an accident caused him to be looked upon as a “turbulent boy,” and from that day the masters of the school regarded him as a leader of mischief—so that, whatever accident occurred, or whatever trouble there might be among the boys, if the real offender could not be discovered, poor Gabriel was made to pay the penalty, for he would rather take the punishment a dozen times over than “peach.” So, in a certain degree, he became a sort of whipping-post for the whole school. Thus he went on term after term, getting deeper and deeper into the mire, scarcely a day, certainly never a week, passing from the hour he unfortunately encountered the “bully boy” to the time he left school, that he did not get into some scrape more or less serious.

To drag the reader through the whole of Gabriel’s school-life, and record all the misfortunes that he met with there, would be to write a big book, instead of, as we purpose, telling a short story. We will not be tempted into the digression, but strictly adhere to our original plan; that is, to slightly sketch the few leading misfortunes of this luckless

boy. We will therefore pass on to the time for leaving school; and this, as the day approached, he looked forward to with almost as much pleasure as he did the leaving home to go there. Being naturally of a sanguine temperament—perhaps too sanguine, as want of due consideration and calmly weighing the consequences of his acts too often led to very unfortunate results; but this temperament helped him at other times, as in the present, though he well knew that his going home would be far from pleasant,—yet he looked forward to the change—to meeting his parents, brothers and sisters—with such a degree of pleasure that all the disagreeables in store for him were fairly hid away.

Gabriel Slipperton had an uncle who was always kindly disposed towards the lad, and took his part in many a family squabble, and helped him out of many a difficulty. This old gentleman maintained that the young fellow only wanted a little judicious encouragement; that he should be more noticed and “drawn out,” as he termed it, instead of being perpetually thwarted and found fault with, which, he maintained, was enough to crush all spirit and chance of success out of any young fellow.

The day before leaving school Gabriel received an invitation to spend a little time with this uncle before proceeding to his own home, an invitation he most gladly accepted, and on his arrival was welcomed with most cordial hospitality. The old gentleman was profusely kind, showing his young relative everything of interest about his grounds, his garden and preserves, and, indeed, in all ways every possible attention.

On the second day after his arrival the old uncle proposed that they should have a day's shooting together, to which Gabriel most readily assented; so early the next morning, fully equipped, away they went. It was a beautiful bright breezy day, about the middle of September, and all went well up to lunch-time, for the uncle had capital sport, which put him in an extremely good humour. Gabriel had quite the reverse; but his want of success in bringing down the game only called forth fresh bursts of good-humoured laughter every time he missed his aim, his uncle cheering him with the comfortable assurance, “Ah, never mind, Gibby, my

boy; better luck next time! better luck next time! You've not been shooting much lately, you know, and cannot, therefore, expect to hit your bird every time you fire.”

During lunch the old gentleman kept up his good humour: he laughed and joked, and encouraged Gabriel with many kindly words; but he, poor lad, although he professed to laugh at his own bad firing, yet mentally he smarted a good deal, and would have made any sacrifice to secure even one head of game. Perhaps this great anxiety was the real cause of that nervous uncertainty in his aim which brought about so much ill luck in that unfortunate day's shooting.

After luncheon, away they started in pursuit of fresh sport, and Gabriel praying that the fates would favour him, if only once. At length his opportunity came: they had not gone very far, when, as they were skirting a large turnip-field, he saw what appeared to be a fine hare moving gently among the high leaves, then stop and crouch upon the ground. Here, thought Slipperton, was a capital chance!—the distance short and the object quite still. So, after a very careful painstaking aim, bang went his gun, and when the smoke had cleared away, he had the gratification of seeing the object of his skilful sportsmanship lying on its side. Shouting to his uncle, who was a little way ahead, that he had shot a hare, he rushed to the spot. Horror! in pushing away the turnip-leaves he saw—not, as he expected, a fine hare, but his uncle's favourite setter!

The uncle came up with a pleased look, and the words “Well done, my lad!” upon his tongue, for he really felt very pleased that the lad had at last made a successful shot; but when he saw what had happened, no words can express his look of blank dismay. He did not speak, but quietly looked at Slipperton for fully a minute, but that minute, to the poor youth, appeared more like a year, during which time he wished that the turnip-field would open and swallow him up. At length his relative turned to the keeper, who had by this time come upon the scene,

“Jobson,” he said, with a stifled sigh, “take the young gentleman's gun, as we will not shoot any more to day. You can send the boy Robin with a

barrow to bring poor Rover, and we will bury him in the north corner of the orchard."

They turned their steps homeward, and during the walk, which lasted over an hour, Gabriel's uncle never uttered a word; on reaching the house the old gentleman went straight to his own room, and the boy saw him no more that night. The next morning the man-servant told him that his uncle had been suddenly called away to town, where he was likely to be for some days, and that the dog-cart would be ready to take him to catch the 11.20 train. Up to the time when this short history ends, Gabriel Slipperton had never seen that uncle again.

This event was a very great misfortune for poor Gabriel, as, of all his family or connexions, this uncle was the only one who appeared to take any real interest in his welfare or education: so strongly, indeed, had the interest of late been expressed, that his parents quite settled in their own minds that the old gentleman would make this nephew his heir; but now all these hopes were gone, and the lad's own sad reflection, "Well! if I had never been born this would not have occurred!" did not help to mend the matter.

The father was sorely puzzled what to make of the "dolt," as he termed him; still, something must be done to give the boy a start in life; so, after some few months spent in aimless inaction at home, he obtained, through the influence of some friends in power, a nomination for Government employment. With this prospect he set to work at the necessary studies with considerable diligence, and with the help of a good tutor, which his father engaged to "coach" him up, he made great and rapid progress, so that as the time approached for his examination he was in high spirits, and felt confident of success.

And now the day arrived when he was to leave home and travel by a night train, that he might be in London on the following morning to go through the trying ordeal of a competitive "exam."—Should he pass, a post was open to him in China.

Now all was ready; his clothes were packed by another's tender care; and, with fond adieus and best wishes, he started from the paternal roof. A ticket having been procured for him, he arrived at the station just in time, as the train was about to

start. To jump into the carriage was the act of a moment, when away he went, rolling himself up in a warm rug; and, comfortably ensconced in a corner, our hero was soon oblivious to all passing events, and slept soundly, as only youth can sleep, until aroused at the end of his journey by the man that came to collect the tickets.

"Why, sair," said the man, with a strong Scottish accent, as he examined Gabriel's ticket, "what's brought ye here a' wonder?"

"Brought me here?" said Gabriel; "why, the train of course, old dunderhead! what else do you think could bring me here? This, I suppose, is Euston Square?"

"Euston Square, mon!" said the man with amazement. "Do ye no ken where ye've been travellin' to? do ye no ken that this is Aberdeen?"

"Aberdeen?" gasped the poor young fellow.

Poor lost Gabriel! In blank despair he stared at the man for some seconds, as though he did not quite comprehend the words; then, slowly realizing his position, he said, "Well, here's a crusher!" and, burying his head in his hands, he cried with real bitterness of heart, "Oh that I had never been born!"

In his great hurry to catch the train, having dallied too long in saying "Farewell!" he had been driven to the down platform, and got into a train going north, instead of that which would have taken him to London. Of course, the fault did not rest altogether with him, but the misfortune did all the same; and by the time he had corrected this mistake and arrived in town, the day for the examination had passed away. He had lost his golden chance of ever entering the Civil Service, and another man was appointed to the office which had been kept open for him. Gabriel, after a little time, consoled himself with the reflection that this, like all his other troubles in life, would not have happened but for the first and crowning misfortune recorded at the beginning of this narrative.

Our space admonishes us that we must now pass over the next eight or ten years of this young man's life; merely mentioning by the way that he felt so humiliated by this egregious mistake of the railway journey that he resolved never to return home again

until he had made for himself some position in the world. So with his father's sanction and assistance, he was placed as pupil to an architect of some repute ; there he worked very diligently, and made much more rapid progress than might have been expected, so that at the expiration of his engagement he commenced practice in partnership with a fellow-pupil, and soon became very fairly successful, as the world goes.

Of course Slipperton fell in love ! But we will not trouble our readers with any detailed account of where he met the lady, of her beauty, grace, or other amiable qualities ; nor relate the progress of their love affairs ; but at once state that it was a long time before he could muster courage to "pop" to the darling of his heart ; and it is speaking within bounds to say that the attempt was made at least a thousand times, and every time a great big lump appeared to rise up in his throat and almost choke him, while his heart began to thump away as though it was determined to break every rib in his body. And how to surmount this overmastering difficulty fairly puzzled him ; but, like most things honestly desired, the time came at last.

It was a fine warm summer evening when these lovers met by appointment, and were slowly sauntering along the shady paths of Kensington Gardens, when, to Gabriel's utter astonishment, the needed words appeared to make a sort of somersault out of his mouth ; and, with a torrent of glowing language such as he did not know himself capable of, he told his ardent, faithful love, and begged of his companion to make him the very happiest man in the world by becoming his wife. He frankly told her his position in life, and though he could now only lay the very modest income of two hundred and fifty pounds a year at her feet, yet his prospects were such that he felt confident he should soon be able to support her in quite as good a home as that he took her from.

The darling hung her pretty little head and blushed, and murmured words that sounded like "Great compliment ; so good, so *very* good ; but others must be consulted before she could decide." To this Gabriel of course consented. And then she asked if he would be at St. George's, Hanover

Square, at half-past eleven o'clock on the following Saturday morning, when she would give a decided answer.

He received this promise with a gushing flow of loving words and earnest thanks for her kind consideration of his tender passion. He called her his angel, —his guardian angel, sent on the world for the express purpose of being the darling and the joy of his life, and he did honestly believe every word he uttered on the occasion.

And all the time that he was talking, the sweet young creature looked so gentle, with a kind of pleased expression upon her beautiful face, her eyes cast down, she allowed Gabriel to hold her pretty little hand in his ; and, as the evening was closing in, she allowed him at parting to kiss her fair soft cheek, not her lips, which slightly annoyed the young man ; but he attributed this to maiden modesty, and when they finally bade good night, there was a sweet expression about what he called "those exquisitely beautiful eyes of hers," which he thought spoke volumes of love and devotion, and which he never could forget, were he to live for a thousand years. That night poor Gabriel dreamed of those rosy lips, which he ever and anon tried to kiss, but without success. At each attempt she turned away her head, and his lips kissed only her cheek instead, as he had done that evening at the gate of Kensington Gardens.

Gabriel went to St. George's, Hanover Square, punctually at the time named. There were several persons standing about the door of the church ; this he did not think very remarkable, remembering that weddings take place here almost every day of the week, and doubtless these people were loitering out of mere curiosity to see those who came to be married. He looked about among the crowd, but his Rosa was not there. It wanted yet a few minutes to the half-hour, but he had not long to wait. Presently several carriages, containing gaily-dressed people, arrived in rapid succession, and after two or three minutes' delay, a handsome carriage and pair drove up. Out stepped an old gentleman very nicely "got up," and lent his hand to assist the lady to alight ; this was the bride. Good Heavens ! was it possible that he could be mistaken ? Yet surely

it could not be. The lady, leaning on the old gentleman's arm, tripped lightly up the steps leading into the church. Gabriel, though almost dazed, followed the party where they went.

The marriage ceremony immediately commenced, and our hero took up a position where the party must pass him on their way to the vestry. Oh, what a long weary affair that marriage ceremony was! Would it never be finished? Gabriel's feverish excitement became more and more intense every moment, and made the admonition, and the prayers, and all the other indispensable formulæ in this interesting proceeding appear as though they would go on for ever; but even a marriage ceremony must end; and as the last words of the benediction were being uttered, a mortal dread came over him lest his worst fears should be realized, and the gaily bespangled bride prove to be,—poor fellow! he shuddered at the thought. But now or never! So, mustering all his courage for the trial, he looked her steadily in the face. True enough, the bride was the beauty he had adored, and until that moment believed to be his very own, his darling Rosa. She looked for one moment at the man she had injured and so wantonly insulted, and there was something in the glance of those large eyes and in the gentle curve of her lips which said, "I am very sorry for you young man, but really I could not help it, and you must acknowledge that I have been so far honourable—I have kept my promise, and this morning have given you a final answer."

Now, this Gabriel considered to be the very greatest misfortune that it was possible could ever befall him, always excepting, of course, the first here recorded; that nothing in the way of ill fortune could

ever surpass it, and that he should go down to the grave a miserable broken-hearted old man.

Reader, we happen to be in the secret, and will candidly tell you that this young man was altogether mistaken, for instead of it being, as he thought, a lifelong misfortune, it turned out to be a piece of rare good luck. How little we know the real good that a kind Providence has in store for us! Why, in less than a month after the wanton insult he received at St. George's Church, he met at a friend's house a young lady whose gentle words fell like balm upon his wounded heart, whose look and smile was like a ray of sunlight on his dark and blighted life, whose pressure of her soft hand when she bashfully whispered "yes," made Gabriel once more the happiest of happy men.

Oh, what a piece of rare good luck it was to this young fellow when that silly, giggling, empty-headed thing went to church in her bridal gear, as another's bride, to give her lover his final answer! Reader, whatever misfortune fate may have in store for Gabriel Slipperton, and he has quite realized the fact that "no fellow can go through the world without meeting a good lot of that sort of thing, ye know," he feels that he has now got by his side a true good helpmate, that will give him courage to bear the very worst buffeting the world can inflict upon him, for cheery words are ever on her lips to brighten his hope and strengthen his faith in better things to come.

Reader, we tell you these things because, as we have already said, we are in the secret, and what is more, Gabriel is beginning to have some stray notions that, after all, his being born was not such a very great misfortune.

AUTHOR OF "MY NEIGHBOUR NELLIE."



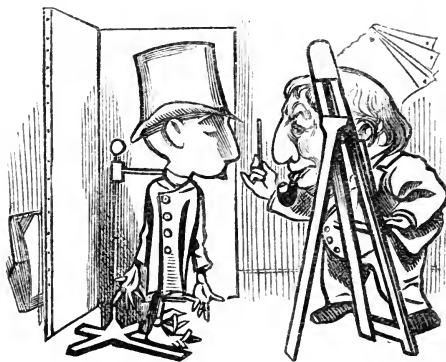
THE STAMP OF INDIVIDUALITY.



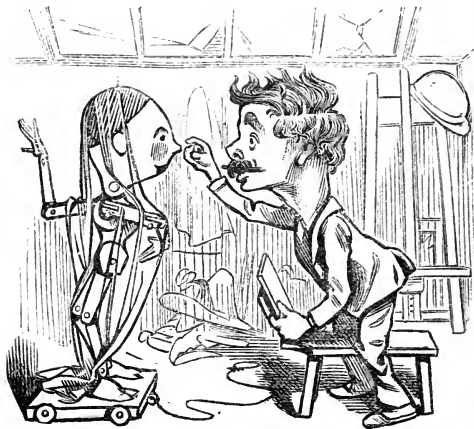
WHAT time that ONE of LOFTY RANK did purpose
 (On the occasion of some great event)
 To show in public, spake an EDITOR
 (A man of no mean parts) :—"Produce me now
 A Special Number of our Print, replete
 With illustrations ; having aim therein



To truly picture forth this great event,
 With many portraitures of him of rank."
 Then musing, "Yet meseems these special numbers
 Do oft times pall with sad monotony.
 Avoid we this defect ; much subtle charm
 Hath fair variety—be that our goal."



Herewith he beckoned to him Jones, and Brown,
 And Smith, an able special artist each,
 To whom : "Now go ye forth with book and pencil
 What day this great event shall be, and sketch
 That man of rank performing various acts."
 Now Jones, and Brown, and Smith, had, each by each,



His own, pronounced, peculiar stamp of art,
 Unique and individual, lending fire
 Unto his every work, identifying
 His every work, and marking it as *his*.
 Such individuality of touch
 Proves of exceeding worth in portraiture.



For Jones's Figure, which he studied from,
With care minute and anxious, line by line,
Was long of nose; what time that Brown's was short
Considered nasally, and Smith's inclined
Toward the aquiline. Whereof it came
That Jones, essaying portraiture, would deck



His limned presentment with a length of nose
Ere whiles perhaps unnoted, overlooked
In the original; while this last would find,
Delighted, in his portraiture by Brown
A nasal brevity and snubbiness
He had not deemed himself possessor of.



But when this same original would gaze
Upon his portraiture by Smith, he saw,
Joy-thrilled, pretensions to the aquiline,
To which his fondest yearnings ne'er had soared.
Thus Jones, and Brown, and Smith, proceeding forth
On the occasion of that great event,



Each with his individual stamp of art,
Did limn that Personage of Lofty Rank
For that Especial Number. And of them
Who gazed upon its pages, one would say,
"Tis Luther!" and another, "Nay, 'tis Caesar!"
Or "Bright!" And there was no monotony.

J. F. S.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

I.

THIS was the Prince who cried for the moon, and did not get it. The moon is a long way off, and to cry for it makes no difference. I have done it myself, and nothing came of it, except that I made myself tired and cross, and people laughed at me. Besides, what could you do with the moon if you got it? That is what they remarked to this young Prince, and they also told him that he would never be allowed to keep it, and that he did not understand astronomy. So he said,

"When I understand astronomy shall I have the moon?"

"Not so, sir," replied his friends. "When you understand astronomy you will not *want* the moon."

"Then I will never learn astronomy," said the Prince in a heat. He was very young indeed, but very intelligent for his age, and very forward in the use of his tongue.

"Nobody ever saw the other side of the moon," said a courtier half to himself.

"I call that a great shame," said one of the young ladies who attended on the Prince.

"So do I," observed the young Prince. "I will get behind it some day."

II.

EVERYBODY thought this Prince was of a very noble, aspiring disposition, for he was always wanting to do what nobody else could do. As he grew older, it was resolved that he should study mathematics, by way of curbing his ambition and showing him how some things were possible and some were not. But this did not alter his character, and I am sure mathematics never altered mine. I say nothing about *your* character, but I know I have always been making mistakes about what is possible and what is impossible, and I begin again afresh every morning, just as if I had never learnt anything.

As the years passed away this young Prince used to get either angry or sad, or both, when he found

out what a number of things there were that people said could not be done. And one day, in the midst of a brown study, he said to himself,

"There must be something that *can* be done which nobody knows of yet, and that is the reason so many things of this sort come into my head."

He was sitting quite alone on a green crag by a wood. As he thought this, the wind rose. A great sigh passed over the trees, and went sighing and beating away into the distance. The Prince actually looked after it, as if he could see it.

"I only wish I knew where the wind goes to," said he, out loud. And just then a huge black Raven stole out of the wood behind him, and flew over where he sat. He could hear the creaking of the great wings, and as they flew off and away, the croaking voice seemed to say, "To the end of the world—end of the world—world—world!"

"Oh, the wind goes to the end of the world, does it?" sighed the young Prince. "Then I will follow it."

III.

AND now in his sleep the Prince had strange dreams, and said strange things. In the dead of the night he would start in his slumber, and whisper, "To the end of the world! to the end of the world! The Raven said so." Of course the servants talked about it, and at last they told his father and mother, who were getting old.

"Son," said the father, while the mother half-smiled through her tears, "why will you not be content? Why do you dream of going to the End of the World? I once had such dreams in my young days, but I was never able to do what I wanted."

"If anybody could do it, your father could, my dear," said the Queen. "Besides, I helped him once or twice, and we always failed."

"What!" cried the young Prince, "have you, mother! and you, father! tried to get to the End of the World?"

But the King and Queen shook their heads and

smiled rather sadly, only saying, "Be content, my son, be content."

Just then the Prince's tutor, that is to say, the head tutor, entered the room, and the King and Queen whispered something in his ear.

"I will manage him," said the tutor, who was very conceited. "Prince, you cannot get to the End of the World. It is a physical impossibility. The earth is round like an orange, being slightly flattened at the poles. See, here it is in the geography book."

"I cannot see the words plainly," said the Prince; "my eyes are dim, I suppose, and there seems to be a singing in my head."

"Besides," resumed the tutor, "suppose you *could* get to the end of the world, you would be sure to fall over, if your head is in that condition."

"Why, where should I fall to?" asked the Prince.

"You would fall, sir," replied the tutor, pausing and looking very grave, "you would fall, sir, into Infinite Space."

"That," exclaimed the Prince, "is just what I should like."

"It is a noble ambition," whispered the most obsequious of the courtiers, just so that the Prince could hear what he said. "Infinite Space!"

The Prince heard the whisper, and turned away. The obsequious courtier was one of those whom he very much disliked.

IV.

NEVERTHELESS, one fine morning the Prince was missing in the palace. He had taken a staff, a sword, a cloak, the zither on which he sometimes played, and all his jewels. Indeed, he was rich enough for any journey.

He had not gone many steps on the path he had seen in a dream, when the Raven came flapping and cawing over his head, just as it had done before. Looking straight before him, he seemed to see that the road ran quite straight, white, and smooth, to the very edge of the horizon; and the Raven caw-cawed and wheeled and swept before him, as if to lead the way.

By about nightfall, when he was growing a little weary, he met a stranger, a traveller much older than himself.

"Whither away, young friend?" asked the stranger.

To his great surprise the Prince found himself resenting a little the freedom of the stranger's address. Still, he could not very well say, "I am a Prince," and besides, he reflected that if you set out alone to travel to the End of the World, you must be prepared to rough it. So he answered the stranger,

"I am going to the End of the World."

"Why, so am I," cried the other. "You are going the wrong way."

"I am going by the road I saw in a dream," said the Prince.

"Dream! dream!" laughed the other; "who heeds dreams? Look here at my map—my map. It is all laid down scientifically here; there can be no mistake. You see, my map says the very opposite direction to yours."

Here the Raven appeared again, wheeling and cawing, and seeming to speak the words "Keep on! keep on!"

"You are very kind," said the Prince to the stranger, "but I am satisfied the path I have taken is the right one, and I must continue in it."

"Perhaps you are not aware," resumed the stranger, coming closer to the Prince, and thrusting out a keen forefinger; "perhaps you are not aware that there are two ends to the world, a Wrong End and a Right End. You are bound for the Wrong."

"The Right! the Right!" cawed the Raven; and the zither, in a faint musical echo, being just touched by the Prince's finger, whispered "Right!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the stranger; "so you encumber yourself with music, do you? Dreams, music, and no map! I wish you joy of your journey, young Mr. Obstinate."

"I am a Prince—" said the other, turning red; but he did not finish the last word.

"He is mad," said the stranger, passing on, as the tones of the zither, for the Prince had begun to play, fell upon his ear.

V.

It would be impossible to relate all the adventures of this young Prince in his search for the End of the World. One day, when he had been resting in the

cell of a hermit, he fell into a long conversation with his grey-haired host.

"Now that you are refreshed, traveller," said the hermit, "may I not ask whither you are bound?"

"I thank you for your courtesy," replies the Prince; "I am going to the End of the World."

"Ah," said the wise man, "I once made the same journey myself."

And he smiled.

"Is it very far?" inquired the Prince.

"It is here," answered the hermit.

"Dear me!" cries the guest, forgetting his good manners in his excitement; "do you mean to tell me there is nothing more to be seen than *this* at the End of the World?"

"I know I am not much to look at," said the kind host, "but you will find what I say is true."

"Oh, sir, I did not mean to be rude," replies the young Prince; "but how can this be the End of the World? I can see ever so much farther before me yet, and I have been journeying straight for a long while."

"Not so straight as you imagine, young sir."

"I am a Pr——" was nearly becoming a finished sentence this time in the mouth of the traveller; but he checked himself, and coloured up.

"The ground on which I live is very high," resumed the kind host, "and I have watched you, as you ascended the hill, making many a circuit."

"I could have declared I came in an arrow-straight line!" cried the Prince.

The hermit shook his head.

"I tell you, young sir, the End of the World is here. It is wherever you are."

"Then where is it—I cannot see it?" asked the Prince.

"I cannot give you eyes," said his host, laughing mildly. "You will see some day."

Then they had supper, and the young Prince sang a song to his zither; and the next morning, after a good night's sleep, he went forward on his journey again.

"That is right," said the wise man; "go on, like the rest. You will know the right place to stop at when you see it."

VI.

THE young traveller had not gone very far when he heard faint cries for help, and shortly afterwards caught sight of a peasant who was lying wounded or swooning, or both, by the roadside. The young Prince went up close in order to offer him assistance, but the moment he laid his hand upon his shoulder the man opened his eyes, glared angrily and suspiciously at him, and grasped a dagger which he wore at his belt. Then the Prince called to mind some cautions which had been addressed to him at different times by the obsequious courtier whom he did not like, and he thought it would be wise to take no more notice of the peasant; so, although the man cried "Help!" again in a faint voice, he went straight on, scarcely looking back.

"I shall never get to the End of the World if I stop to give help to every one who asks for it," thought he; "and I believe, after all, that man was only feigning, and wanted to rob me of my jewel-case."

He had not gone far, after leaving the peasant at the side of the road, before he found the air grow suddenly thick and dark, while right in front of him he thought he saw a wall of cliffs as black as night, and so high and steep that it would be impossible to climb them. He ran wildly hither and thither, to the right and left of this interminable barrier of gloomy crags, and could see no end to it.

"What am I to do now?" thinks he; "is *this* the End of the World? If so, it is perhaps the Wrong End, of which that man with the map warned me."

There was dead silence—the most absolute stillness he had ever felt. He grew impatient—he tried the wall—he bruised himself against it—but it would not give way anywhere.

"Perhaps there is somebody behind who will answer if I can only make myself heard. Oh, the zither! I will play and sing. I should not wonder if some wonderful gate opens and lets me in." So he began to play and sing.

There was no echo, but in a very short time he was answered by a voice which he knew was the voice of some maiden. It came from the path he had been following till he saw the peasant, and he

at once turned back to hasten in the direction from which it came.

"I said I would never turn back," thought he, "but what can I do?"

That is what he said to himself; but the fact is, the voice of the girl drew him. At every step he took backwards the voice grew sweeter, and the air grew clearer and brighter. It was not long before he found himself just where he had been a short time before—the place where he had seen the peasant, who was now sitting up by the roadside, and a beautiful girl was holding a flask of some cordial to his lips. As he drew nigh, she did not seem at all scared, but she had ceased her singing, which, of course, had been merely in order to bring some help beyond her own.

"Prince!" said the damsel, speaking with great sweetness and dignity, "I know you will help me to support this wounded man to his cottage."

"Most beautiful Princess!" said the Prince, "I will go to the End of the World with you."

For he did not know what he was saying, and did not even wonder how she came to know he was a Prince. That she was a real Princess he felt quite certain; but he never asked her a question, and helped the wounded man to the cottage at her bidding.

VII.

As for the damsel, I can only say that she *was* a real Princess, and that she was the most beautiful Princess that ever lived. The Prince forgot all about the End of the World, and wanted nothing but to be where this beautiful, sweet creature drew breath. She seemed to be living with an old, old lady in the village to which the peasant belonged, and to spend all her time in doing kind things. He felt sure he could live there for ever, only to be near her. Ah, she was lovely—but I have said that before.

The old, old lady was the oldest that ever lived, as the Princess was the sweetest. It was a strange large rambling cottage that she had, and the Prince never could get out of the villagers how many rooms there were in it, or how many servants there were, or where they came from.

"Everybody serves the Princess, and is glad," said they—"they come from the End of the World to serve her."

The Prince started a little. One day he visited the Princess at the cottage, where the old, old dame sat for ever at her spinning-wheel. It was a rule made by this Dame that no one should be allowed to visit her guest, the Princess, until some little child had, of its own accord, said to the stranger, whether man or woman, "Come with me, and see our Princess." When he entered the cottage parlour, where the old, old lady sat and span, she fixed her bright eyes upon him with a serious smile, and said,

"You are welcome, Prince."

And the little child said, "I knew he was a Prince."

And the Princess, who was sitting on a cushion at the feet of the white-haired Dame, now got up from her seat and gathered a bunch of roses from the cottage window for him.

"What river is that which I hear outside?" said the Prince; "I only saw a brook as I came in."

The cottage parlour seemed to be growing larger and loftier, the sound of the water stronger and clearer, while the wheel of the Dame went round and round for ever.

"The river runs to the End of the World," said the child.

As the Prince turned to look at her, he thought the spinning-wheel flashed and dilated, and that its sound was no longer a hum, but a mighty roar. Of course, that was his fancy. Then the Prince played on his zither, and the Princess sang, and the Dame of the spinning-wheel sent out the child to gather cypress and rosemary.

"Put that up with your roses," said she.

And he noticed that there was a Raven perched on the back of her chair. The Princess gathered honey-suckle and more roses to give him, and the little child wove circlets of lilies and crowned them, and the hum of the wheel grew soft and low, and they drowsed into each others' arms with a kiss.

When they awoke the child clapped its hands, and said, with a laugh,

"You two have had a sweet dream."

VIII.

ONE morning the Prince and Princess went hand-in-hand in search of the place where the Prince had been startled by the mountain barrier and the gloom.

"I never saw the barrier, dear Prince," said the maiden.

"I am sure I did," said the Prince.

But now there was nothing before them but a beautiful mountain country, easy to traverse, with a soft sky, a beautiful palace placed on a soft green tableland, and beyond and above all a gleam of diffused light, such as might have slept on the rivers of Eden.

"That is my father's palace, Prince," said the Princess. And they went up by the smooth easy paths, and entered the palace, and looked forth from the great terrace towards the land of the sunrise.

How can I tell you what they saw? I cannot. But the Princess leaned contented on the arm of the Prince; and, looking forth far into the blue distance, he said in his heart, "My travels are ended."

IX.

WHEN the Prince got back to the palace of his father and mother, a betrothed man, with the Princess hanging on his arm, they did not seem much surprised. "When I was young, I went in search of the End of the World myself," said the King. Some of the courtiers laughed a little, but the Prince said it was no laughing matter, and the Princess thought to herself, "Nobody has ever seen what my Prince and I have seen, and nobody has ever been so far as he has." The old, old Dame was not present at the wedding, but she sent her usual gift of a spinning-wheel.

MATTHEW BROWNE.

ON A WELSH MOOR.

A BRIGHT October sunshine flooded all the moor with gold,
Lit up the fine grey mountains, and the boulders rough and old;
The streams, like threads of silver, through the faded fern and heath
Sought to lose themselves for aye in the river's love beneath!
A lady trod the moorland, with a light upon her face
Wrought out by mystic distance and the majesty of space;
The loveliness of nature, and the love it typified,
And autumn glory clinging to the lonely mountain-side;
She watched a grousing party, near the tryst amidst the hills,
Where lunch and ladies waited by the ferns, and moss, and rills.
As kith and kin approached her, with one dearer than the rest,

Against a cold grey boulder her fast-beating heart she prest:
Thought she, my lifetime's fading,—is now richer than its prime;
As hill-sides grow more comely 'neath the tender wings of time,
As waning of the Autumn bringeth harvest on the lea,
Perchance a harvest waiteth to be gathered in by me!
He comes! Will mirrored yearnings, like the light from out the skies
That glistens on the rivulets—sweet love—shine in his eyes?
She gazed at him with throbbing pulse, a light *was* beaming there,—
He said, "It's *not* gone cold, I hope; I love the *hot* juggled hare!"

KATE BURTON.

QUILTER KEENE'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

DARKNESS, dreariness, and dust are, in a greater or less degree, the characteristics of lawyers' offices in general, and of Quilter Keene's in particular. Such was the decided conviction of Mr. Dick Dashaway, as, perched on a dilapidated office stool, he chewed the cud of reflection and the end of a quill pen. And certainly the legal workshop of Q. Keene, Esquire, in Furnival's Inn, was conducive to impressions the reverse of cheerful. The grimy rear wall of the opposite houses rigorously excluded all vestige of sunlight. The sooty rain-streaked windows had never, within the memory of man, felt the influence of washleather. The worm-eaten desks were strewn with sallow sinister-looking paraphernalia, among which the eye was fain to rest for instant relief on the cold pink of strips of tape. The walls were lined with shelves and pigeon-holes choked with ominous bundles of papers, on which the faint yellow writing was hidden by the black dust of time, but which were living and speaking records of hands and voices long since dead and dumb.

The baize-covered door in the corner, which, opening with a stealthy slide, closed behind you with a click that sounded just like "six-an-eight," led to the private room of Quilter Keene, and this apartment was in no whit inferior in discomfort and cheerlessness to the outer office. Herein sat and worked one who seemed to have developed from a human being into a legal machine. Quilter Keene was a perfect keeping with his surroundings. His iron-grey hair and dusty shabby vestments seemed to boast of an intimate acquaintance with the pound-box, his wrinkled cadaverous face to have grown akin to parchment.

Quilter kept only one clerk, and that one he seldom kept long, the various tenants of the appointment generally alleging the insufficiency of the salary to enable them to keep themselves. The holder at the date of the opening of this story was Mr. Richard Dashaway. Being of a somewhat imaginative and careless disposition, Dick speedily

found the atmosphere of Quilter Keene's office uncongenial, and his occupation as a copying clerk by no means an engrossing one. Although he cherished an ambitious thirst, he resented legal drafts as dry; so far from aspiring to the Woolsack, his vocation frequently led him in his own words to "lose his wool," although he lived in daily expectation of the "sack."

From these and other reflections of a like nature, in which Dick was indulging at the moment I introduced him, he was aroused by a timid knock at the office door. Hastily concealing the current number of *Fun* within the leaves of "Day's Precedents," he hastened to answer it, and on opening the door was surprised to behold a young lady. She was such a dainty, charming little creature, and angel visits of this kind were so few and far between at Furnival's Inn, that Dick, who was a very susceptible young man, lost simultaneously his tongue and his heart. Quilter Keene was at that moment engaged with a client, and Dick gladly yielded to her request that he should not be disturbed, and gazing furtively through the top rail of his desk at the fair visitor, who in that dreary office seemed like a butterfly in a spider's web, mentally decided that he had never seen a pair of eyes that shone more gently than those that were shadowed by the white gipsy hat, and that a sweeter voice never issued from charming lips than that which echoed his highly original remark with regard to the weather. To his infinite surprise he learnt that she was the daughter of his employer, *en passant* from a provincial boarding-school, to pay a prolonged visit to a maiden aunt, and that so far from sharing her father's devotion to things legal, she was determined, during her stay in town, to take him away early every evening. But, alas! Quilter Keene having too speedily, as Dick thought, dispatched his client, burst like an ogre through the baize door, and carrying off his little daughter to his den, left Dick feeling very much as if the sunlight had for a moment gleamed through the dreary old office, and had gone.

But Dora Keene kept her word, and called for her father many other days, and at last began to call earlier, and to be more solicitous that he should not be disturbed, considerate little soul! And one evening when her father was called away from town on business, a young couple might have been observed wandering under the old elms in Kensington Gardens, whispering as softly as the leaves above them, but of matters of much more moment; and one other evening Quilter Keene, on returning to his office, found on his table a note signed "Dora Dashaway," informing him that his daughter had been married to and flown away with his *ci-devant* clerk.

He tore the letter to fragments with a D of big dimensions, and Dick Dashaway's several successors in his employ had a considerably warm time of it.

CHAPTER II.

TEN years elapsed, and since her elopement Quilter Keene had never seen his daughter's face, and resolved that of his own will he never would. Every letter in her handwriting or that of her husband had been destroyed unread, and Quilter, though he had probably never read of King Lear, unconsciously emulated him. Had he read those letters he would have found entreaties for forgiveness and reconciliation, but no word of regret save for himself, and no request for assistance; for though poverty had more than once intruded through the windows of Dick Dashaway's home, and had insisted on the incompatibility of domestic comfort and a salary of thirty shillings a week, love had declined to be shown the door, and independent pride was a luxury for which the Dashaways had a *penchant* perhaps out of proportion to their circumstances.

It was Christmas Eve, and Quilter Keene sat in his office alone. The solitary clerk, Dick Dashaway's present successor, had at last been released, and had wished his employer a merry Christmas. Could the poor scribe have spoken the words in irony as a safe revenge for over-work and under-pay? At all events, the shaft struck and pained. Quilter's clerk has only followed the general example in leaving the old Inn behind, for the place is heavy with solitude and emptiness. Quilter has listened to other men

hurrying away to bright happy homes, and, unsentimental as he is, to-night he feels very much alone. Between him and the paper litter on his desk rises a tender loving face—once, ah! even now, though he will not own it—the dearest to him in the world. He sees her not as the girl-woman of ten years ago, but as the bright winsome child of years longer back, who, nestling to his breast, had brought light and gladness to it when that other Dora, her mother, was called away. He is not quite alone in the building, for a young lawyer in the floor above, who possesses, or rather is possessed by, a weakness for the flute, signalizes his presence by playing a few bars on that instrument. As the sweet silver notes flood down the stone staircase Quilter recognizes an old ballad tune that Dora used to sing, and thinks how different life would have been if she could always have been the trusting "papa-loving" little child—if she were singing to him now. Hasty footsteps ascend the stairs, the flute ceases, giving place to the sounds of joyous greeting, of hauling of portmanteaus, of snow-muffled cab-wheels. Even the solitary fluter has departed, and Quilter is alone again.

What was that?—a knock? Who could want him at that hour, on that night? Starting from his reverie, he strode to the door, and saw—was it a dream?—Dora! The very little Dora of twenty years ago; the same solemn wide eyes, the same flossy ringlets and dimpled cheeks. He was not dreaming, and it was not a spirit, for in an instant the little one was high in his arms, her soft warm cheeks against his own.

"Who are you, child, and what are you doing here?"

"I'm Dora Dathaway, pleathe, and me tum to thee you," was the reply; and Quilter was again seated at his table, the little one on his knee.

"Who brought or sent you here?" he asks.

"Nobody,—tame all of mythelf," says the little mite. "To-mowow 'th Tithmath, you know, and dada 'th bought me, oh! thuch a lovally twee; an' mamma 'th alwayth cwying cauth you never tum to thee uth; an' I knew you'd tum if you knew what a lovally twee I'm doing to have, so I tum to bring you. You're my g'anpa, you know. Did you ever have a twee?"

"You must go home, darling," says Quilter, after acceding to his granddaughter's request to "tiss" her for the twenty-first time.

"Don't know the way back."

"You found the way here, you little vixen."

"Yeth, but that ain't back, you know," answers the stubborn mite, looking up from the pens and paper with which she is busy; "bethidh, I want you to buy me a doll, tho you mutht tum."

Great was the consternation that Christmas Eve in Dick Dashaway's home when the absence of its fairy was discovered; but when late at night she returned, bringing her refractory grandfather captive, and both laden with the spoils of her victory, in the shape of toys and sweets, that home was filled with happiness it had never known hitherto, and there, at least, the Christmas bells that night rang in a message of peace and goodwill.

H. T. JOHNSON.

OVER AGAIN.

MY boys and girls are fair to see,
My wife sits cosy on my knee;
The boys are brave, the girls are good,
They all take kindly to their food.

"This being so," I hear you say,
"Unless you have some bills to pay,
And cannot meet the quarter's rent,
You have much cause to be content."

That is *your* view? It is not bad:
Worse lots than mine are to be had,
Without going far. But hear me state
The charge I bring against my fate.

My eldest child is ten years old,
A girl she is with locks of gold;
And I—well, I shall have no more—
The list is closed, and slammed the door.

You see my point? 'T is very plain!
I want to go the round again;
I want a three year's child, dear mouse!
My own, to patter round the house.

I also want,—and here my need,
I think, is moderate indeed!—
I wish that some plan could be found,
By which I might renew the round

Of courtship and of married life:
A plan, in fact, by which the wife
Should be again the maid I knew,
That I might go once more to woo.

Why not? *I'm* ready. It is Fate,
Or Nature, at the present date,
Which will not let these things occur—
N.B.—I throw the blame on *her*.

What did you say? "Your case is not
Alone,—it is the human lot?"
Of course it is—that is my charge
Against the Universe at large.

There ought to be some way by which
When life has reached, like mine, its pitch,
The man who chose could recommence
And yet keep in the present tense,

And let fall nothing from his hand.
Of course, as things at present stand,
It can't be done. But I have dreams,
With which I could fill several reams;

And if they never should come true—
I will consider what to do;
But, I say! Hang it! What a shame!—
Candidly, don't you feel the same?

AUTHOR OF "LILLIPUT LEVEE."

SOME ADVOCATES FOR 'WOMEN'S RIGHTS.'



Thinks it a right to warble about snow-white sails when a fellow's got the toothache: honeymoon, of course.



Thinks it a right that she and her husband should be considered one, especially at a boarding house.



Thinks it a woman's right to be liberal, because Gladstone's such a Good Feller.



EGD

Thinks it a right that when a millionaire asks for her hand, he should be allowed to carry off the palm.



Thinks it a right to be admitted to the Bar, because she would study TWO PLEAS at once.



Thinks it a woman's right to be a doctor, combining all the Pathies, Allopathy, Homœopathy, and Sympathy.

SOME ADVOCATES FOR "WOMEN'S RIGHTS."



Thinks it a woman's right to serve in the Guards, especially when she's a killing girl.



Thinks it a right to prefer a chap her own to a chaperone, only ma doesn't.



Thinks it a right to remark, at a late regatta, "Ah, the last rows of summer," and still survive.



Thinks it a woman's right to steal any male author's brains, because its only *petty larceny*.



Thinks it a right to refuse to eat at table, but feed heavily in the pantry afterwards.



Thinks it a woman's right to be considered the salad of life, particularly when she takes a long while dressing.

Thinks a right to get her own way, even if she has to get married to do it.

EGD

LAWN TENNIS, LIMITED; OR, THE BLIGHTED BACK GARDEN.

THE Steam Launch has been of late frequently referred to by indignant and rhetorical writers to the *Times*, as the Juggernaut of the river! What, then, is to prevent me from denouncing Lawn Tennis as the Moloch of the back garden, I should like to know?

But alas! there is but scant satisfaction in thus addressing the destroyer of my domestic peace! For the moment, when I was newly smarting from the wounds inflicted on my semi-detached comfort by this fell and fashionable nuisance, I really did derive satisfaction from alluding to it (metrically) as "Thou Vampire Bat,* that suckest home's sweet joys;" but I am not sorry now that the editor of the *Penge Vindicator* saw fit in his discretion to decline my proffered ode with thanks. It was better so.

Society would only have laughed, probably, at my rhythmical complaint; ay, laughed and gone on with its "faults" and "services," its "volleys" and "setts" as before. Yes, 't was better so!

But though I have ceased to upbraid the editor of the *Penge Vindicator*, it must not be supposed that I have forgotten my cruel wrongs, or forgiven their inflictor. How could that be, in fact, when I cannot even look out of my back parlour window without contrasting the existing enraging or depressing (according to the state of my liver) scene, with that peaceful and variedly domestic "back-premisescape," if I may use the term, which it has replaced.

Two months ago, when I started with my wife for Eastbourne, there was no cloud upon the domestic horizon. We left our semi-detached home in peace with all men, and, I think I may add, with all women; for the long-standing feud with our laundress, which originally grew out of a table-cloth lost in the wash, only blazed up when collars were missing or the mangling not a success.

* I see now, in my calmer state of mind, that such an epithet as "Vampire Bat" applied to lawn tennis was not well advised, for it gave the scoffer a chance of suggesting "Vampire Racket" as a more appropriate term; but I wrote it in hot blood, and was reckless.

Eastbourne was full, and lodgings were expensive; but my disposition is not one to be easily harassed by trifles, and I set myself with considerable success to test the entertaining resources of our temporary abode. We bathed—my wife and I—in the fine old English fashion, from different parts of the beach; we promenaded on the pier; we drove to the neighbouring objects of interest in that distinctively "seaside" vehicle, the "brake and pair;"* we boated; we listened to bands; we took tracts (an inevitable episode on the margin of the trackless deep now-a-days); and lastly, though not least, *we went to Devonshire Park!*

From the first I noticed that Laura—I refer to Mrs. Entwistle, who is the wife of my bosom, I must try to remember, spite of what has passed—was particularly attracted to that part of the Park set apart for lawn tennis. At the cricket I could not get her to look, even when there was a good match on; whilst the rink she despised as old-fashioned, and the music as old and slow. But from the day our friends and neighbours, the Ashcotts, who chanced to be staying within a few doors of us in the Langney Road, asked her to play a "sett" with them, she well-nigh lived on one or other of the tennis-courts to which so large a slice of Devonshire Park is devoted.

I will promptly give Mrs. Entwistle her due, and admit she soon made a good player, if the term "player," indeed, can be applied to a participator in such a feeble, foolish sport as the knocking of a hollow india-rubber ball backwards and forwards over a cabbage-net stretched out to dry.

Croquet was silly enough, goodness knows, and is played to perfection, I am told, in the grounds at Earlswood; but lawn tennis—well, no matter; perhaps I am a little prejudiced.

At all events, I have good reason to be so, for

* Under happier circumstances, I should be tempted here to ventilate my theory that it is the frequency of these brake-rides at the seaside which has given rise to the well-known proverb, "Who 'brakes,' pays!"

rom the ill-omened day, already referred to, when the Ashcotts first placed a racket in Laura's hand, all my enjoyment of Eastbourne, *qua* watering-place, as the lawyers would say, was over. Mrs. Entwhistle thenceforth virtually lived in Devonshire Park, refusing towards the end to even leave the premises for her meals, but depending for sustenance on the boiled tea and gritty buns which were to be had within the ground. Our boating, our delightfully lazy beach mornings, as we called them, when the programme was to buy all the morning papers, flop on the shingle, and read, doze, and chuck pebbles aimlessly into the sea, all came suddenly to an end, and I was dragged, for I determined to do my duty to Laura, into a semi-fashionable world, occupied by: race of inane people, the men in white flannels, with striped jackets that would have made it possible for Joseph in his historical coat to pass unnoticed; and the ladies in astounding costumes, made to suit the game; who, from early morn to dewy eve, played interminable "setts," or watched others play them, with a pertinacity worthy of a better sport.

Thus it was that I was not at all sorry when our three weeks were up, and made no effort whatever to prolong our stay. In fact, on the eve of our departure, I rejoiced inwardly at the thought that a few more hours would bring us to our peaceful home, when Mrs. Entwhistle, I said to myself, will soon forget the madness of the past fortnight as she resumes her domestic duties; whilst I shall find the solace I need in my children, my fowls, my rabbits, my flowers, my bees, my dog—in brief, in all the varied peaceful adjuncts of our small semi-detached but comfortable home.

It was this consideration that made me unusually amiable as we steamed next day to town, and not even when Laura's racket fell from the hat-rack on to my head, as we crossed some facing points, did I allow my temper to be ruffled. I merely put it up again, and said, with one of my most amiable looks, "Oh, my dear, your racket will have to be put away in lavender when you get home."

Mrs. Entwhistle's reply was a stare expressive of the most intense wonderment as to whatever I could mean.

"Well, the Ashcotts have no court, Laura, you

know," I went on, in answer to her look; "in fact, none of our friends have, that I remember."

"Well, Adolphus?" exclaimed Mrs. Entwhistle in a most uncomfortable tone.

"Well, my dear," I returned, "that being the case, I don't see how you will get any lawn tennis till we go to Eastbourne again."

Now this was a most Jesuitical remark for me to make, for I well knew I had resolved a thousand times, during the past week, that wild horses should not drag me to Eastbourne, or, in fact, to any flat and lawn tennis-playing locality again.

"Oh, so you think I may as well put my racket away, and let it get warped?" continued Mrs. E., still in the chilliest and most uncomfortable of tones.

"As to that, my dear," I answered, cheerily (amiability of temper, you will notice, is my strong point), "I would soon get you another, you know."

But Mrs. Entwhistle would not stand at ease, conversationally speaking, do what I would.

"You are very kind, Adolphus," she said, raising her voice, for just then the brake whistle sounded. "You can get me a set of rackets directly, if you please."

"Directly, my dear!" I echoed. "Why, what ever can you want to do with them now?"

"Why, to play with them, of course," answered my better half.

"And may I ask *where*, Mrs. Entwhistle?" I inquired, raising my voice also as the whistle waxed still shriller.

"Certainly, Adolphus," said my wife, with provoking coolness, "though I should have thought you would have guessed. *I propose to play with them in our own back garden!*"

With the same the engine gave a shriek, and plunged desperately into the Clayton Tunnel.

* * * * *

Now, there are back gardens and back gardens, but I flatter myself that to no semi-detached householder throughout the whole of Penge did his back garden mean what mine, up to the 31st of August last, meant to me. You see, I am pre-eminently a home-loving man, and the leisure hours of my five years' tenancy of 19 Primula Terrace, Burnt-ash Road, Penge, S.E., have been mainly devoted to

developing the resources of that diminutive home-
stead. Especially had I revelled in the open air part
of the undertaking, and considering its size—the
back yard and back garden combined were some
90 feet by 30, I should say—I had made more out
of it than any one who failed to see it in its prime
could suppose.

When, therefore, Mrs. Entwistle, bitten by the
tarantula of lawn tennis, pronounced the doom of
our back garden, she committed no ordinary act
of selfishness. No, Laura knew full well what our
back garden was to me, and what I had been to our
back garden, and the very fact that she could have
decided on such an act of domestic Vandalism as
to turn it into a lawn tennis-court, proves con-
clusively the demoralizing effects that the playing
of an inane and fashionable game may have upon
the female heart.

It is too late to regret now that I did not hold
out against Mrs. Entwistle's determination. One
may yield too much in endeavouring to keep the
domestic peace; I see now that I did this, and it
adds to my anguish.

Within three days of our return, so eager was
Laura for the change, the fatal consultation which
sealed the doom of our back garden was held. A
young man, from the firm of Mashwick and Murton,
was in attendance, and having run his tape over
what is called the "back-let" in the advertisements,
he naturally assured Mrs. E. that the ground would
serve most admirably for lawn tennis, adding in a
gently deprecatory tone, for my benefit, that of
course it was scarcely roomy enough to admit of
aught else but the game in question.

"You hear that, Adolphus?" said Mrs. Entwistle,
speaking cheerily, as she could well afford to speak,
seeing she was having her own way so completely.
"You must just shift your pets and things out of the
way, my dear. Let me see," she added turning to
the young man from Mashwick and Murton's; "you
can send in the men to-morrow, you say?"

The young man bowed, waving his hand as he
did so in the direction of the bee-hive, the rabbit-
hutch, the rockery, and other objects around, as
though to suggest that their removal would take
longer.

"Oh, they will be all right," my heartless Laura
continued; "Mr. Entwistle will clear those out of
the way this evening; so please let the men come
early to-morrow, for I want the ground finished out of
hand."

"I fear we shall have to remove that water-butt
also," rejoined the young man. "Five feet of the
yard must be turfed as well as the garden, if you
wish the court to be large enough for a four-handed
game."

"Quite so!" cried my infatuated wife, seemingly
oblivious that with the said butt went all our rain-
water supply. "Remove it by all means."

Really, I think that just then Mrs. E. was so
thoroughly crazed about her trumpety lawn tennis,
that if Messrs. Mashwick and Murton's representa-
tive had gone on with an "Oh, yes! and by-the-bye,
madam, this gentleman is rather in the way; and I
think, if you don't object, he had better be removed
with the water-butt," she would have promptly re-
plied, "Certainly, certainly, cart him away this very
minute, by all means!"

It was not until the young man had left, and the
usual hour for making my *al fresco* rounds had come,
that I realized the catastrophe which had so sud-
denly fallen upon me and my own peculiar outdoor
belongings.

For nearly one hour I stood gazing vacantly before
me at the little fountain, with the gold-fish in the
basin, that I had only rigged up just before making
that fatal journey to Eastbourne; and I was called
to myself by the advent of our maid-of-all-work, who
had come out, she told me, at her "missis's" direc-
tion, to help me "to shift my litter." These were
her very words, and I confess I was all but stung
by them into action; and I had advanced three
steps towards the back door, with a view of seeing
Mrs. Entwistle, and insisting, thus late, on her
countermanding her men from Mashwick and Mur-
ton's. But once more my extraordinary gift of
amiability stopped me, and I resolved, for the sake
of peace, to suffer on.

My "litter," as Laura so unworthily called it, was
not a collection to be shifted bodily at five minutes'
notice. In its curious variety it represented the
growth of years, dating, indeed, from the time I had

begun with a pair of Dorkings I won in a raffle at a bazaar; and still going on, as a fact, seeing I had actually been at work, when we left for the sea, on a small cucumber-frame, made out of an old bed-room window-sash I had bought at a sale.

It was all very well, then, to send our maid-of-all-work to tell me to shift it all; but shift it whither? was what I wanted to know. Fortunately, I am a man of undoubted resource; and to clear out a portion of the coal-cellar for the coop with the fowls, which were laying admirably at the time—the more's the pity—was the work of only a quarter of an hour or so. The rabbits, kept for the special delectation of our first-born, Adolphus Leopold, aged five and a half years, in a Gothic hutch of my own make, took up but a small corner; but Mashwick and Murton's young man had declared that for two courts, each 39 feet long and 27 feet wide, every inch of space was required, and certainly he was quite right in saying that.

So the rabbits had to be banished temporarily to the washhouse, leaving me face to face with the problem of how to deal with my hive of healthy and industrious bees. The coal-cellar would be a purgatory to them, whilst if placed in the back kitchen, I knew they would hold it against all comers. To give them away just when their comb was ripe for appropriation seemed too bad; and so at length, as the evening was closing in, I acted suddenly on a chance thought, and mounting by means of a pair of steps, I eagerly carried up the hive, and deposited it on the sill of my study window overlooking our back premises.

The tortoise was not to be found, and could not be shifted, therefore; but the gold-fish, dipped up in a butterboat and deposited in a bucket, were placed on a shelf in the washhouse, out of the reach of the cat, whilst the fountain, alas!—a triumph of "Wemmickian" ingenuity on my part—had to be ruthlessly broken up, as had the pretty rockery I had made of slagg and spar at the end of the garden; and I positively wept as Rebecca, our domestic, stuffed plants which had originally cost as much as 5s. 9d. into two of my old hats filled with mould, and put them out of the way on the top of the kitchen dresser. Five choice standard rose-trees I handed

over the wall to our neighbour, old Mr. Foggarty, and even the walnut-tree planted by Mrs. Entwhistle's mamma in commemoration of the birth of Adolphus Leopold, aged 5½, had to be dug up and re-planted temporarily in the ash-bin, which, by the way, was itself removed bodily two days after, to give the lawn-tennis players more scope for back-handed strokes in that particular corner.

I made a strong effort to save Dinah and her kennel from removal,—Dinah being a fine retriever I had possessed in my bachelor days,—by craftily suggesting a compromise, by virtue of which the said kennel might be transformed on lawn-tennis days into a table for serving cups of tea on. But Laura was again inexorable, cruelly observing that "for her part, she had never seen the good of keeping such a big dog at all in so small a dwelling as ours," so that I was glad from politic motives to smuggle both Dinah and her kennel out of sight without another word, having in a fit of desperation fixed on the leads at the top of our semi-detached villa as the place of refuge.

Before ten o'clock, so busily had I worked—solely in the interests of domestic peace, you understand—that our back premises, relieved of every object that had diversified the scene, except, of course, the water-butt and the ash-bin, which I had left for the workmen to deal with, presented the appearance of a wilderness, which, on very slight pressure, I could have readily turned into a "howling" one. All was flat, and bare, and characterless, and ready, as Mrs. Entwhistle admitted after making a survey of the spot with a bed-room candle, for the advent of Messrs. Mashwick and Murton's men.

It is to me so excessively painful to recall the events of the next few days that I must ask to be allowed to allude to them but briefly. Destiny, I may say, refused to interfere on my behalf, and no serious obstacle delayed, even temporarily, the consummation of what was to me a hideous metamorphosis. The young man from Mashwick and Murton's came again, and running his tape over what was now our back desert, doomed the pump as well as the ash-bin to removal, doing his best also—no doubt in the interests of a friendly builder—to induce Mrs. Entwhistle to consent to the rounding off (that is how

he put it) of the washhouse wall. This nice little job, however, by painting in vivid colours—for Laura's information—our serious responsibilities under our repairing lease, I managed to avert.

Within a fortnight of the fatal night when I myself assisted in destroying the source and scene of my outdoor pleasures, the lawn tennis-court was reported finished, and from behind the back parlour curtains I had the unutterable chagrin of seeing Mrs. Entwistle—our maid-of-all-work having been called from her duties for the purpose of assisting her mistress to practise—deliver her first “service” from the end of our transformed back garden. The ball, hit somewhat eagerly in the excitement of the moment probably, struck the washhouse wall, which had not been rounded off, you will remember, and thence, rebounding high in the air, went over the wall, in spite of the netting placed along the top, into Mr. Foggarty's garden, falling almost into his pet terrier's teeth, which a moment later had bitten it through.

“*Abstine omen!*” I moaned behind the curtain, for I had to pay for the balls, you see.

But Mrs. Entwistle, regardless of the mishap, sent another ball over to Rebecca, who, inefficiently instructed, flung the racket she held after it with all her might. The window at which I stood was open, and I only escaped personal injury by ducking my head. As to the fragments of the rare old china presented to me on my marriage by my godmother, I really had not the heart to stay and pick them up, but, stealing noiselessly from the house, I relieved my much-perturbed feelings by a two hours' walk along the dusty high-road.

This inauspicious opening of the lawn tennis campaign at No. 19 Primula Terrace, Burnt-ash Road, following, as it did, a week of disaster, filled me with yet gloomier forebodings for the future. But I never, in my darkest hours, anticipated such a Nemesis as has descended upon our house and back garden. That my own happiness had been sacrificed on the lawn tennis altar I was tolerably sure; but I did not—how could I?—suppose that this feeble game was to be the source of woes innumerable to us as a household as well. But so it has been. Since that fateful night, when I carried Dinah and her kennel

upstairs, nothing but tribulation in assorted forms has been our lot. Had the young man from Mashwick and Murton's been Mephistopheles himself, indeed, his presence could not have resulted more disastrously.

So far as what I may call my personal losses, they were, to a certain extent, to be expected. That the hens would flourish amongst our knuckles I never really imagined, and neither their premature death, nor the demise of the rabbits after two days' isolation on the washhouse shelf, surprised me much.

I was not prepared, though, I admit, for my bees swarming in a body in the middle of the night, without notice, when they had been but twenty-four hours on my window-sill; whilst I think even practised apiculturists will allow that for them to have fallen in a cluster down the chimney at No. 21 into the kitchen fire, where they all perished except a few of the more vigorous insects, which escaped and stung Mrs. Foggarty's innocent cook so badly that I am likely to pay for her board wages for some six months to come, was a casualty quite novel in apian annals.

Of course the gold-fish would have eventually succumbed, though I cannot doubt that the fact of Adolphus Leopold and his sisters having discovered them in their bucket of refuge, and proceeded to play shop with them, hastened their untimely end. The plants I could not hope to save, and the birthday walnut-tree had no chance of surviving after the removal of the dust-bin. But it was distinctly an unexpected blow,—Heaven knows I mean no pun!—when the wind carried Dinah over the parapet in front of our roof. Like the obnoxious “god” whom it was proposed to throw at a fiddler, my pet retriever was not wasted, for she fell on a passing policeman, who had been instrumental in my being summoned on her account the previous year; but as the constable has recovered, and is now bringing an action for damages, I really did not score to any appreciable extent.

Of my personal losses, however, I will not speak—[You have devoted some five pages to the subject; but no matter.—EDITOR “HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL.”]—but lawn tennis has also destroyed our domestic peace; it has cost us all our friends; it has

all but driven me into the Bankruptcy Court; nay, worse, it has caused our olive-branches to wither about our feet.

Time was there was space for Adolphus Leopold, aged five and a half, and our other offspring, to share the small but breezy back-let with the bunnies and the bees, but with the establishment of lawn tennis came a change: they were warned by their mother on no account to gambol on the closely-cropped turf. Nor indeed are they likely to attempt it, poor little dears, since my firstborn fell over the net in the twilight and cut his forehead, whilst surreptitiously going for a stray ball. The result is the little ones visibly pine, though their mother, still wroth up in lawn tennis, notices it not. They miss their rabbits with their funny little habits. I sigh for the good old days when they fished for gold-fish with a crooked pin, poor little dears! Rickets, I have heard Laura say in her more domesticated days, have been the bane of thousands of infants; *rackets* m thinks are proving the curse of ours.

Mrs. Entwhistle has rudely snubbed all our older and more valued friends because they cannot help make up a four-handed game. No one who objects to wielding a racket is permitted to visit us; and both my maiden aunts have altered their wills within the past three months, whilst my rich uncle Adolphus, finding the fowls, for which he had originally sent us the eggs, disestablished without consultation with him, went off in high dudgeon, the last time he called, and made it up the same evening with his seppiegrace nephew, Charlie Ponto, to whom he had not previously spoken since the birth of our Adolphus Leopold, aged five and a half.

Our new friends, introduced by the Ashcotts, are "lawn tennisy," and therefore "rackety," as one may say, to an individual. They generally ignore me unless I am wanted to score during a match, in which latter case I find myself putting down the coat of the lost balls instead of the score.

This one item of tennis-balls is costing me £1 6s. 8d. per week on an average. Eleven were lost yesterday; for all that go over the wall into old Feggarty's are retained by him and sold by the dozen to a club at Peckham, since he finally quarrelled with Mrs. Entwhistle about the net that had been put up

on the party wall so insecurely that it fell on the poor old man one evening in a stiff breeze, whilst he was "smoking" the blight on his roses, and completely enveloping him, kept him rolling about on his own gravel for nearly an hour, as all his people were out.

There is also a deadly feud with our neighbours on the other side, who like taking tea in the garden, but do *not* like tennis-balls in their tea-cups. The *paterfamilias*, a retired schoolmaster, keeps a register of all the balls that come into his domain, and when Mrs. Entwhistle has what she calls a "Tour-nament" afternoon, conducts a series of asphyxiating chemical experiments in his arbour. He also threatens a Chancery injunction by post-card every Tuesday; and his servant tells our servant that he thinks me a poor weak man, deserving of much pity.

The washing formerly done at home, and dried in our own breezy if smutty garden, has now to be put out, to a duster, thus appreciably adding to the household expenses. Soft water is no longer to be obtained on the premises; and the roof-drippings once drained into the butt, removed with the ash-bin, have collected on the roof, and utterly spoiled the ceilings of three bed-rooms. Three men and a boy have been on our leads for the past three weeks in consequence.

The removal of the ash-bin to make room for that fatal tennis-court has brought down the sanitary inspector upon me; and I'm told that the fever in Convolvulus Cottages at our back is all blamed to my bin-less state, and that two bereaved mothers have vowed to have my blood.

But how can I go on? My Michaelmas rent, spent long since in tennis-balls and sherry and mixed biscuits for the "champions" who visit us, is not yet paid, and is not likely to be, and I may be turned into the streets any day with my wife and family.

Nor, seeing the comfortless state to which my home has been reduced, would such a change really trouble me much. I am desperate, and that's the truth, and there might have been a tragedy in Primula Terrace long ago were the water-butt still *in situ*.

As for Mrs. Entwhistle, she is madder than ever

about the game, which seems destined to be my death. She rises early enough to sometimes lose as many as four balls before breakfast, and last Tuesday night the first of a series of "illuminated games" was held, which only ended when the whole of the two dozen balls in reserve had been hit away into the darkness of adjacent back gardens.

Not only am I treated shamefully, and my meals and my buttons invariably neglected, but now, if you please, Mrs. E. refuses to speak to me at all, because I object to have the back kitchen thrown bodily into the lawn tennis ground.

It is not often that what there is of the British lion lying latent in me is roused, but when Mrs. Entwistle awakened me last night to demand this fresh sacrifice,—she knows I have two rabbits under the copper and am nursing a sickly fern or two at the back of the sink,—I was driven to use, for me, unprecedented language. As a matter of fact I addressed her as "Insatiate woman!" and, sitting up in bed, denounced her selfishness roundly. "Already," I said, "you have thrown my assorted pets, my *al fresco* pleasures, nay, my very domestic peace, into your trumpery ground. Now you would throw

in our back kitchen also. Never!" And I think I called her "Insatiate woman!" again, but I am not sure.

Nor does it much matter, for she only coldly replied, "Adolphus, you have been drinking!" and, as I have said, has ignored me ever since.

But I know she sent a post-card to Mashwick and Murton's this morning, telling them to send over their young man to-morrow, so I fear the worst. It seems a somewhat clumsy simile, but our back kitchen, I verily believe, is destined to prove the last straw for me, and when Mrs. Entwistle has metaphorically broken my back with it, as she has actually broken up our back premises with her lawn tennis, perhaps she will be satisfied.

I have left sealed directions that on my tombstone shall be graven the words—

"RACKETED TO DEATH."

And if the publication of my sad fate should prevent the transformation of a single semi-detached back garden of limited size into a lawn tennis court, I shall feel that my sufferings have not been altogether in vain.

AGLEN A. DOWTY.

THE DOOMED ONE.

I AM daintily decked for the bridal,—

Ah, why was it fixed for to-day?

Mine are sentiments more suicidal

Than suitably blithesome and gay.

As I brood on the future before me,

No solace my gloom can dispel;

Nay, a morbid impression comes o'er me

Which liquor itself cannot quell.

Yet my boots have been perfectly polished,

My necktie is knotted with care;

And a brush was entirely demolished

In smoothing my bonny brown hair.

I believe that the cut of my raiment

Is all it could possibly be;

Though the date of its probable payment

No prophet on earth can foresee.

I am led like a lamb to the slaughter.

The cream of the *ton* will be there;

For the bride is a baronet's daughter,

With riches enough and to spare.

And a Dean will effect the espousal,

And, after the nuptials are o'er,

The great Gunter provides a carousal

For sixty partakers and more.

Though correct and complete in my clothing,

I feel quite a martyr to-day;

And regard with a fear and a loathing

The part they request me to play.

I must never betray on one feature

The pangs that I struggle to hide;

I am groomsman to Brown, luckily creature!

And lately made love to the bride!

HENRY S. LEIGH.

ON WALTZING



The Man who can dance
and won't dance



The Man who can't dance
but will dance



The Slow
Waltz very



The Man who bumps you
up against everybody

The Man who jumps
on your toes



The Man who never can
remember his partners



The Man who can do every
Step but his partners

A VERSATILE FRIEND.

SCENE I.

"I—I—I——"

"Exactly; I see what you mean. You are the gentleman, Mr. Phumbeas Caudex, referred to in this letter from my old friend Beagle. Pray be seated. I have but to finish this leader, write a poem, and two or three letters. I shall not detain you five minutes."

Mr. Caudex sat down, and watched the man of letters as he threw off side after side of MS. His work completed, Mr. Versutus struck a gong.

A young and brawny man appeared.

"Send these articles out, Boxer. Get me a mutton chop, put out a clean shirt, and call a cab. Give me a dozen or two of slips to correct as I go. If any one calls in my absence, say I have gone to the rehearsal of my new comedy, and shall be back in twenty minutes."

"Anything else?"

"No; I shall give myself a rest."

Boxer retired.

"My secretary, Mr. Boxer; very handy man," exclaimed Versutus. "And now, my dear sir, *what* can I do for you?"

"I—I—I——"

"Just so. You fear you engage too much of my valuable time. Go on, go on!"

"But I—I——"

"You wish me to assist you. Very happy to oblige a friend of Beagle's. Go on!"

"I am engaged to a very amiable and beautiful young lady. She says she loves me to distraction. She admits that I have money, an obliging disposition, everything that could make me acceptable as a husband, except that intellectual brightness which——"

"Would make you tolerable in society. I see. And she wishes you to acquaint yourself with me in order that you may acquire some slight measure of smartness?"

"Precisely. If you could only show me how you

succeed in writing such clever papers, and explain the cause of your remarkable success——"

"You would be delighted. Sir, for the sake of my old friend Beagle, your desires shall be gratified. The secret of my success is in studying from life, and losing no opportunity of transmitting to paper the various incidents of life that come under my notice. Do you live in London?"

"In Goldford Square."

"Then nothing can be easier than the achievement of your purpose. For the sake of my old friend Beagle I will come and live with you, and you shall learn by practical experience how I do business. Three or four rooms for myself and a couple for my secretary are all we shall need."

Boxer came to the door. "Your shirt is laid out, the chop is ready, the cab is at the door, and here are the proofs," said he.

"Right. Accompany this gentleman to his residence, and make all necessary alterations for our staying there some time. Put a note on the door intimating the new address. You will excuse me now, Mr. Caudex; we shall meet in the evening. What time do you dine?"

"Seven o'clock."

"Suit me admirably. A plain dinner agrees with me best. Whitebait I like, and game, a little roast, a few *entrées*, some light wines, and a little port after dessert are really all I require. Clear soup, of course. Good morning."

SCENE II.

"MR. VERSUTUS, I—I—I——"

"My dear Caudex, what *is* the matter?"

"Look at this article in the 'Tittle-Tattle,' sir!"

"I know every word of it, and I consider it a clever article. All the clubs are talking about it."

"Yes; but do you see what it is? It is the history of my love for Amanda, with that romantic little adventure at Putney, word for word as I narrated it to you, introducing the actual names of the parties concerned, and signed with my name!"

"It was too good to forget. I remembered every syllable you told me, and I put your signature at the foot just to do you a good turn. See how clever Amanda will think you now!"

"Clever! she's indignant!"

"Let me congratulate you. To be indignant she must have a high opinion of you."

"But she casts me off for ever! her parents threaten me with legal proceedings, and her brothers promise to horsewhip me!"

"I heartily trust they may keep their word. What an advertisement it will be for you! Let me read this letter. Ah! most touching! She recalls your memory to the happy days gone, gone for ever! she refers to that tender scene at Putney; then, recovering from her tears, she upbraids you with all the dignity of an offended queen. Oh, this is incomparable!"

Mr. Caudex threw himself upon a couch, and burying his face in his hands, wept bitterly, exclaiming amidst his heartrending sobs, "Amanda! Amanda! lost, lost for ever!"

"Exquisite! capital!" exclaimed Versutus. "This will form an admirable continuation to the last article. I will publish Amanda's letter with an accurate description of your present grief and despair, signing it this time with my own name. She will read it, your repentance will overcome her animosity, and all will end happily in time to form a sequel for the third article in the 'Tittle-tattle.'"

"But—but——"

"Not a word. The article shall be written and sent off for publication to-morrow. By-the-bye, I have asked the Honourable Guy Blacleg and Lord Sharpus and another to a limited lloo party here to-night, and promised to introduce them to you. They are all wits, and very clever in their way."

SCENE III.

"RUINED, ruined and undone! I have lost a fortune at lloo, Versutus, and I am ruined!" exclaimed Candex, wringing his hands.

"Splendid, sir! Your haggard countenance is a study. Never in all my life have I seen such a fine picture of remorse as you presented after the gam-

blers left you. Your unkempt hair fluttered in the morning breeze; your cheek was wan and ghastly; your bloodshot eyes seemed starting from your head. I would not have lost that spectacle for anything. The broken decanters; the scattered cards; the guttering candles; the stream of morning light falling upon you, as, overcome with a sense of your desperate situation, you threw yourself upon the card-table, smashing the Venetian glass in your fall—all formed a scene beyond the power of imagination to conceive. The reckless manner in which you played away your wealth, animated by frantic hope, was quite worth sitting up to see. What a splendid chapter this will make in my new novel!"

"But I am ruined!"

"I know you are. Sir, allow me to shake your hand and thank you from the bottom of my heart. I thought Blacleg and Sharpus would work you between them."

"But if you knew their character, why did not you warn me?"

"Oh, not for the world, Caudex, my dear Caudex, not for the world! It was quite necessary the incident in my book should be drawn from life. How else could I have shown you my method of writing successfully?"

"Ah!"

"That groan! once again, if you will be so good, Caudex. I was making a note at the time, and it half escaped me."

"I have still one hope. A letter this morning from my Amanda tells me she has forgiven all. Her father is coming here to-morrow to make arrangements for our nuptials."

"Now, that is most unfortunate."

"Unfortunate!"

"Yes. You really will not be able to see him. The fact is, I promised to take a lady to Richmond to-morrow, quite forgetting at the time that the 'Maulstick' goes to press in the evening. My critiques upon the old masters, the modern painters, the show at the Dudley and half a dozen other exhibitions, have to be written. I must go to each of the shows for a few minutes, and going from one to the other takes time; cabs are so slow! so you will have to take the lady to Richmond."

"But——"

"Don't mention it. I have written to the lady saying you will take my place, and I know she is very indulgent."

"But——"

"Oh, that will be all right. I will see your Amanda's father, and settle everything with him."

SCENE IV.

"Now, indeed, my last hope is gone. I am wrought to a pitch of desperation. Mr. Versutus, I consider your conduct——"

"I beg you will explain, my dear Caudex."

"Why, sir, it seems that while I was taking your precious lady to Richmond,—and a pretty penny she cost me, I can tell you,—my Amanda and her father came here. The lady was grossly insulted, and the old gentleman was informed that I had gone out with "a person" to Richmond. I have two letters this morning, sir, one from my injured Amanda, the other from her outraged parent. Some one separated my darling from her parent, and kissed her, sir,—kissed her a dozen times, sir! The old gentleman declares he will never forgive me for going to Richmond with "a person," and leaving an insufferable cad to make arrangements for my marriage."

"Now, this must be the work of my unprincipled secretary Boxer. I declare solemnly I never said a word about your affair at Richmond."

"My affair?"

"Yes, sir, your affair. You went, and the lady went. I didn't go."

"I will support it no longer. I will be revenged!"

"Quite right. Do. Let me advise you in this matter."

"Well, what am I to do?"

"Take your revenge."

"How?"

"Go upstairs at once. Boxer is in his room alone. Enter; say nothing; but go up to him and slap his face."

"But——"

"Oh, he will not return the blow. He is too gentlemanly for that."

"I don't mind hitting him in that case."

"Courageous Caudex! Go upstairs and smack his face at once, while your blood boils."

SCENE V.

"I SAY, Boxer has challenged me!"

"Of course he has. I knew he would. You don't suppose he would take a slap in the face calmly, do you? especially such a smack as you gave him. Why, I heard it down here."

"But you said he——"

"He was too gentlemanly to return the blow; and I was right. But I knew he would demand satisfaction for it."

"Why did not you tell me that?"

"My dear fellow, do you think me a fool? I have never seen a duel fought, and I wouldn't miss this chance for a pound or thirty shillings."

"But supposing he kills me?"

"He's too careful to commit manslaughter, and he is a most expert swordsman. A flesh-wound, or a touch in the eye, is all he will inflict. Still, you had better make your will, in case of accidents."

SCENE VI.

"THE surgeon says my wound is not mortal. I shall be able to go about with a crutch in a month or two. But, oh, Versutus! Boxer says he never kissed Amanda at all."

"How could he? he was with the father all the time."

"But it was for kissing Amanda I smacked his face!"

"I know that. I kissed your Amanda, and her indignation was beautiful. I wish you could have seen it. I suffered you to remain in error for two or three reasons. You would not have liked to fight me; and I can't fence, so I shouldn't have liked to fight you. And, then, had I been a combatant, how could I have witnessed the duel impartially?"

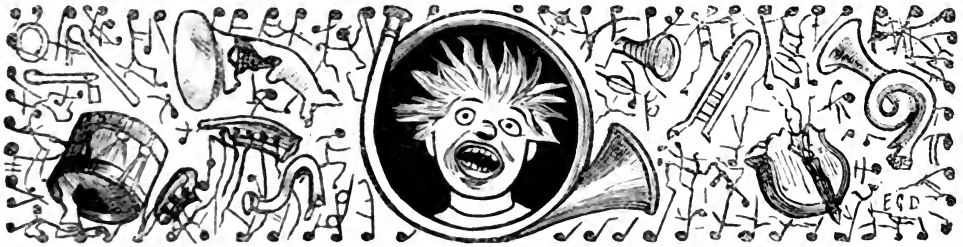
"Mr. Versutus, I—I—I——"

"You think you have learnt enough. You believe that Amanda, when she sees you wounded, and hears your history, will forgive all, and not require you to prolong your acquaintance with clever people."

In a word, you wish me to leave your house, hey? Certainly, my dear Caudex. Boxer, pack up at once. I will do that article on New York for next month's 'Pacific.' Engage berths on the next American mail. I will write a novel on the passage out,

and you, my dear Caudex, shall be the funny man in the under-plot. That I promise in return for your hospitality. Remember me to Beagle when you see him, and say the tenderest thing you can think of to Amanda in my behalf."

FRANK BARRETT.



A MUSICAL BOY.

WE know that in Music is hidden a charm
To soothe e'en the savagest breast,
Yet one cannot but view with a tinge of alarm
Young persons of music possessed;
For the method pursued by such creatures as these
Will oftentimes serve to annoy,
As is shown by a tale I will tell, if you please,
Of a rabidly musical boy.

When merely an infant, this horrible child
Picked up all the popular airs,
And whistled so loud, and so long, and so wild,
That he blew his small sister downstairs;
The draught he produced gave his nurse a stiff neck,
The windows, too, rattled and cracked;
And it would have been wiser, to keep him in check,
That that child had been thoroughly smacked.

But no! the fond parents thought genius his;
For four years they taught him to play
The piano, and perfectly certain it is
That he broke half the keys in a day;
Nor did a harmonium better survive
The zeal of our musical bore,
For he so worked its bellows (before he was five),
That he pumped the stops out of the door.

Next time, on a harp was his energy set,
But the strings were soon dangling like threads;
Then the force of his blast burst a flageolet,
And he shivered a flute into shreds.
They fancied more luck with a trombone he'd meet;
He breathed, and away the tube flew:
While a 'cello vibrated him out of his seat,
And he scraped a fine fiddle in two.

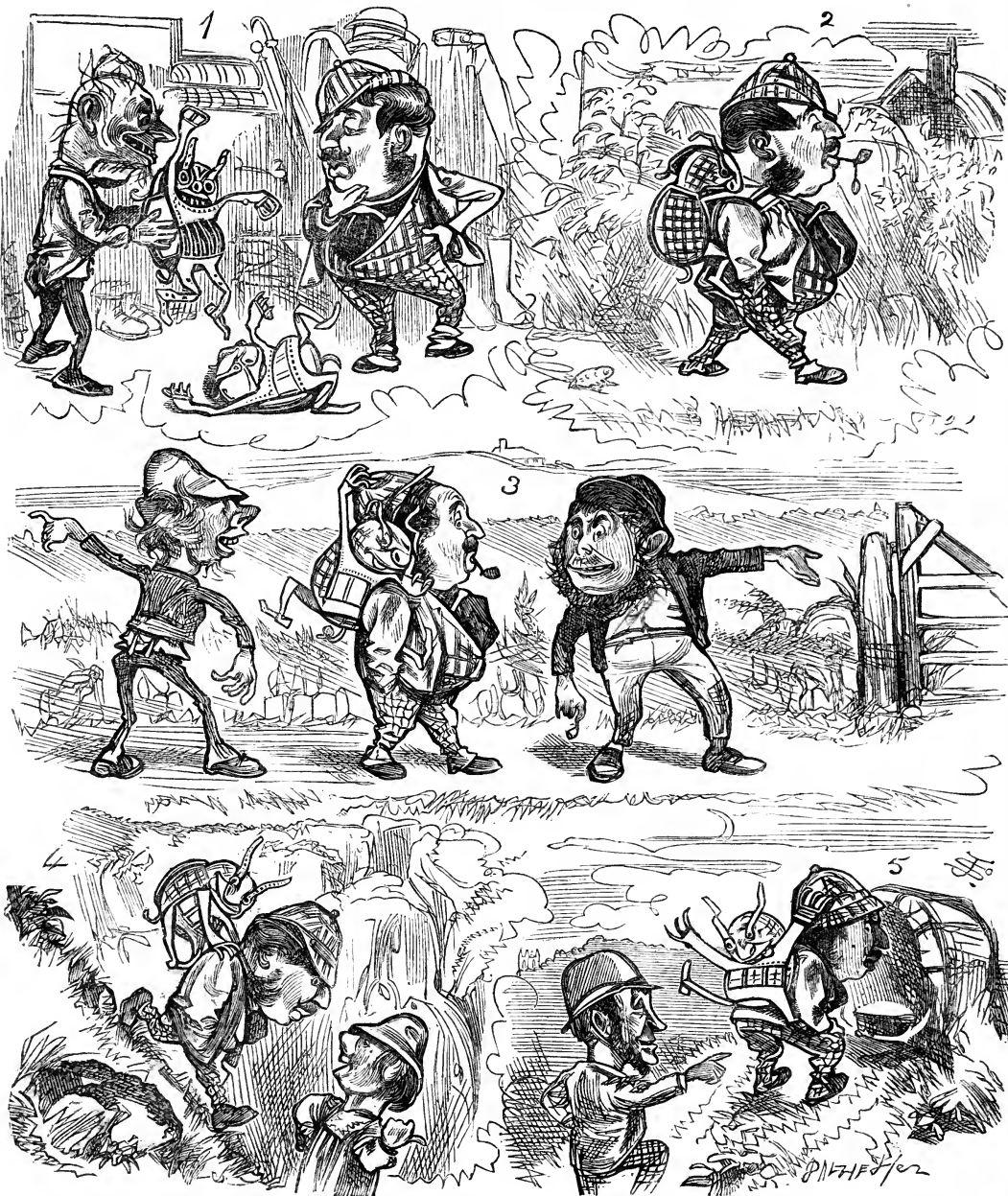
No metal-made instrument managed to bear
The force of his finger and thumb;
A triangle he quickly tapped into a square,
And he simply dumbfounded a drum.
Thus constantly foiled in the art of his choice,
His ardour would not be denied;
But seizing the last of resources—his voice,
He sang himself out, and so died.

Some talked of the name he'd have earned by-
and-bye,

Had his life been a little more long;
But although he was valued uncommonly high,
He assuredly went "for a song."
And now let us hope that his mortal remains
Lie quietly under the stones—
Though it wouldn't surprise me to hear he's at pains
To accomplish a tune on his *bones*!

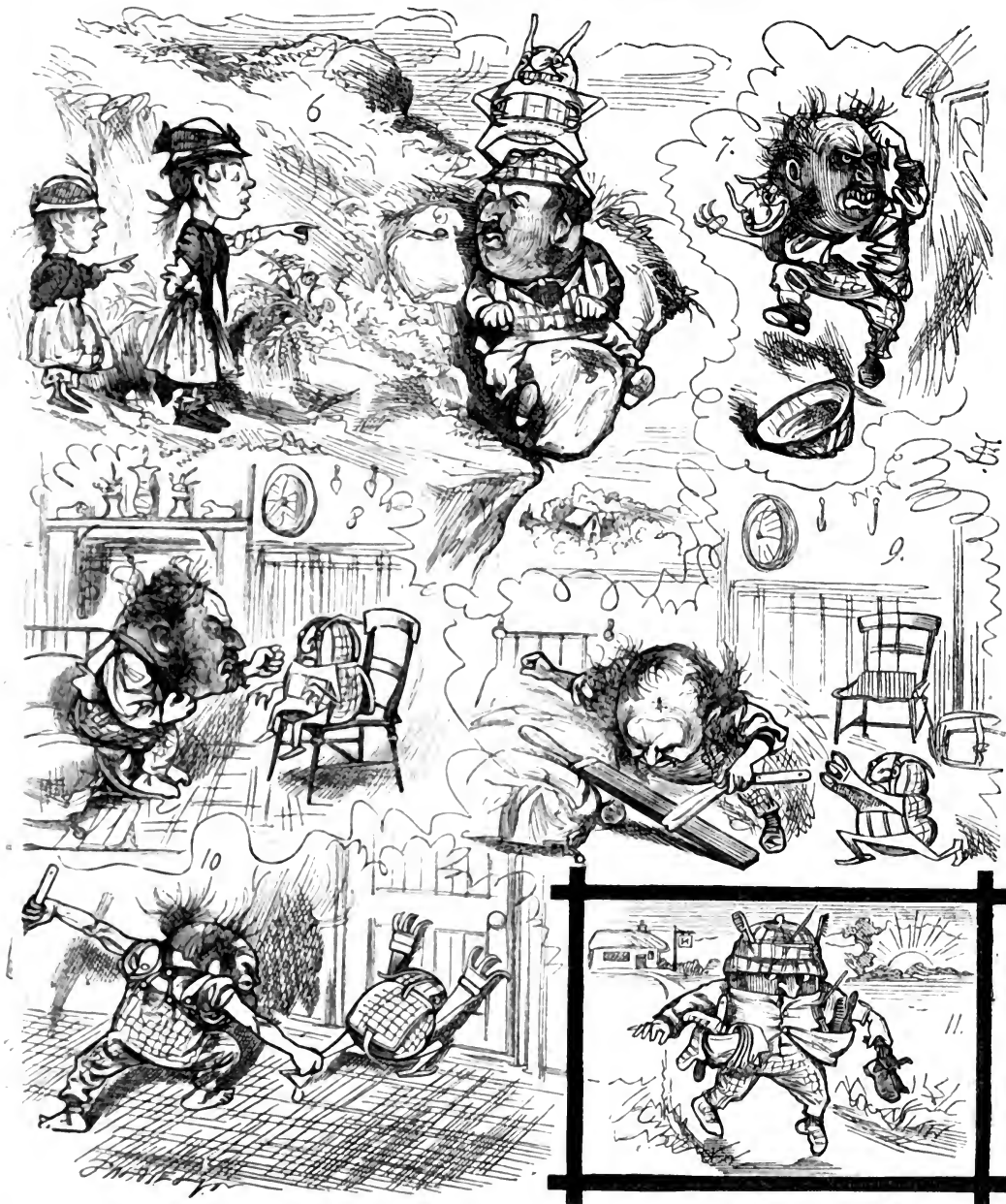
JOHN NORMAN.

THE FIEND KNAPSACK.



1. He contemplated a walking-tour. In his innocence he bought a knapsack. 2. It was strange, but there seemed something eerie in the aspect of that knapsack from the moment it was mounted. 3. What was it that influenced every rustic on the way to offer to show the traveller the sights? 4. To remark: "You're right for the waterfall. We don't make no regular charge." 5. Or: "That's the well, what you're a-lookin' at, and we always leaves it to you."

THE FIEND KNAPSACK.



6. Or: "From this pint a magnificent pan'rhammer may be inj'yed. Gents gives what they pleases." 7. Why did every old beldame observe, "Refreshments inside, sir?" 8. Was it all the influence of the Fiend Knapsack? A light dawned upon the Traveller 9. He sharpened his keenest razor. 10. The Impending Expiation! The Struggle for Life!! 11. The Knapsackicide.

LOCKET v. LETTER.

A Comedietta.

TIME—the present. Hour—7 p.m. Season—the season. Scene—a comfortably furnished sitting-room in Bryanston Street, Hyde Park. Seated on a “sociable” is Mrs. Madon. She is dressed for a dinner party.

Mrs. Madon, *alias* Alice, has two letters in her lap, one of which she commences to read.—“My *darling* namesake, you *will* be doubtless *charmed* to hear that *Jack* and I are *now* formally *engaged*. He is *such* a darling,—lets me *tease* and *plague* him as *much* as I *like*; and he sends me *such* beautiful, *such* poetical, clever, *witty* letters. I send you a line of *his*—one of the *shortest*, as a *treat*; only be *sure* and let me have it back *uninjured* by *return* of post.”—“Oh, this is the sacred enclosure, I suppose. What does this unusually clever sweetheart say?—‘My darling, darling, darling Alice.’ His terms of endearment seem somewhat wanting in variety.—‘Will you accompany me to the flower show I spoke of, and cause the bud of Damascus to pale before the rivalling charm of your cheeks?’—Alliterative! but a doubtful compliment, my dear: your cheeks were never as bucolic as all that. My love is like a red, red rose, with a vengeance! ‘My angel! I seize this opportunity, as usual, to reiterate my vows of—’ (turning over). Short! why, there are four sides of it, and three crossed, signed Jack! I can’t wade through all this. Euclid says truly that a *line* may be produced to any length.”

And she put down the letter on the pages of a book open on her lap, and took up the first one.

“What more does she say?—‘He has given me such a duck of a locket containing—’ Locket! whose *can* it be?—There, I could tear my own to think Charlie could carry another woman’s hair in his locket! Let me look at it again.”

She then drew forth from her dress a gentleman’s watch and chain, attached to which was one of those small oval medallions we are apt to wear against our waistcoats. She opened it.

“Yes, the colour *does* resemble mine, but it *isn’t* mine. I never gave him any. He asked me once, I remember; but I refused—it is so unlucky. Ah me! and plenty of misfortune there was too, though. How I loved him! Then when papa wouldn’t hear of our engagement because Charlie was poor! oh, how ill I was! I should have died, I know I wanted to, had not papa at last consented when Charlie’s uncle died suddenly, and left him all his property. It is very wicked, I know, not to regret any one’s death; but he was very old, and we must all die some day, and it saved my life. Yes, the course of true love never did run smooth, and a certain gentleman’s money-bags served to obstruct ours. But it bubbled over them, and how happy I was!—how—oh, dear, that locket! It’s a mystery to me how I never came to look in it before, till this evening, seeing it on his dressing-table, I must need open it, I almost wish I hadn’t, to find these horrid contents—in a locket, too, that I gave him! But I’ve taken it, and when he misses it, of course he will ask me if I’ve seen it, and then—Here he comes!”

She popped the watch with its offending appendages back in her dress, composing herself in a style suggestive of a compromise between a Christian martyr and an offended queen, as a throaty tenor was heard descending the stairs, singing “Alice, where art thou?” Breaking down on a high note, and tripping over the door-mat, Mr. Madon appeared, saying (he hadn’t been married long):

“Well, my love, are you ready?”

“Not quite,” she replied. “Fanny is doing something to my shawl.”

“Oh! which?” he asked, idly.

“You would be no wiser if you were told.”

“No; but I should be better informed. What do *you* think, Alice?”

“I am not thinking at all; I am reading a letter.”

“Oh! I thought you must be since the letter seems upside down. But there! don’t be cross at having

to go out. I'm sure I didn't want to go either. Old Jones gives you such bad stuff; besides, I do *not* like Mrs. Jones. She is very like her husband's claret, thin and sharp; and any way, claret is an acquired taste. You don't like it, do you?"

"Being, to my mind, a bad taste, no wonder *you* have acquired it."

"Oh, I don't know. I think I have shown some remarkably good taste at times. I have a very *fair* specimen of it before me. Why, it speaks for itself, and says,—well, nasty things."

"A compliment! But the good taste in question, as usual, was on *my* part. No, I don't mean that."

"Ha! The feminine instinct of contradiction costs you a compliment to *me*. But come, put away that letter and talk to me. You are awfully cold and cross. What's the matter?"

And he tried to caress her; but she paradoxically *set* his efforts by moving away.

"Cold?" she repeated. "The colder the nose the more faithful the dog."

"Oh, is it? Well, if the cases be parallel, I'll admit *your* nose must be a perfect icicle. Let me see?" And he tried to kiss her, but she moved right round the "sociable;" so he desisted, adding, "Well, I thought a cold nose was merely a sign of the animal's health, and that it was the tongue that betokened its fidelity. The dog is the friend of man—attend to my lesson, your natural history seems sadly defective—and has a smooth tongue; while yours, judging from the way you're using it, seems rather rough this evening. Why is it?"

Then she turned to him, saying with great deliberation, "Ask your conscience!"

But he only stared. "Oh!" he said, "you are awfully well, don't go to-night. I'll make your excuses."

"Thank you," she said: "if you go, I go too."

"Well, then, we had better be off, or we shall arrive with the fish. What's the time?"

At last! Her eyes glistened; but she controlled herself, and said quietly, "Where's your watch?"

"This is very odd," he muttered. "My darling, I asked *you* the time. Oh, I see! Yours is like all ladies' watches, more ornamental than useful."

"It never varies a second the whole year round," he said, producing it.

"Doesn't go at all, eh?" And he took hold of it; but the provoking wretch never so much as put his hand to his waistcoat to feel if *his* were there. "Yes," he went on, "a pretty monitor, a kind friend, keeping up a constant, and therefore an unheeded warning of how our lives are slipping away."

"And, like most other friends, can be bought."

"Cynical, but right in a measure. The more money one gives, the longer friends and watches last. How horribly stiff you are!"

"Don't pull so, then."

"Come closer. Don't jerk, or I shall drop it."

"I wish to goodness you would; you've been holding it this half-hour."

"Oh, you—Hullo! what's that enamel on the back? leaves, eh? Clusters of grapes? I say, in what respects do grapes resemble *some* ladies?"

"I was never famous at conundrums."

"Give it up? Hurray! then I'll give up the watch. Well, then, inasmuch as they are tough skinned, and, on the fox's authority, sour, have stones for hearts, and are very green—see?"

"Thank you; but some are black."

"Yes, you look rather black just now."

"Better look black than be black."

"I am getting just a wee bit tired of these ridiculous insinuations. For the last time of asking, as they say on the third Sunday, what do you mean?"

"Look at your watch."

He fairly gaped at her. "Why," he said, "you are as bad as Wynnefred Pryce in the Ingoldsby Legend. Well, I *have* heard of a watch-case being used as a looking-glass, but never as a magic mirror to open up the dark depths of perjured pericardia. Hullo! I've left it upstairs; I shall fetch it."

"You need not trouble, for I have it here."

"Thank you," he said, taking it. "Have you been regulating it for me? It isn't going, I see."

"No, sir, I have been examining the contents of that locket, and, as your wife, demand to be told whose hair that is inside." (Tears.)

"Oh!" he remarked, coolly adjusting it to his waistcoat; "so that's the cause of all this little tantrum, is it?"

"It is a cruel outrage on me, it is—on me who have loved you so well and truly." (More tears.)

"Has not the affection appeared mutual?"

"*Appeared* is the word, and it makes it all the worse. Y—you saying and pre—pretending you li—lived for me alone, and all the ti—time car—carrying the hair of some l—libel on womankind in a l—locket I had given y—you! Who is she?"

"Hard words, my darling, hard words. It is fortunate they break no bones, though, or you might have been a jelly by this time."

"Oh, I haven't the slightest doubt that she, *she* doesn't spare her abuse of me. I hope you don't imagine that hair is her own; such persons seldom have enough to spare in that way."

"Ho! ho! I don't quite see the sense of that. In fact, it strikes me as merely a piece of unreasoning and feminine spite. However, I am perfectly satisfied that the lady to whom this lock of hair belonged not only did, but *could* spare it."

"What!" she gasped. "Oh! I'll go home immediately; I won't stay here another hour!"

"May I suggest your calmer deliberation in the matter before taking such a step—one which might possibly prove to be in the wrong direction?"

"I obey the dictates of my heart in taking it."

"I hope it is rather the dictates of the head. I should be sorry to think that your faults were more of the former than of the latter."

"That *yours* are of the heart is pretty plainly shown by the contents of that locket."

"How do you know it is a woman's? Come!"

"Oh! how can you trifle with my love in this way?" she cried.

"And how can you doubt my loyalty?"

"Who is that woman?"

"If your insinuations concerning her be at all warranted, I think it extremely improbable you would be any the wiser if I told you."

"Possibly," said Alice. "But if you will excuse me saying so, I *should be better informed*."

"Alice, do you remember, in the old happy days at Oakwood, when we mutually vowed never to doubt one another—to trust one another in all and everything? How have you kept your word? Hear me out. You want to know the lady——?"

"*Lady!*"

"The lady to whom this lock of hair belonged.

If you have not sufficient trust in me to know it be free from all harm, all faithlessness, why shall I trust you so far as to tell you whose it is?"

"Free from all harm!" And she took a step towards him. "Mr. Madon! I don't believe you."

"I am grieved to hear you say so."

"I won't go to-night. I won't come near you or ever speak to you again. I'll go to my room and bolt the door. I know my suspicions are well founded, you are so diabolically cool. You would fly in a passion were they not. Still waters run deep."

"And truth lies at the bottom of a well."

Mrs. Madon, finding this last remark unanswerable, flounced out of the door, leaving her husband to pace up and down the room after the manner of wild beasts in cages and men in thought. "Hum!" he thought; "our first quarrel, and a serious one, too. What *can* be the matter with her? Why, I thought she knew all about it. She's bilious. I thought she would have trusted me to the utmost, and then to behave in that ridiculous manner! If she would only think a little! Ah, well! perhaps it is only excess of love for me. Too much of a good thing is bad for one, they say. Still, she ought not to have gone on in that way, and I think I am justified in punishing her a little for her wilfulness. However, I'll tell her all about it when she comes back, which she is sure to do, before long." Then he sat down in Alice's place. "What's this she's been reading?—'The Jealous Wife.' The silly little thing! Another example of the perverting properties of pernicious and yellow-backed literature. She must have just come to a *very* jealous part. Here's her place marked. *Eh!* what's this? 'My darling, darling, darling Alice.'—Why, it's a man's writing!—'Will you accompany me to the flower show I spoke of?'—What does it mean—'Will you accompany—' (turning it over) 'Jack.' Good Heavens! my wife receive a letter like this! 'Flower show I *spoke of!*' Has she had the impudence to call me to account over that locket, with a letter like this in her possession?—'Yours till death, Jack.'" He began pacing the room again, furiously. "Who can he be?" he muttered. "There's no address,—not even dated. O Alice, Alice! I can't believe it. You

would never treat me thus. 'Spoke of!' My wife at a flower show, secretly, with another man! Why, some one would be sure to see her. Oh! *why* can't I fix my attention on it and read it? Let me try again. But I'll find him, and then—! Shall I tax her with it at once, or play the same game as she has been doing? O Alice, Alice!"

As he was trying to collect his thoughts and fix them on the fatal letter, his wife re-entered the room. After she had got upstairs and wept, she had begun to think whether her mode of procedure in the matter had been altogether well-advised. In the process of reasoning she came to the conclusion that it had *not* been. She ought to have known her husband's character better than to have thought (granting him guiltless) she could elicit the desired information by bullying. She should have coaxed him at first, reserving the former expedient till his continued reticence proclaimed him guilty. Was it too late now? She would go and try. So she rang the bell for some hot water to wash away the grubby little stream of sorrow from her face, and deliberated over an excuse to get back to the sitting-room. Fanny furnished it, by upsetting a jug over the carpet and making the place damp.

When she came down she made this excuse. Her word took no notice of it, so she went and sat down by his side. He moved away as she had done.

"Ch-arlie," she said, falteringly, "I am very sorry for the way I behaved just now." (He still took no notice.) "Don't you hear me? What ails you, Ch-arlie, dear?" and again she moved near him, and again *he* moved away. "Charlie!" she cried.

"She has missed the letter!" he thought. Then he blurted out roughly, "When one is accused of a crime of which the accuser is alone guilty——"

"What do you mean?" she asked shortly.

"Ask your conscience."

"I shan't."

"It has told you already, and so prompted these painful attempts at reconciliation."

"Perhaps if yours were to prompt you in a similar way it would be but doing its duty," she suggested.

"Similar way! and your motive's bad!"

"What do you mean?"—What can be the matter with him? she thought. She was getting alarmed

a little. "I don't understand," she said. "Charlie dear, what makes you so cold?"

"If you were cold over an imaginary grievance surely I may be so over a real one."

"Grievance?"

"The term is hardly strong enough," he said, rising.

"In applying it to mine, I agree with you," she cried. "But I am still in the dark. If my grievance *be* imaginary, *prove* it."

"*Yours!* Bah!—you think there are no honest persons in the world because you happen to be dishonest yourself. You have committed a sin——"

"How dare you use such an expression to me?" she cried, all aflame.

"And you dared," he went on, "to look me in the face, shedding forced, hypocritical tears, and accuse me of carrying some woman's hair in a locket you had given me! You dared to make such accusation, with a crime fifty times worse hatching, or hatched, in your own heart. Why did you bring this charge against me? shall I tell you?—Because, wicked yourself, you fancy I must be bad also. You judge others by yourself."

"You don't; you are too conceited. But explain yourself, sir."

"Harkye, Mrs. Madon," he cried, "a bargain: I'll tell you whose hair it is if you'll tell me who is the writer of this letter." And he opened his fist, disclosing the wretched scrawl crumpled into a ball in his palm.

A pause. He stood with his hand outstretched towards her, looking at her hard. She stood staring hard at the letter, her mind working at a fearful pace. At last she drew herself up and looked at *him*; then, very quietly, she said,

"Mr. Madon, do you remember in the old happy days at Oakwood when we mutually agreed never to doubt one another, to trust one another in all and everything? How have you kept your word?"

"In the same fashion as you have, but with more justification."

"Hear me out. You wish to know who is the author of that letter. Good! But if you have not sufficient trust in me to know it to be free from all harm, all faithlessness, why should I trust you so far as to tell you who wrote it?"

"Because you *dare* not. 'Free from all harm!' bah! I don't believe you."

"I am grieved to hear you say so," she replied.

"Is it a bargain?" he asked suddenly.

"Well, yes, *conditionally*."

"I make no conditions."

"Oh, there's only *one*," she remarked coolly: "namely, that *I*, as the aggrieved party, be allowed the favour of your confession before vouchsafing the information *you* ask for."

"Confession!" he gasped. "Artfully put! You'll make me believe I *am* guilty of something before long."

"I hope to bring you to your senses, I admit."

"Confession implies a fault. I have none to confess, but as the aggrieved party claim the favour of your *confidence*—observe the term!"

"I appreciate the kindness of your lenient language," she said, bowing politely.

"—Claim the favour of your confidence before I give you mine."

"I, sir, as the accuser, shall speak last."

"And granting you so," he replied, "please to remember it is for the accuser to speak first as a rule."

"There is no rule without an exception, and with your permission I'll make it."

And with this back way out of the argument, she sat down in an arm-chair and took up a book—the book. She sat watching him over the top of it. He had worked himself up into an awful fury. He walked up and down, muttering and twisting the unfortunate letter about between his fingers.

"Yes, I'll do it," he said, half aloud. Suddenly turning towards his wife, he added, as quietly as he could, "Mrs. Madon, after the pleasant scenes which have passed between us this evening, I fear this house is scarcely large enough to contain us both in peaceable relationship; at any rate, I have determined to remain here with you no longer—"

"Gracious Heaven!" cried Alice, starting up, "what are you about to do?"

"To leave you!" (Whop went her book on the floor.) "Yes; I'm going, and that now. I think I shall go to Jones's dinner," he went on rather wildly. "I shall be in time for something, if only to make my dear wife's kind excuses. She isn't well,—an

affection of the heart! Tears again, eh? tears of joy at my going this time. No, I shan't meet her there—the lady of the locket. Alice Madon, and I shall ever curse the day you took the name, this locket, this tress of hair, I curse them too." And in his passion he tore the locket from his chain, and, dashing it on the ground, set his foot thereon. "I grind it beneath my foot, cast it from me as you have cast my heart. I hate it, spurn it! for the locket *you* gave me, and the hair inside was *yours*!"

"*Mine*!"

"Yours. When you were ill and I was forbidden the house, I used to wait about day after day, begging, buying the faintest scrap of information I could obtain about your condition. I got to know your doctor, and when I learned from him your hair would have to be cut off, you were so ill, I bribed your nurse—I would have given all I possessed—to steal me the little tress which is beneath my foot."

And Alice! During the latter part of this she had staggered, half fainting, to the sociable, sobbing, "O Charlie, forgive me, Charlie!"

But he, blind in his rage, did not seem to realize her state of distress, and went on unheedingly.

"I thought I had told you of it, but it seems I had not. I didn't wish to make a vaunt of my devotion to you. I considered it——" At last the scales drop from his eyes, and he sees his wife in her agony. "*Alice*!"

She rushes forward, and throws her arms round his neck; and while laying her tear-stained cheek against his, falters, "O Charlie, spare me! That letter! it was never written to me at all. It was sent to Alice Willis—you know her—by her sweet-heart. She, in a note to me—here it is—spoke of his letters, and enclosed one for me to see. Oh! why didn't you read it through? you would have seen then."

"I tried to, but couldn't somehow. I was blind, mad! Oh! how could I have doubted you, Alice? Can you ever forgive me?"

"It is for me to sue for pardon, Charlie."

"Another bargain, dear. As you insist on my forgiving you, I insist on your forgiving me."

"Agreed!" she cried. "Oh, dear! that wretched Jack! Why, you know him too,—the young giant

we met her with one day, and you said he was like the *Daily Telegraph*—had the largest ‘circulation’ in the world.”

“Oh, I remember. Here’s the ‘Agony Column.’”

“Oh, how you’ve crumpled it! And I was to return it uninjured. Oh, dear!”

“You should act like an editor, my dear, and hold yourself irresponsible for any MSS. voluntarily submitted. But I daresay I can write her another.”

“I don’t think that would do; but it can’t be helped. Oh, Charlie, to think we could have been so silly; and—and—our vow at Oakwood!”

“Which I have broken.”

“And I. Shall we renew it?”

“A good idea. Here! cross hands and swear.”

“How was the compact sealed?”

“Ha! and as *one* has not proved sufficiently binding, why, I’ll make it——” (*Left kissing.*)

CYRIL MULLETT.



AN OLD TALE.

I.

MY pretty Princess, take my hand,
—With locks of gold, and kirtle blue—
Nor be afraid—for we, you know,
Were little sweethearts long ago;
And you are ever fondly true—
As maidens are—in fairyland.

II.

Step lightly from your ancient tale,
And we will wander far away;
You are my true love sweet and fair,
I am a lad again, and wear
The magic cap for just one day;
So let us fare o'er hill and dale.

III.

The forest shadows flit and lure,
Living with goblin, gnome, and elf,
Whose puckered faces peeping, peer
Between the leaves—nay, have no fear,
I bear a talisman—yourself!
Your innocence will hold me pure.

IV.

Where shall we sup, my little one?
Deep down in these enchanted dells,
All yellow-ringed by fairy feet,—
Gather the berries crimson-sweet,
And drink from dropping honey-bells,
Where bees went swinging in the sun.

V.

Then hid in thyme and meadow-pride,
Your bower shall be some dusky glade:
There you shall rest, my white-armed queen,
In drowsy bloom, and mosses green,
A lily for your chambermaid;
—There we will slumber side by side.

VI.

Each russet bird with silver song
Shall drop a leaf upon my breast,
A blossom on your tender face;
And none shall know our hiding-place.
It is so still—so sweet to rest!
Let us sleep dreamlessly and long.

LAUNCE LEE.

REGULATIONS FOR THE REGULARS.

1



2



3



4



5



T.P.P.

1. Said the Military Secretary (a civilian of much martial experience) to the Master General of the Movable Forces, "Our army needs re-organization." 2. Continental armies are dispensing with bands; in future, one musician will be allowed per battalion, who will be trained to perform upon as many instruments as possible. 3. Colours are sometimes an encumbrance, as for instance, in rapid movements to seize important positions. 4. Every officer will therefore provide himself with a Union Jack pocket-handkerchief, which he can display on critical occasions. 5. To provide against a possible breakdown of the transport, a School of Fasting on the Tanner principle will be established, at which all officers and men will be required to obtain certificates.

REGULATIONS FOR THE REGULARS.

6



7



9



10



6. Newspaper correspondents being objectionable, every officer going on active service will provide himself with a supply of writing materials, and will occupy any leisure he may find during a general action, in noting the occurrences of the day for the press. 7. Officers possessing artistic talent will supply the illustrated papers with pictorial details. 8. In view of a paucity of Medical Officers, all officers will pass through a course of medicine; soldiers convicted of desertion will be handed over for experiment to those officers. 9. For reasons of economy, cavalry regiments serving at home will not be provided with horses, but will perform their mounted duties on foot, the mounted sentries will in future be provided with wooden horses of a sealed pattern to be hereafter decided on. 10. For escort duty, Commanding Officers may hire omnibuses at the usual rate, charging the same in the monthly pay lists.

SANDPIPER'S SANDWICHES.

IT was a warmly debated question in our office whether Sandpiper ever consumed any other comestible than a sandwich,—whether he ever sat down to a joint, hot or cold, a chop, a steak, or even an Irish stew; or whether, like the stall of the celebrated cobbler, which served him for parlour and kitchen and all, Sandpiper's sandwiches similarly served him for breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper. Wagglewick, who went in for “goaks,” both verbal and practical, would have carried the question further back, and wanted to know if S. had been weaned upon sandwiches, or whether he first learned to walk between a couple of boards, like the sandwich-men of the streets; while another funny one inquired why he was not in that line at this day. But this last was altogether beside the inquiry, although it might be granted that, as a sandwich-man, he would have found an exclusive sandwich diet more satisfying than as a hardworking “Common Law” in a busy agency office. As another clerk in his department was wont to say, “Common Law was enough to kill a horse;” he might have added, it would have killed a cat had it lived upon nothing but sandwiches.

And yet, somehow, Sandpiper seemed to thrive upon his favourite edibles. To be sure, he paid great devotion to them, and consumed an enormous quantity, bringing with him in the morning quite a bulky parcel of sandwiches, all of which disappeared before he left the office at night. He ate them in all sorts of places, and at all sorts of times. He ate them at the Judges' Chambers while attending upon his summonses; he ate them outside the Chambers, leaning against the railings of Rolls Garden. He dropped some into the garden enclosure; he left some in the Judge's room; while some got mixed up with his own or other people's papers. This kind of thing was of frequent occurrence with Sandpiper's sandwiches. As Peggotty left her traces with her buttons, so might Sandpiper be tracked by his refreshments. They cropped up every now and then in the most surprising places. One got into the

copy documents delivered to counsel with his brief, and tumbled out of the paper when the learned brother referred to it in his address in Court, to his confusion and amaze. Many got put away from time to time with the office papers, and came to light again years after in a mummified condition, extraordinary to behold. In the old days of parchment forms of writs, Sandpiper had been known to hand in a sandwich to be stamped, instead of the proper instrument; while the number of times that check-takers at theatres, railway stations, &c., were sought to be imposed upon with one of these ubiquitous dainties is altogether beyond calculation.

Equally varied and curious as their frequent destinations were the component parts of these peculiar delicacies. They were rarely the orthodox ham or beef sandwich of the refreshment *buffet* or of home manufacture. They were small and thin, and made with exceeding nicety; and while the upper and lower strata consisted of the ordinary bread and butter or dry bread, the interior, or substrata, were greatly diversified. Sometimes these consisted of thin layers of cheese, evenly coated with mustard or chutnee, at other times the bread was studded with nicely picked shrimps and winkles, well peppered and otherwise seasoned; for Sandpiper had a pronounced taste for condiments. Among other things too numerous to mention found in the interior of these remarkable sandwiches were sardines, dried sprats, fried sole, hard-boiled eggs, slices of sausage, black pudding, pease pudding, tinned oysters, liver and bacon, dried haddock, salmon, and even bloaters. Neither were vegetable products despised in their manufacture; for Sandpiper, who freely allowed us to taste of his *bonnes bouches*, and exhibited with pride anything in the shape of a novelty in their composition, successively amazed and delighted us with sandwiches whose interior economy consisted of cold boiled carrots, beetroot, fried potatoes, and raw onion! These last were introduced to us as perfect triumphs of the art of sandwichmaking, and, as it were, to challenge our united ingenuity to

achieve anything more delightfully unique and relishing in this species of refection.

Wagglewick, indeed, had already entered into a kind of rivalry with Sandpiper in the manufacture of sandwiches; but his efforts were mere burlesques. He employed old boots sliced up, parchment, paste blacking, match-boxes, cake tobacco, peppercorns, soap, cobbler's-wax, and asphalte in the construction of his sandwiches; but of course no one was taken in to taste these doubtful titbits. But not to be outdone by the "Common Law," Wagglewick, who was under articles, announced that he would give a prize for the most original and perfectly legitimate and edible sandwich; and after a little discussion of the project, it was agreed to make the competition a sweepstake amongst us all. There were seven of us, including Sandpiper, the champion "sandwichman," and Wagglewick, who disputed the distinction; but leaving out Mimbly, the office boy, as wanting the means to enter into the "sweep," the competitors were reduced to six. A day was fixed for the trial, and Mimbly was appointed judge; he to eat all the sandwiches, and say which he liked best. No conditions were insisted upon in the competition, except that the sandwiches should consist of decidedly novel ingredients, and be wholesome and nutritious. Any one producing a "bogus," or unpalatable sandwich, to be disqualified, and to forfeit an amount equal to the whole stake.

The day fixed for the contest duly came, and Mimbly was prepared to enter upon his duties as umpire in expectation of great self-gratification from the proceedings. This youth, it should be stated, was of pronounced gustative disposition, and, in the words of one of our number who loved the "gentle craft," was always "on the feed." He was so now too, certainly, and took the "Waltonian's" bait, which was the first one offered him, with avidity. A whisper went round the office of "gentles;" but this was manifestly unfair, for the fisherman handed round another sandwich, which, on investigation, was found to be made of delicately fried minnows and brown bread and butter. Mimbly wanted this one too,

and it being given to him, he bolted it without an effort. The next sandwich was a rather strong illustration of the copy slip, "Variety is pleasing," for it was composed of a nice layer of the "cocoa-nut ice" sold at the sweetmeat-shops. It was rather a change from the first course, and decidedly out of its due order; but it went the way of the others. The third and fourth were less inviting: a slab of raw Swede well spiced, and another of plain lard with no seasoning whatever, requiring some resolution to dispose of. But in this respect these were beaten out of sight by Wagglewick's sandwich, which Mimbly at first pronounced to be a "boguster;" and it was not until its producer, who had a packet of them, had eaten two or three himself, and handed round some more, that the youth ventured gingerly to bite it. It was manufactured of good genuine *caviare*, and was generally approved by all who tasted it; but Mr. Mimbly's taste had clearly not been educated to this delicacy, and it cost him many wry faces to consume his sandwich.

Then last of all came Sandpiper's turn to show. Crammed in his brief-bag was an unusually corpulent package,—of sandwiches, presumably,—whose extraction from the bag and discovery excited the keenest curiosity. Being at last unfolded and exposed to view, it was seen that Sandpiper, anticipating something in the nature of a joke from us, had come prepared for the occasion. Instead of the delicate little slips of bread and butter like Oswego biscuits, or the sponge cakes once known as "ladies' fingers,"—the usual pattern of his sandwiches,—he had brought a single one of monstrous proportions. It was a long half-peck loaf divided longitudinally, and between the sections, divided in like manner, and flattened down, lay a cold roast sucking-pig!

When this toothsome morsel was set before Mimbly, with a request to exercise his functions upon it, he feebly murmured, "Oh, turn it up!" and vacated his office of umpire. His award has not yet been given, and we are about to agree upon an equitable division of the sweepstakes.

H. C. SESSIONS.

THE SWAY OF THE SEA-FOG.

A Study of a Local Peculiarity.



I SAT and rocked myself on a stone near the sea, wailing dismally at intervals. One by one the villagers of Trepilcher peeped out of their little stone and clay houses, came silently down their little perpendicular street, and laid their hands soothingly on my head. Such a ring of good-natured, honest, kind faces as those fishermen and their women possessed is seldom seen: they covered their faces and wept for me, although they knew not the cause of my grief, and had never set eyes upon me before. "I am ruined!" I sobbed.

"No, no," they whispered together; "not ruined—not so bad as *that*!"

"Yes," I said, sobbing, "as bad as that."

"No, no," they repeated gently.

I jumped up and stamped my foot irritably: "You idiots!" I said. "It *is* as bad as that."

"It is as bad as that," they murmured patiently.

"It's the savages," I continued: "the wicked, wrecking, black savages!"

Each rough honest fist was clenched in indignation, every eye dilated with anger.

"I will tell you my history," I said. "I came to this place for the good of my health, and for quiet. My whole wealth consisted of a share in a trading vessel bound for Africa, with a cargo of Hambro' spirit and 'trade' gunpowder for the natives, to be bartered for one hundred times its value in gold and ivory; and out of this venture I made sure of securing a competence for life. On my way here from London, I received a telegram to say that our vessel had gone aground on the coast of Africa; that the wicked blacks, instead of saving her, had deliberately waited for her to break up, and then appropriated the Hambro' spirit and trade gunpowder as they came ashore! Wasn't it *wicked*?"

The hardy fishermen and women coughed undecidedly in their hands as they caught my eye: there was evidently some hesitation to pronounce an opinion. At length a broad, fair-bearded man, the very picture of honesty and manliness, spoke:—

"Was it in a sea-fog?" "Yes," I said.

"We—el," said he, "I dunno about 'wicked,' exactly—if it was in a sea-fog."

"No—not wicked—if it *was* a fog," said the rest.

"Ennything *but* wicked," said the spokesman.

"Yes," said the rest, emphatically.

I studied my telegram. "Oh, no," I said; "I was mistaken. The weather was quite clear."

Their fists once more clenched in indignation, and a flush of shame overspread their faces.

"Wicked don't describe it!" said the spokesman.

"Mean—there ain't no word for it!"

"Regular base and dishonest—degradin'!" exclaimed the rest.

"I had a tenth share in it," I sobbed.

"But they didn't touch *that*!" said the villagers.

"They weren't so wicked as *that*!"

"They were," I moaned.

"No, no," whispered the villagers. "Not so bad as *that*."

"say it *is* as bad as *that*!" I screamed.

"But they gave *something* in return. Say only ten times the value—oh, yes," said the villagers.

"tell you they did NOT!" I replied. "I am absolutely ruined. I cannot even pay this good man who rowed me from the steamer, and whose boat so unfortunately capsized at the mouth of your gully; for every penny I possessed was in my purse, which has sunk among the rocks together with my watch. I have nothing left but to wander away and starve."

"No, no!" said every villager. "Come and live with me—me—me!"

I accepted all the offers, agreeing to live a week with each of them. Never were people so delighted as those villagers; and my first entertainer, the "spokesman" (named Daniel), carried me off to his cottage amid the loudly-expressed envy of his fellows, and made me comfortable.

For I was soaked, having slipped off my shoes on the capsizing of the boat and swum ashore. My portmanteau had gone down among the rocks. As soon as it was low water, the whole village waded to the point, searched about, and brought to me every single article with the exception of one shoe, which could not be found. On looking into my purse, I found that it contained ten pounds, instead of the five-pounds-three which I am quite certain was all it had contained when I lost it. I mentioned this in surprise, but they all exclaimed quickly that it was all right, and just as they had found it, and I

must be mistaken. It was in vain that I begged them to accept at least the half which had come so unaccountably; nor would any of them hear of my giving him or his wife one of my rings as a keepsake.

A sudden and thick mist had filled the little perpendicular street when I turned down it after a comfortable meal provided by Daniel. As I descended I met Daniel's brother Jehu hugging and chuckling over some small dark object. I discovered it to be my missing shoe.

"A treasure," he said. "Just found it, washed up. It's good to find something, even if it ain't o' no great value."

"I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure," I said. "I'll just put it on, as I'm tired of going about with only one."

Jehu stared at me blankly. "Well, that's good!" he said. "*You* didn't find it. *I* found it: it's *mine*."

"Yours?" I said. "Why, after all your kindness, I'm sure you are welcome to it if you want it; but——" He grinned in surprise. "Well, you're werry kind to tell a man he's welcome to what's hisn. I found it myself."

"But if it comes to that, you found my purse too; and that must be yours."

"Now, how could that be?" said Jehu. "I'd 'a' been dishonest to take that."

"Well, say the other shoe, then?"

"I'd 'a' bin dishonest to take that either."

"Well," said I, "I really don't quite und——"

"Why, don't yer see?" exclaimed a chorus of villagers, who had gathered round us to hear what was going on, "there wasn't no sea-fog on *then*."

II.

WHEN Jehu's turn came to give me a week's hospitality, I reopened the subject of the shoe, offering to purchase it of him, as he admitted that it was quite useless to *him*.

"We kind o' cleaves to what's cast up to us," he said. "It's sent to us like. We calculates to make a goodish bit o' profit on what's cast up to us—in a sea-fog."

"Well," said I, "I am quite willing that you should do that. Come, take a couple of sovereigns."

"No—o," said Jehu; "that'd be imposing on you,

considering how we stands; and I couldn't do it for less, because that'd be imposin' on myself, as we always calculates to make a goodish——"

"Will you not make me a present of it, then?" I said. He was staggered by this. "Never calculates to *give* away what's cast up—in a sea-fog," he said; "it'd be outragin' all the—but I've got a beautiful new pair o' Sunday 'uns as I'll give you, and hearty; and we'll put up this o' yours over the door for luck."

He forced me to accept his new pair of boots, which fitted tolerably; and I strolled out in them down the perpendicular street to where a row of men were sitting along the stone floor of the house where the pilchards are pressed, talking about the wickedness of the Africans in appropriating my property in clear weather.

"I suppose you often have vessels ashore here in winter, when the sea's rough?" I said.

"No; 'ardly any, thank goodness!" said Daniel, fervently. "T ain't *then* they comes ashore."

"Why, surely they don't come ashore in summer, when the sea's calm?" I asked.

"That's it," said Jacob, a third brother of Daniel, who kept the Trepilcher Arms, on the top rung of the perpendicular street; "in summer—in a sea-fog." There was a sound of chuckling around.

"Do they often come ashore then?" I said.

"Werry often, thank goodness!" said Daniel, fervently. The chuckling grew pronounced.

"There were a large schooner drove ashore three winters ago, in clear weather," said Jacob, "and broke up just at the mouth here. The crew was all got off, an' a fine cargo o' good things there was a-tossin' forth and back on the waves; but we got most all on it in, and give every stick up to the coastguards; for it wasn't for us to go a-layin' a 'and upon it to take it—not in clear weather."

"And there were a large schooner drove ashore and broke up this last summer—in a fog," said Daniel, "and we saved all the 'ands, and a fine cargo o' good things there was *then* a-tossin'——"

"I see," said I, "and you gave *them* up to the coastguards?"

The whole row of men simultaneously took their pipes out of their mouths and stared at me.

"GIVE 'EM UP TO THE COASTGUARDS! WHAT FOR?" they said in chorus.

"Well," I stammered, "because they belonged to the—the owners, I suppose." The men regained their composure, and replaced their pipes.

"O' course they belonged to the owners. We was the owners, wasn't we? 'Adn't we found the things? What should we want to give 'em up to the coastguards for to look arter for us?"

"I suppose there are fewer wrecks since they have built the beacon up there?" I asked.

"Ah," said Jehu; "that beacon has saved a many good vessels, it has. It's a blessin', it is."

"A real blessin' it is; a many good vessels," echoed the others.

"But it ain't no manner o' good in thick weather; don't pierce," said Jehu.

The sound of chuckling was heard again.

"But they have the fog-horn," said I.

"That fog-horn's robbed us of a many good cargoes, it has," said Jehu, indignantly. "Kep' a many good vessels off the rocks. That horn's a cuss."

"Regular cuss; a many good cargoes," said the others. They smoked in moody silence for some time, but gradually recovered their cheerfulness.

"D'ye recollect Ole Joshaphat's lugger breakin' adrift, an' comin' on that there knob o' rock?" asked Daniel, chuckling violently. "Fine lot o' fuel we got out of 'er—the lot on us."

"Ruined Old Joshaphat," chuckled the rest.

There was a queer little old gentleman, with his back against mine, shaking me by chuckling. He clawed my coat, and drew my ear to his mouth. It was Old Joshaphat.

"They got up a scription among 'em for me soon as the fog cleared, and kep' me like a gent ever since, an' never a day's work since but sit in the luth an' smoke me pipe," he said. "Hist! their biggest boat went down just in yonder through being overladen like with pitchers—in a fog it were; and what does I do but wheel up barrerload arter barrerload o' them pitchers to my bit of a garden up there on Wheal Barrow, nigh by the ole mine, and the finest bit o' ground for taters you'll set a 'oe in to this day—yes, sir, yes." "What's Joshaphat sayin'?" said Daniel. "He's got the best bit o' ground for taters

you'll fall across, and won't make a penny by it, 'e won't, through giving of 'em all away to the rest of us, he do. We never 'as to buy no taters in this village; ennyhow, Daniel Bosustow never 'aves."

"Bosustow?" I said, staggering to my feet. "You didn't say Bosustow!"

"Well, I did surely," said Daniel. "Bein' my name, sir, an' no offence meant."

"It is nothing," I said, wiping my brow. "Only—mere coincidence—that was the name of the captain of my trading vessel which the wicked black savages——"

"Jonah Bosustow?" asked Daniel.

"Yes, yes, that was it!" I said.

"That's our brother," said Daniel, Jehu, and Jacob. "Commanding of the *Staggerer* of London; werry shaky old hulk, carryin' a cargo of powder an' wlatnot, as they refused to insure?"

"Yes, yes!" I said, quite hysterical at the recollection of my misfortunes; "that's the ship!"

"Cap'n took his mother with 'im for to improve 'er 'ealth?"

"Yes," I said; "a horribly hideous pimply old woman, with no teeth and only one eye."

"That's 'er," said Daniel, Jehu, and Jacob, removing their caps. "That's our dear old mother. We can see 'er face now," and their honest eyes filled, as they grasped my hand and begged me to describe her more fully, as I had last seen her.

At that moment a man arrived from the signal-station with a telegram for me. It ran thus:—

Other telegram incorrect. *Staggerer* reported from Madeira homeward bound, with gold and ivory. All well."

About my eyes, and nearly fainted; then I shouted wildly and danced; then I sobbed and gradually became calmer, as the kindly fishermen bathed my forehead with cool water.

"She calls at Plymouth on her way back," I said. "Why, we shall sight her off *here*—let me see—somewhere about the twenty-fourth."

III.

THE days between then and the twenty-fourth dragged very slowly, both for me—anxious to feast

my eyes upon the noble, so to speak, vessel which was bringing home my fortune to me—and for Daniel, Jehu, and Jacob, longing to once more embrace their mother. The three genial fellows and I were constantly together, and, as the twenty-fourth drew nearer, made daily excursions to the top of Wheal Barrow (whence a view of the sea on three sides of us could be commanded), to see whether by any extraordinary chance the *Staggerer* might have increased her speed by a few dozen knots an hour and hove in sight. As we sat up there, the time was employed by me in alternately enlarging upon my coming wealth and power as compared with the lowly condition of fishermen, and conveying my impressions of their mother's appearance to her three fond sons. The twenty-fourth dawned at last, the dawn finding myself and the entire village population standing on the eminence and straining our eyes seaward. Now and again some sturdy fisherman, dashing away a joyful tear, would advance to Daniel, Jehu, and Jacob in succession, and wring their hands; upon which the three would wipe their eyes on their sleeves and thank the sympathizer. This went on all day, and, in fact, for a fortnight—for the *Staggerer* was getting much overdue—while I stood in the midst of an attentive circle of women and enumerated the various desirable things which it would have been in their power to buy had they been in possession of wealth as great as mine. In this way the time passed more pleasantly than it would otherwise have done.

On the eighth of the next month, on a brilliant morning, we sighted a very dilapidated-looking craft, and knew by the holes in her sails—the same old holes which I had delighted to put my head through when a boy—that it was the *Staggerer*. She tottered slowly landward, signalled to the station, and then, heaving to, lowered a boat amid a deeply emotional cheer from us.

We gazed through the telescopes and saw an old woman lowered down the side; and I heard a faint sob of emotion from Daniel, Jehu, and Jacob as they recognized their mother. In an instant more we were all hurrying down the beach toward the little gully to welcome the old lady as she landed.

Daniel put his hand kindly on my shoulder. "I

can't tell how glad I am that your ship's come safe 'ome," he said,—and there was truth in his honest voice. "And I needn't say as I'm glad too for brother Jonah's sake as has got a share in the cargo too; and it'll be a good day for mother as'll never know no want now. But the best thing is a-seein' mother 'erself come 'ome safe an' lusty, which I did sometimes 'ave fears——" His voice shook.

"There she is—bless'er 'eart!" shouted Jehu and Jacob, as the boat with the old lady in it turned the point and made for the mouth of the gully: "and a lovely calm sea, and nothink to 'arm her now."

In an instant we were enveloped in a dense mist.

"If that there boat was to capsiz on the Black Dog," chuckled a voice close to my ear, "and the things was to git washed up, we might git 'old of a 'aul worth the picking up. The old lady's sure to ha' brought some good things with 'er from Afriky—p'raps some o' that there gold an' ivry——"

Another voice joined in: "I see a box a-bein' lowered into the boat."

"Maybe it mightn't be full o' gold—eh?" said a third. There was a chuckle all around me.

The speakers were Daniel, Jehu, and Jacob.

"Are you *mad*?" I stammered. "Do you know what you are saying?"

"We was a-saying," explained Daniel, "as there might be a somethink *worth* pickin' up sposin'——"

"Daniel! Jehu! Jacob!" I almost shrieked: "do you forget that your MOTHER is in that boat?"

The three young men looked at each other, and a shade of sorrow passed over their faces.

"It *is* a pity it's mother," said Daniel sadly. "I'd a'most rather it had bin ennybody but mother!"

"Yes," said Jehu and Jacob, "pity it's mother."

"But that there box, supposin' as it was gold and such, and was sent to us like—for we calculate that what gits washed, sir, up in a sea-fog——"

"There's somethin' floatin' in!" exclaimed Jehu excitedly. "It is the box!"

An exultant shout arose on all hands, then suddenly died into disappointed silence. It was the boat with the old lady in it safe and sound. With a shadow of disappointment on their manly faces, the three sons shook hands with their mother.

"We 'ad to pitch the box over, for fear of not goin' over the Black Dog," said Mrs. Bosustow.

The eyes of her three broad sons sparkled with satisfaction as they inquired whether there was anything of value in it, and received a reply in the affirmative. "It's ourn after all!" said Daniel; and the three young men fell upon their mother's neck and wept for joy to see her once more.

Suddenly they left the old lady, went apart together, and whispered. Then they all came round me and said, "We were a-saying as the tide's a-coming in just now, and maybe the *Staggerer* 'erself might drift in on the rocks in the calm afore she knew where she was, and break up. *There'd* be a haul! Think of all that there gold and——"

I started from them in horror and repugnance. To think that they should covet that ship's wealth—my tenth share among it—in this way! Their conduct toward their mother had not shocked my feelings nearly as much as *this* did. I loathed them.

"Wretches!" I exclaimed; "inhuman wretches! Would you wish to see your brother—your own brother—perish?"

"No-o," said Daniel; "n-o-o. We'd be werry sorry to see that. Our brother he's werry dear to us, though we're poor men."

"And plain men," said Jehu and Jacob.

I saw they were much moved, and continued,—
"Would you wish to see that fine ship dashed to atoms on the cruel rocks—her priceless cargo scattered along the shore?" "Ah, we *would* like to see that!" they said heartily. To their disgust the fog-horn moaned and sent an echo travelling into space. All was silent for a time, and then there was a dull heavy sound, mingled with some, but not much, crashing. Daniel, Jehu, and Jacob, and the rest of the villagers, began delightedly to climb down the steep rocks to a little sandy cove. There, lying on the sand, and fixed between two boulders, was the *Staggerer*; and, on the shore, stood captain and crew, having landed in the boat which they had lowered, too late, to keep the vessel off by towing. The meeting between the brothers was very touching; and then Daniel, Jehu, Jacob and the rest of the villagers, turned to gather up the spoil which lay round the ship.

At this moment the fog cleared off.

"Desist!" I shouted. "This property is not yours! *There is no fog!*"

The hardy fishermen paused and consulted, then broke into a hearty cheer, and shook me and the captain, one after the other, warmly by the hand.

"You are right," said Daniel to us. "This 'ere's yourn, and we'd a-bin dishonest for to touch a atom of it, seein' as it's clear weather. You're 'earty welcome to it. And poor dear mother's box too, and a blessin' to think we 'adn't time for to lay a 'and on it afore the fog cleared; and now it's preserved for 'er."

The thought of the almost miraculous preservation of my property and their brother's and mother's to their rightful owners was too much for the generous fellows, and they wept like children. With their assistance the whole cargo was got in for its owners. I have built a mansion for myself on Wheal Barrow, and am constantly among the genial fishermen, who are greatly attached to me. I would trust them with every penny I possess, and leave all the valuables I have among them without fear—except on the beach in a sea-fog.

J. F. SULLIVAN.

TWO PERIODS (And a Full Stop).



'TWAS *circa* fourteen sixty-two
(A time of pointed roofs and gables),

A gentle maiden listened to
A courtly youth's impassioned—fables.
The youth displayed an easy grace,
That proved him far above the peasant;
The maiden gazed into his face,
And found his discourse—not unpleasant.

'TWAS *circa* eighteen sixty-two
(Or maybe seventeen years later),
A youth besieged a maiden (who
Had just escaped the watchful *mater*).
The youth was clad, by Messrs. POOLF,
In all the height of modern fashion,
And, not displeased, the little fool
Who gazed upon him, heard his passion.

I know not if these pairs were wed,
Or whether they indulged in quarrels;
But (though not moral, be it said)
I'm very good at *finding* morals.
Thus, Human Nature, I'll engage,
From these examples (though *you* doubt it),
Is much the same in ev'ry age,
And that is all I know about it.

J. W. HOUGHTON.

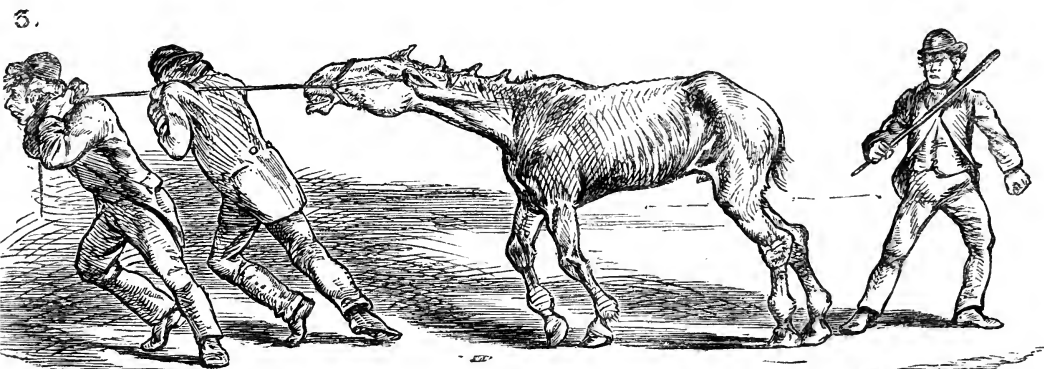
A CO-OPERATIVE HORSE.



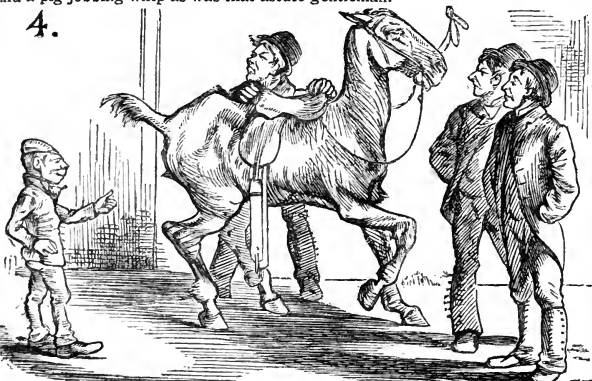
The three 'Arrys were fast friends—they were inseparable. They were not very "hossy," but one day in "The Row" they decided that quitation was a science to be studied. "It wouldn't run to it" to have a "ole 'oss" each, so they decided upon taking one in shares. o-o-p.



With this view they "made up" and tried to look as knowing as possible, and went to an honest (!) dealer, determining to do without professional advice. DEALER, *log.*—"There's *the* 'oss, genlmen, as 'll suit you, I *know*, and as I kin warrant. He's werry gay in the saddle, and, as fresh as the day he wor foaled and never did a day's work in 'is life, so you've got it all in 'im.



With vast and grievous expenditure of objurgation, muscle, and hedge-stake, they took him home,—co-operatively. But somehow he didn't seem to go quite so "gay" as with the dealer. Possibly they might not be quite so well acquainted with the stimulative properties of ginger and a pig-jobbing whip as was that astute gentleman.



However, having at length got him home and taken his hair out of curl-papers, they proceeded to the somewhat ticklish operation of saddling—receiving gratuitous advice from passing professional. "That isn't the way, stoopids; that saddle's back afore!"



Went "Tommy Dod" for first mount: each and all in mortal dread of winning.

A CO-OPERATIVE HORSE.

6.



First mount declares that when he got up on to "the blessed brute," the beggar stuck up his back, winced with his hind legs, and squeaked like a pig.

N.B.—First mount considered spurs a necessary part of his equipment.

7.



Having thus delivered himself from one of his tormentors, and the second having neither whip nor spur, "the blessed brute" thought he would indulge himself with a roll, which he accordingly did, forthwith unshipping 'Arry No. 2.

Not so "the blessed brute."



"The blessed brute" treated 'Arry No. 3 with the most undisguised contempt, paid no heed to him, but proceeded to nibble the grass cropping up between the paving-stones of the yard, until



Aroused by the shouts of the unhorsed cavaliers, "the blessed brute" determined to give them a small exhibition of his powers in the way of "action," by immediately unhorsing the last of his patrons. Thenceforth and everlastingly the co-operative "orse" is lost to sight so far as our three 'Arrys are concerned.

10

11



Co-operative explanation produces co-operative recrimination, which results in a



Co-operative fight which involves the destruction of the fast friendship of our three 'Arrys for ever. Thus terminates the episode of the co-operative "orse."

A SKETCH IN WATER-COLOUR.

“—Uxorem, Posthume, ducis?
Dic quâ Tisiphone, quibus exagitare colubris.”—*Juvenal.*

“SO Alleyne is lost to us? married!”
“Thursday.”

“You were with him to the last, poor fellow?”

“Yes; his oldest chum, you know,” apologetically.

The speakers were two smokers; the elder, with his heels elevated comfortably on the mantelpiece, was Lee, a confirmed bachelor of some thirty-five summers, with a more cynical turn than his companion. Haye, who was disposed with careless grace on the sofa, was one of his most ardent followers; he had otherwise that total absence of individuality which is the proud characteristic of a well-bred young Englishman. Lee was a barrister, and Haye had been recently “called.” They had chambers together, and waited, with composure, the advent of briefs. Lee, who had watched his friend smoke thoughtfully, and was justly alarmed, broke the silence.

“Whence this melancholy, dear boy?”

“Why, you see,” the other began slowly, “this has staggered me a little. These young people were only engaged three months, and Alleyne was one of the nicest fellows before his—misfortune. Of course I shall miss him a good deal; and, then, this sort of thing might happen to any fellow,” he reflected with anxiety. “You go about well and jolly one day, and the next you are taken quite suddenly, like—like——” Haye, whose brilliance was fitful, paused for a metaphor, and resumed his cigar.

“Like the Pestilence!” his friend suggested savagely.

Haye nodded mournfully, blew a few light rings into space, and went on. “Poor Jack was a delightful companion at one time, before he went wrong over this. I saw a good deal of the affair; in fact, I was ‘on’ in the leading scene. Would you like to hear?”

“Pray proceed; your story interests me much.”

“Well, you know Durant? one of our ‘Felix’ men;

short, dark, eye-glass; so!” expressive pantomime. “His people live at Starbury, just below Walton. They have a charming little box on the river, tennis lawn, boat-house, delightful generally. Now, Alleyne, you will remember, was a great boating man, and somehow early this summer he began to hang about Starbury, and used to rave to me of some lovely girl in a canoe who flitted about that delicious backwater. He pined for an introduction, perilled his existence for water-lilies which the fair one appeared to desire. These she would gracefully accept, but nothing further. He waited impatiently for her canoe to capsize, that being the irrevocable destiny of all canoes; he planned a ‘gallant rescue’ and a dozen other insane devices; when one day Durant asked him down to dine at Starbury, and—tableau!—his sister, Miss Durant, turned out to be the charming unknown!”

“The fairy owner of the lightsome canoe?”

“Just so. Alleyne was of course enraptured, and from that fatal hour I heard so much of Miss Durant, that my language on the subject was simply sinful. He was feverishly anxious, as he had not yet proposed to the young lady, and to me he would resort and pour out his hopes and fears.

“In vain I represented the loved one was evidently not averse to his visits, while Durant’s attitude was most friendly. I reasoned calmly, but Alleyne was beyond argument. However, the Durants arranged with some other friends a water party, and I was among the invited. Alleyne implored me to accept, but there was a wildness in his aspect I did not like. I easily elicited he intended to propose on the occasion, and wished to feel he had a friend somewhere around ‘to back him,’ as he put it rather vaguely. As I really fancied he might even desire me to re-monstrate with Miss Durant should she prove unkind, I endeavoured to escape, but Alleyne had all the cunning of madness. He was too wary. We went!

"It was a sultry morning in July. We took the train to Starbury, and were to lunch at Durant's, then pull up the river some six or seven miles to an island, where a number of other friends from higher up the river would join us; then to dine, pass the rest of the day pleasantly, perhaps a dance, and the row down by moonlight. We arrived at the 'HUT' ridiculously early, of course. Durant trotted us about the lawns, showed us his orchids and so forth, and we lounged about till the other fellows, Jefferson and Reynolds, turned up; then we all went in to luncheon. Miss Durant met us in some cool crisp dress. She was very nice, no doubt, but I was naturally prejudiced against her from all Alleyne's inflictions of the past two months.

"Durant is a capital host; keeps the thing going, you know. He and his sisters are living together. Luncheon over, we went down to the boat lying longside the lawn. The clouds had been coming up rather heavily, and Durant looked doubtful. As soon as we were ready, and all Miss Durant's wraps were arranged, the rain came down. It positively poured. We rushed generally to the shelter of some large trees on the lawn, Durant, who is a careful man about his boat, darting out spasmodically to rescue favourite rugs from the deluge, and turn the cushions up.

"We did not venture to make our way to the house till the water began to filter through the leaves above us; then Miss Durant, with a little cry, gathered up her dainty skirts, and fled over the lawn, and in at one of the open French windows. We followed somewhat hurriedly. When we got in we stood for a moment looking disconsolately at each other and at the stormy sky. Miss Durant seemed half inclined to cry at the apparent failure of our pleasant little party. Indeed, she looked so prettily distressed that we all tried to comfort her. She soon recovered, refused to consider it anything but a passing shower, and kindly suggested 'dry things,' and that naturally suggested 'drinks.'

"Reynolds—you know what a big fellow he is—attempted to get into one of Durant's coats, with very partial success: with the sleeves at his elbows, and 'cracks of doom' in the back, he played bril-

liant accompaniments to one of Jeff's songs. The rest of us were rigged out in equally becoming raiment. We were even gay, when the sun struggled through the scudding clouds; and Alleyne desired that instant advantage should be taken of what he called 'the lovely weather.'

"Deferring to this sanguine youth, we resumed our scarcely-dried flannels, baled out the boat, and left the hospitable shore. The stream, swollen by the flood-water from up country pouring in, was running down like a mill-race; we thus had to hug the shore as closely as possible, going right under the low dripping boughs, which kept up a refreshing shower until the rain was ready again.

"Durant and I were sculling, Alleyne seated by Miss Durant in the stern, while Jefferson was perched in the bows. We heard nothing of him during the whole of that dreary passage; we only saw an umbrella wagging plaintively, and from a faint line of smoke his anxious friends conjectured he was somewhere beneath, vainly endeavouring to get a light for a damp cigarette. The others were lying round generally.

"Now, Miss Durant is rather a clever little coxswain, and so long as she held the lines we went fairly well; but when the rain came on, Alleyne's behaviour was most extraordinary. He rose, suddenly and violently, to put on the lady's ulster. The boat is an 'outrigger,' and very sensitive: she resented Alleyne's abruptness, and lurched alarmingly. Then he persisted in struggling, against the wind, with a huge umbrella, which threatened to take us down below bridge at about thirty miles an hour. This he involved in some mysterious complication with the lines, and ran us dead into a punt, where a man in a mackintosh, with his hat pulled well over his eyes, sat enjoying himself on that genial day fishing. We apologized abjectly, got clear once more, and all would have yet been well, but Alleyne would attempt the feat of holding the lines, together with the umbrella; and I conjecture, from the eccentricity of his movements, he must have had Miss Durant's hand, among the other things.

"In calmer moments I have seen Alleyne steer well, but that day his course was truly remarkable a flight of fancy, a horrid dream!

"Completely hidden by that fatal umbrella, he pursued his wild career, nothing stayed him. Smaller obstacles, such as boats or punts, he 'cleared' with a lofty disregard of human life, and dauntlessly 'went for' any islands that came across his course.

"Durant was, however, suffering from Jefferson's umbrella, which, inserted at an artful angle in the back of his neck, was pouring cold floods down his spine. Goaded to madness, he ventured to remonstrate.

"We are not particular about keeping the middle of the stream, Alleyne."

"A moment later another sufferer observed, 'The towing-path is a little rough up here, old man.'

"We pulled hard, but wind and stream, and Alleyne especially, were dead against us. At last he declared he could not attend to the umbrella and the lines too, and should resign these last.

"Durant remarked we had now a chance of getting on a little, as we had been looking at one wretched tuft of grass for the last ten minutes, pulling like grim death all the time.

"Alleyne was quite oblivious of our miseries; he did not seem to notice even that awful weather: beside Miss Durant he appeared to think 'heaven was as near by water as by land.' The few glimpses we had of him, he looked serenely happy. Miss Durant, too, in the brief gleams of sunshine, would peep prettily from her shelter, and cry tenderly,

"How wet you are, you poor fellows! or 'What dreadful blisters you will have!'

"Then all was umbrella once more.

"We arrived at last. Our landing was indescribable: we were late, everyone waited us with an appearance of polite interest, which ill concealed their savage hunger. To this I attributed the enthusiastic welcome we received. Miss Durant emerged dripping, but smiling; Alleyne looked blissfully happy. We proceeded to land our stores—they came out triumphantly from the ordeal by water; dry cushions were produced by 'old hands' who were used to camping out. Every-one was more or less wet, so comparison was invidious: on a perfect equality we began to enjoy ourselves—rain is a great leveller! The sun came out too, shyly at first; but as it grew warmer, we dried tranquilly. We had quite a good

time. We slung hammocks for some of the ladies in the trees; some daring spirits tried to mark out a tennis-court in a comparatively dry spot; a few boats glided far into the shadowy backwaters; while others of the men strolled away, with fair companions, among the drooping beeches and willows. It was there Ethel told me Alleyne was 'accepted,' and it was all right—"

"Pardon me," Lee interrupted, "I do not quite follow you. Who is 'Ethel'?"

"That's her sister, Miss Ethel Durant," Haye replied somewhat vaguely, "you know."

"My dear boy, pray collect yourself. I can't intuitively 'know' about Miss Ethel, and you do not happen to have mentioned her before. Was she there?" Lee proceeded, with dark suspicion in his glance.

"Didn't I mention her?" returned Haye, innocently. "Oh, yes; she was there."

But the airy affectation was vain. Flustering before Lee's eagle eye, he paused.

"Please don't stop just as you are getting amusing, Haye. You were strolling with Miss Ethel among the willows, I think, and she told you it was 'all right.'"

"Exactly," Haye replied, with a miserable attempt to appear unconcerned. "Alleyne had fixed it up under the big umbrella. I suppose all fellows come to it in time," he proceeded desperately. "It is '*kismet*.' You drift into it somehow; and really Alleyne looked almost happy the other day, when they went away."

An uneasy silence. Haye looked nervously towards his friend. "Lee, I should like to tell you—"

"Well?" said Lee, smoking furiously. "Go on, you young lunatic!"

"Ethel and I are engaged! She is quite different to other girls," the wretched youth went on rapidly, while Lee glared, speechless, at his temerity. "Such a dear little girl! And she wants to know you,—don't be rude, old man,—she does, really! We are going to have the jolliest little place somewhere on the river, and you must come down, and we will introduce you to the other sister, a charming girl, Ethel and I think she is just your——"

"Yah!!!"

LAUNCE LEE.

NEIGES D'ANTAN.

I LIT upon a treasure in a quarry, Quai Voltaire,
In the literary chaos of an old Dutch book-
worm's closet :

An ancient missal painted for the pleasuring of
prayer,

Rich at first, at present priceless with Time's pre-
cious dust deposit.

Pious hands had worn the clasp thin, but the blazonry,
all blurred,

Showed the carver's fear and fervour in the tracing
of his fancies ;

Rose a mystic mummy odour as the yellow leaves
were stirred,

Scent of laces, furs, and feathers dating from the
first French Francis.

Scent of flowers too ! among the baser fragrances,
that drew

U to psalms sad eyes grown restless poring over
Pagan ditties,

Till they met this grey geranium, little flower half
filtered through

Paint and painting, tail and border of the tender
Nunc dimittis.

You could see the flower was ancient by the vellum's
stain and dint,

Gathered centuries ago ; but would you care ? the
heart and pollen

Lack a little thin vermilion, lack an odour or a tint
That a courtier might have swallowed, or a butterfly

have stolen.

No thread gone from its corolla, not a pistil from
its core ;

Pain and perfect is its picture as Time's patient
pressure traced it

On the parchment bent and blistered with the
dying dew, and more

With the blinding tears wept over by the lover who
so placed it.

Flowers have better fates than lovers. Death has
a reluctant wrist,—

Lopping dumb unconscious lilies, lets their inno-
cence relieve them ;

So he saved this sweet old love-gage, took it gently,
and just kissed

Red and green away, but let a scent and shapeliness
outlive them.

Left this sacred, subtle perfume that has sanctified
the prayer,

Now the lettering is faded, and the cherubs' cheeks
are wizened,

Scent as sad as sudden memories that rise cloudy
in the air

From a casket where a life's love has lain perdu and
imprisoned.

How we lean upon our subjects ! we, the Spirits,
we, the Kings !

Dumb things speak best of our gladness when the
Eden garden closes,

And it seems our lives take fragrance from the
essences of things,

And dead loves smell like an avenue down which
the wind swept roses !

So I think on grave grey evenings some great
sanctity must drop

Kindly to this senseless servant of the passion it
remembers,

And forget the light a moment, take its human sight,
and grope

At the silver clasp, to warm it once again among
love's embers.

And I turn the pages slowly, let the poor dead lover
see

How his flower is still as perfect as these leaves
time could not fritter,

Since they pressed the ermine *contenance* on the
little lady's knee,
As she rode to old St. Germain, dreaming in her
blazoned litter.

So be happy, knight, who lost all under Pavia, *fors*
l'honneur,
Or shy long-haired page, just loving, as one worships,
purely, dumbly,
Never daring to do more than make this flower speak
to her,

Never dreaming that thy saint might find thy sweet
sad visage comely.

This geranium that died under empty eyes I may not
know;

Laid within the mouldy missal with much promising
and crying,

Where you left it, as you left it, in the dead days
long ago,

Lovers of the lost *Neiges d'antan*, there and thus
your gage is lying.

EVELYN JERROLD.

THE LASS OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

FRANCE was the country which had the honour
of providing a birthplace for Alphonse Victor
de Choufleur; and there he lived, in one town or
another, gradually cultivating habits of mercantile
employment. At length, when some five and thirty
years had passed over his head, the Fates or the
Shipping Trade—it is uncertain which—willed it
that he should proceed to England to assume the
management of a London office. So to London he
came, and was very soon engaged in drawing com-
parisons between our little village and the modern
Babylon.

In appearance Alphonse was a regular French-
man. His stature was below the average, and his
girth above it; his complexion was well toned down,
while the hairy parts of his face were blue where he
shaved and black where he didn't. His glossy and
curly-brimmed hat was peculiarly racy of its own
soil; the ends of his necktie fluttered about in limp
profusion; his cuffs were very capacious, and fast-
ened by solitaires as big as crown-pieces; and, in
short, his attire was such as would find but few
imitators on this side of the Channel. But, for all
that, there was no narrow-minded prejudice—there
was no national bigotry about Alphonse. On the
contrary, although perhaps unable to see himself as
others saw him, he was perfectly ready to see others
as they saw themselves; which amiable faculty led
him to take a most kindly view of the English race,

in whose manners and customs he contentedly
acquiesced.

Like all true sons of France, Alphonse was a
devoted admirer of the fair sex; furthermore, he
graciously extended his admiration to the daughters
of Perfidious Albion. What though his countrymen
derided our damsels on account of the largeness of
their feet? Alphonse thought them small enough
for all practical purposes, which was just what feet
were made for. What though his sisters and his
cousins and his aunts showed better taste in cos-
tume, or greater elegance in movement? The
English girls looked quite as pretty, and rather
more healthy, and Alphonse liked them for it ac-
cordingly. Indeed, so favourably did he regard the
London ladies, that he began to form serious de-
signs of taking unto himself a wife from among
them, could he but have the luck to become ac-
quainted with a suitable specimen.

It was in the suburb of Hampstead that Alphonse
had secured lodgings, where he slept, and break-
fasted, and sometimes came home to his dinner, as
a properly domesticated animal certainly should.
Now it so happened that on one occasion when
Alphonse was returning from business in the early
evening, he encountered in the street a highly re-
spectable young female, who attracted his particular
attention. Her figure was not especially graceful,
her dress was not strikingly prepossessing, her boots

were none of the tiniest ; yet she had an English sweetness of expression and an English freshness of colour that captivated Alphonse's inflammable



heart on the spot. Under the circumstances, it was only natural that he should perambulate that same street at the same hour on the morrow, and on very many succeeding days also, by which manœuvre he several times had the gratification of meeting that charming apparition, and each time he saw her he thought her more delightful than before. At last they grew quite accustomed to meeting in this way : when they passed, Alphonse looked at her, and she didn't exactly look at Alphonse, and he felt confident that if he could only manage to get introduced to her, his chances of gaining her affection would not be altogether hopeless. But he did not know who she was or whence she came, nor could he find out being a stranger in the neighbourhood : wherefore, convinced that faint heart never won fair lady, he made up his romantic mind to introduce himself at the very first good opportunity that should occur.

One thing, however, troubled Alphonse sorely.

Would the object of his desires entertain any objection to him on the score of his being a foreigner ? To avoid such a catastrophe was an obvious duty, which he deemed would be best accomplished by making himself as much like an Englishman, and as little like a Frenchman, as possible. He consequently took the greatest pains in the study of our language ; he shaved off his moustache and imperial, and grew whiskers instead ; he exchanged his curly black hat for one that smacked more of the Thames than of the Seine ; he ordered a new suit of clothes in the city ; he Anglicized his necktie ; he renounced his solitaires ; and, finally, he employed every artifice to make it appear to the casual observer that he had been born within the sound of Bow bells.

Fortified by these preparations, De Choufleur impatiently awaited the critical moment, which came at last—as critical moments always do. It was a fine Sunday afternoon, and all was gay on Hampstead Heath—all excepting Alphonse, who wandered apart from the madding crowd, moodily nursing his hopes and fears. All of a sudden, as he raised his eyes, whom should he behold coming towards him but the identical beauty that had occupied the chief part of his thoughts for three weeks at the very least ; walking alone too ! Now or never was the opportunity, and Alphonse embraced it with characteristic courage. Collecting his English phrases, cocking his English hat, adjusting his English collar, putting his foreign hands into his English pockets, and assuming an English swagger, he boldly sallied forth to the attack. They approached each other. They stood face to face. Alphonse opened fire at once.

"Owdy do, mees ? 'Ow it ees a sholly day ! I am vell 'appy to you see in zis place."

The young lady did not quite seem to recognize him, and stared rather confusedly.

He went on, however, undaunted : "Permeet to me, my name ees Cauliflower, Alphonse Cauliflower. Sall I 'ave ze 'onaire of mak your acquaintance adorable ?"

She spoke to him for the first time. "*Pardon, Monsieur, mais je ne puis pas vous compr—*"

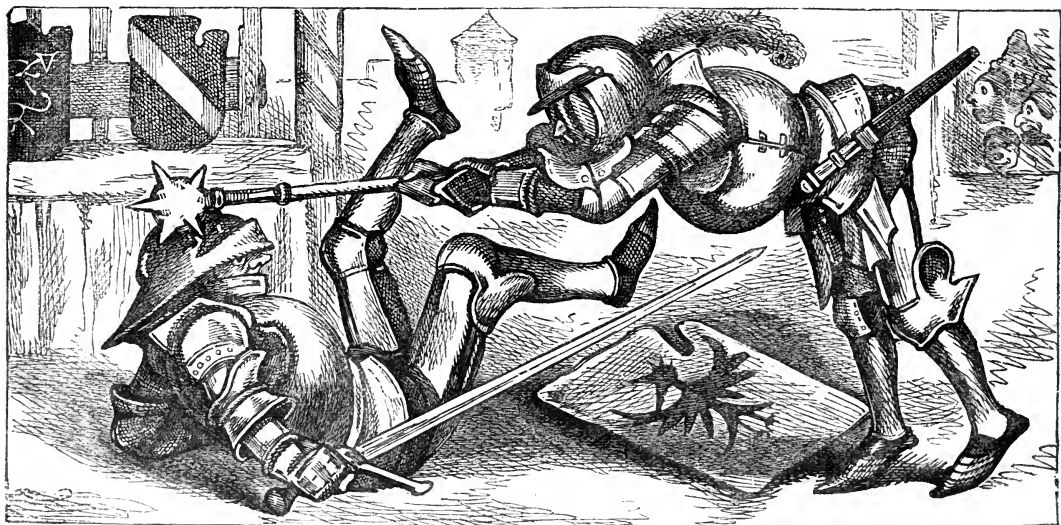
Horrors ! She was French herself !! Alphonse bolted ; and never—no, *never*—went near Hampstead Heath again !!!

JOHN NORMAN.

PHASES OF SOCIAL LIFE IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.



Isaac calls on the Baron for his little bill ; the Baron insists on drawing a few of his teeth by way of receipt.



A little friendly game called a "Passage of Arms," but more dangerous than lawn tennis.

PHASES OF SOCIAL LIFE IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.



The jealous husband provides a snug little chamber for his lady, warranted to stop all future flirting.



The kind-hearted Taxgatherer granting Hodge five minutes to pay, or be hanged.

THE KNIGHT-ERRANT.

An Allegory.

INTRODUCTORY REMARK.

THE following short allegory is not very perfect. Few allegories are ; but I think this allegory is even less perfect than most allegories. It is not, however, my business to depreciate the offspring of my brain, and that is not what I wanted to say. "Then why say it?" you may ask, and the question is so pertinent that I pass it over in silence and proceed with what I really do want to say. It is this. As the gentle and sagacious reader would have discovered for himself, if I had not been beforehand with him with this note : the name of the principal character in the following tale is scrupulously concealed until the end ; this adds much to the interest and value of an allegory such as mine (which requires these additions), besides possessing another great advantage. The puzzled reader, not having the name to guide him, works his way through the tale in a state of mystification, unable to make head or tail of it until he comes to the end. He can then read it all over again in the light of the revealed name, which gives it a totally different complexion and renders it to all intents and purposes a new tale, so that he has two tales for the price of one. It is for these reasons that I warn my readers to read the following interesting and highly moral story legitimately through, and not look to the end for the name first, as by doing so they will cheat themselves out of a whole tale.

THE TALE.

IN the early morning of Time, when the world was bright and fair, and fresh with the dew of youth and promise, a babe was born. Small, but wiry and shapely of limb, high and noble of look was he. Clear intelligence and hate of meanness shone from his bright blue eyes. No love, no softness, no tenderness lay in those steely depths,—nothing but stern justice and scorn of weakness and untruth.

Already, in his infancy, had he dealt some piercing thrusts against these things—clumsy maybe, as children's blows must needs be, and not always striking the worst foe hardest ; but struck hard and home and in the right spirit.

Such qualities must of a surety develop the knight-errant ; and, in the fulness of time, a knight-errant that babe became. Armed with the lance of Scorn and the sword of Ridicule—he carried no shield and wore no armour—he sallied forth upon his mission. The path he chose was not knight-errantry's accustomed path. He sought not the wicked in the higher walks of crime. Murder, violence, and robbery required heavier blows for their punishment than his light keen weapons could inflict ; and, while hating them as heartily as needs be, he wisely left them to more able hands, seeking out for his part the smaller vices—as cunning, pride, selfishness, petty jealousy, snobbishness, mean tyranny, and littleness of every kind.

He found plenty of work, for the world had already belied the promise of its youth when he was of an age to set about his enterprise. Entering into the thing with great heartiness as he did, reports of his prowess were soon ringing through the earth. The mean, the hateful, the foolish shrank and withered before the thrust of his lance and the stroke of his sword ; neither rank, obscurity, wealth, poverty, beauty, or ugliness could shield them ; impartial and implacable, the knight bore all before him, respecting nothing but honour and truth. He never failed, and all the good and truly great were proud of him, and did him honour, and often called him to their service. As may be imagined, the dismay was great among those whose interest lay in the upholding of all the things to which this knight was so relentless a foe. Many were the endeavours to stem the tide of his success ; and, though none were really successful, one was not altogether fruitless—was partially successful, in fact.

A small-statured, rough, bullying sort of fellow—one Vulgar Abuse, whose father was Envy and whose mother was Spite—was dressed and armed in as close resemblance to the knight as could be managed (the resemblance was not very striking, though the likeness was sufficient to entrap the unwary), and was sent forth to proclaim himself the real Simon Pure, and to run a tilt against all the virtues specially under the protection of the true knight, declaring them to be but vices in disguise. At first his success was but slight. His weapons were so manifestly inferior. His lance (not being made of the true material) always crumbled to pieces at the least serious opposition; there was no point or edge to his sword, and he handled them both so clumsily that few were deceived, and that few for but a short time; while the virtues he attacked were unharmed. Once or twice he attacked the true knight; only, however, to be defeated with ludicrous ease. The spirited way in which the knight played round him with his sword, inserting the sharp point wherever he pleased and as often as he pleased, making him wince and writhe and roar until the spectators were tired of laughing at his terror-stricken antics, when he struck him to the earth with his lance, cowed, crestfallen, and humiliated, formed a dramatic scene, much more enjoyable to an onlooker than to the secondary performer therein.

The knight could never kill him, and he knew it. Nor was the sham knight's discomfiture of long duration: no sooner was his opponent's back turned than he was on his feet again, and at his old tricks harder than ever. His success, however, was not encouraging compared with the enormous strides taken by his rival, and at last he was fain to seek the advice and assistance of a "wise man" that he wanted of.

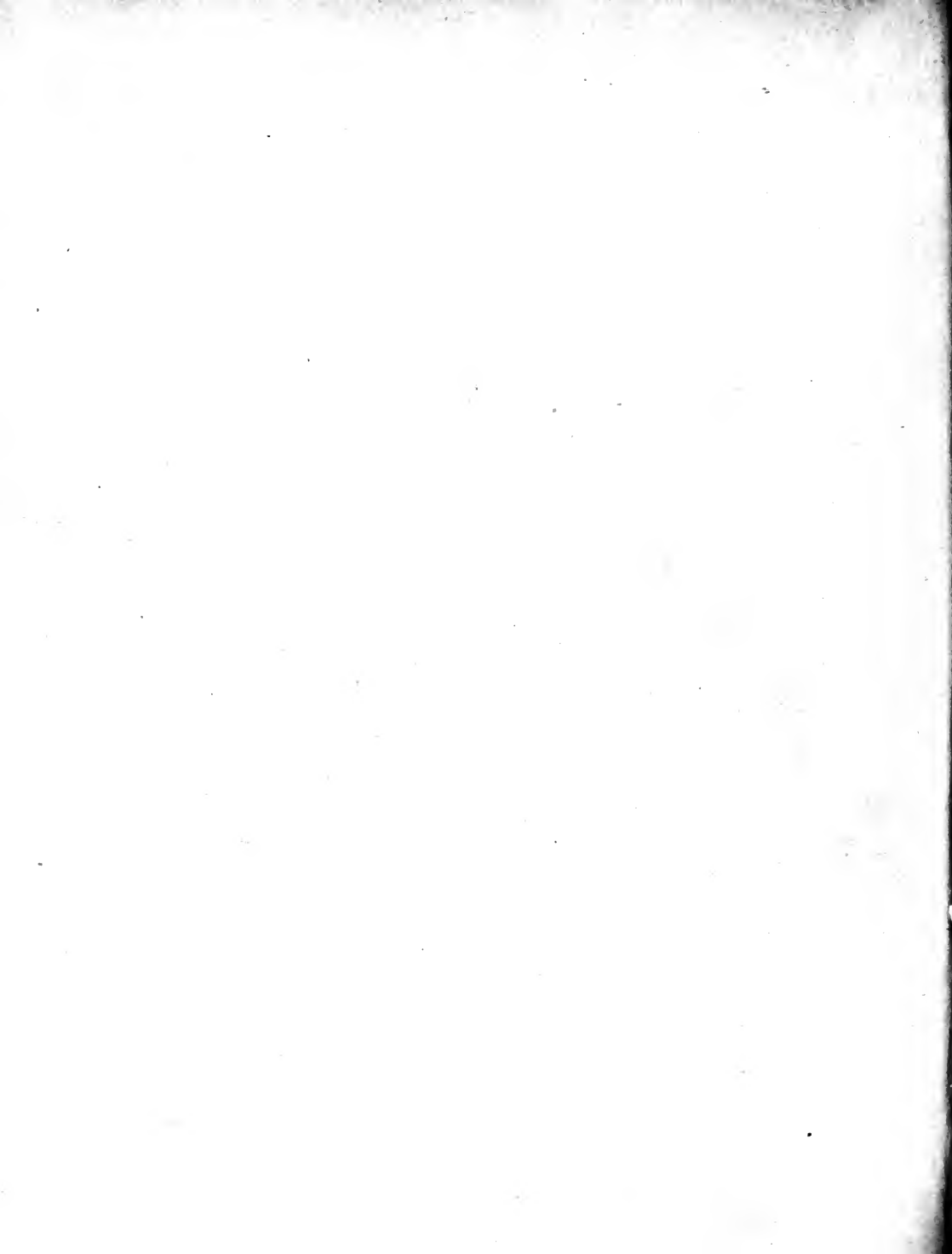
His practiser of the "black art" of magic was an old man residing somewhere in those parts, but whose exact abode was not easily discoverable. Indeed, I doubt if Vulgar Abuse himself would have found him had not the old man come out to him of his own accord. His name was Mental Bias, and he promised to throw a glamour over the people so that they should believe the false knight successful, and so lose their faith in the virtues. This promise

he faithfully performed, and in the subsequent encounters between the two knights (false and true), there are many to this day who declare the false knight to have won, although, as a matter of fact, he was as unmistakably beaten as ever. And people took him for the true, and helped in hunting down many a virtue as a vice in disguise. Often, too, when the true knight lopped a vice of one of its branches, people would say that it had never been a vice or had never been there at all.

But facts are stubborn; and as the false knight seldom (if ever) really killed a virtue, although he appeared to do so, any more than he really vanquished the true knight in single combat; and as the true knight did kill many a vice and folly, and a vice or a folly once killed must prove the fact by its absence, in spite of all the glamour Mental Bias can bring to bear, things were pretty much *in statu quo ante bellum*.

But what all his enemies, aided by the powers of magic, could not do, he did himself. Only himself could vanquish himself.

He began to be proud of his prowess and success, and arrogant of his power. The decadence was gradual. At first, now and then, when no vice or folly was at hand to war upon, he would thrust with his lance at some weakly virtue, or "snick" with his sword some bashful truth. Soon he came to consider a bashful truth or a weakly virtue to be game as fair as vice or folly. Then he took to tilting at the smaller truths and virtues for not being great ones. His temper changed also. Hitherto he had only "pinked" his enemies with his sword, and finished them off with a contemptuous but quiet thrust of his lance, but now he began to wield both weapons fiercely and violently on every occasion. Now these weapons, differing as they did in their effects, had one peculiarity in common. It was this; that the more the violence with which you thrust the lance, and the more fiercely you slashed with the sword, or if either were used without discrimination, the less the effect; so that it will be guessed how much the knight's power had declined. But his final degradation was to come: he fought for pay at last, and fought for *anybody's* pay, so great was his fall.



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Hood's comic annual

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